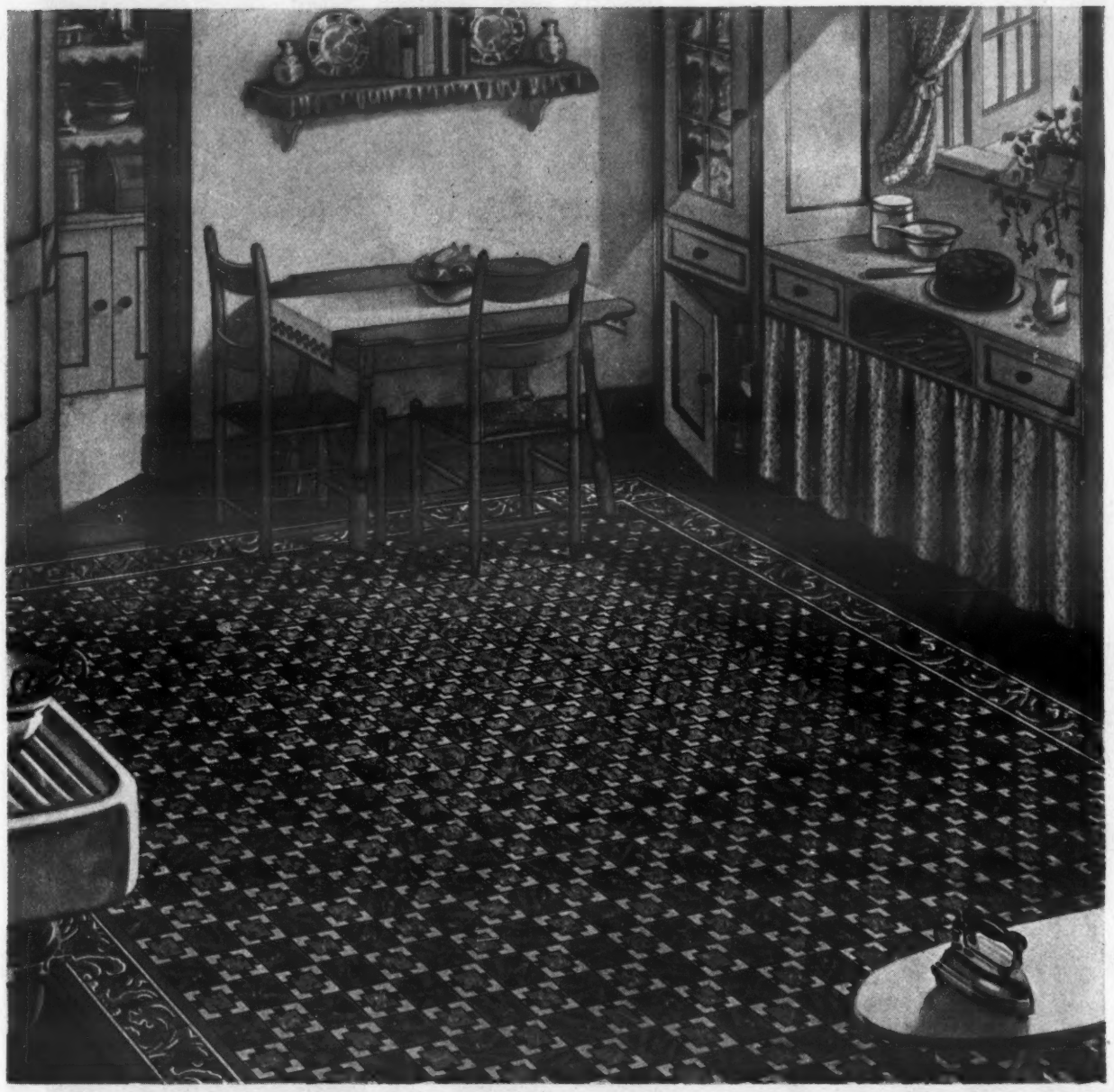
**DECEMBER, 1930**
*Volume XLVII, Number 12*

NOV 15 1930

**10 Cents**
*By subscription $1.00. In the United States and in Canada*

*Beginning* **A HOLLYWOOD MURDER MYSTERY BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS**
*Also* **NORMAN ROCKWELL—ALICE DUER MILLER—A. A. MILNE**

# WHERE HANDSOME IS AND HANDSOME DOES



"OLYMPIA"—a classic inspiration in ivory and Aegean green marble effect with a unique and distinctive border representing the waves of the sea—obtainable only in genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. Remember the name when you buy. *Rug No. 623.*

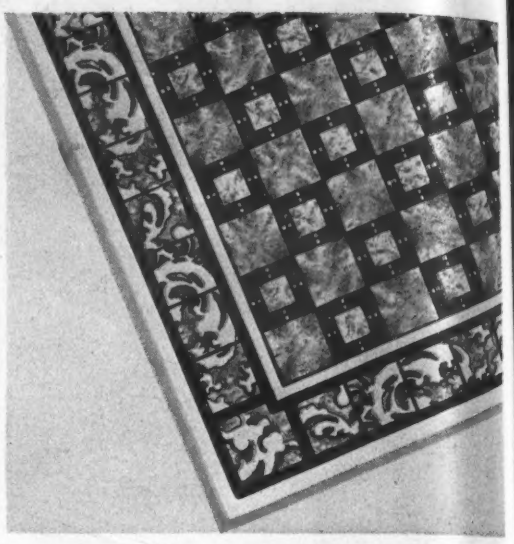
LET'S not talk of the beauty with which the new Congoleum Rug floods your kitchen. There it is—smiling up at you—for all with eyes to see.

This is the beauty that (since Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs first were made), has caught every woman's fancy. Perhaps it makes her wonder a little, how such a rug could be made at the price. Makes her wonder still more when she finds out that beneath such beauty is long, long wear.

But there's no getting around facts. Here are lovely rugs rich in color, tasteful in design, in great variety—for her to choose from. An ease of cleaning and care impossible with old-fashioned floor-coverings. And economy in the true sense of the word—an economy based on low first cost and enduring life.

Here indeed, is handsome is *and* handsome does, which is no doubt why, wherever you go, you are very sure to see many Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs making homes pleasanter, housework lighter and pocket-books heavier.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
*In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal



"SPARTA"—Only in genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs can you get this unique marbleized effect in beautiful shades of blue and cream. Remember the name and see it at your dealer's. *Rug No. 624.*

"ARCADIA"—an interesting innovation in floor-covering design—as lovely as a Dresden china tea set. This pattern is offered only in genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. Ask for it by name. *Rug No. 618.*

The secret of being *sure* of your biggest money's worth in labor-saving floor-coverings is to be *certain* that the Gold Seal is pasted on the pattern of the rug—or all-over floor-covering—you buy. Otherwise it cannot be the *one and only* Gold Seal Congoleum.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

# ITS TASTE SAYS "ITALY" TO THOSE WHO KNOW

How skillfully have Franco-American chefs captured the subtle secret of Italian cookery in this delicious spaghetti. Its every aspect invites enjoyment, from the ruddy glow of its rich tomato sauce to the zestful aroma of its savory cheese.

This is spaghetti as the Italians prefer it indeed, based on a favorite Milanese recipe and true to its origin, even to the delicate shades that so invite the eye to feast.

Ingredients selected to achieve the perfect spaghetti — semolina from nut-brown, hardy Northern wheat; red-ripe tomatoes and premium cheddar cheese. Prepared with Old World skill in spotless American kitchens.

Serve Franco-American Spaghetti for your enjoyment and convenience. A wholesome, balanced main dish, an appreciated side dish. Regale the family with this delightful spaghetti—today.

Franco-American
Ready-cooked
Spaghetti
With tomato sauce and cheese
(a la Milanaise)

# She flew from New York to Boston and I told her

## this complexion secret en route

Not long ago I flew to Boston in a Sikorsky Amphibian—my very first airplane ride.

There were eight of us—all strangers. But flying is still so new that it wasn't long before we were all talking to one another like friends. And I talked quite a lot (shouted, I *should* say, the two motors being as noisy as they were!) to the girl across the narrow aisle from me.

Just before we reached Boston we exchanged cards and I was terribly surprised and pleased to discover that she knew who I was. She said, "Oh, Miss Chase, please let me talk to you a minute after we get to Boston. I need your advice so badly about my complexion."

After we were on our way in from the airport, she told me she'd had quite a persistent case of acne for over a year. I asked her what she had done for it and she said, "Oh, Miss Chase, I've tried everything." I found her "everything" was all kinds of lotions and ointments and treatments—in fact, everything but the one thing she needed.

So I told her that the only care a normally healthy skin needs is thorough cleansing with such a gentle, mild soap as Camay. *And* that, for any chronic condition such as hers, the only person qualified to give her advice was a dermatologist—a registered physician who has specialized in the care and treatment of the skin.

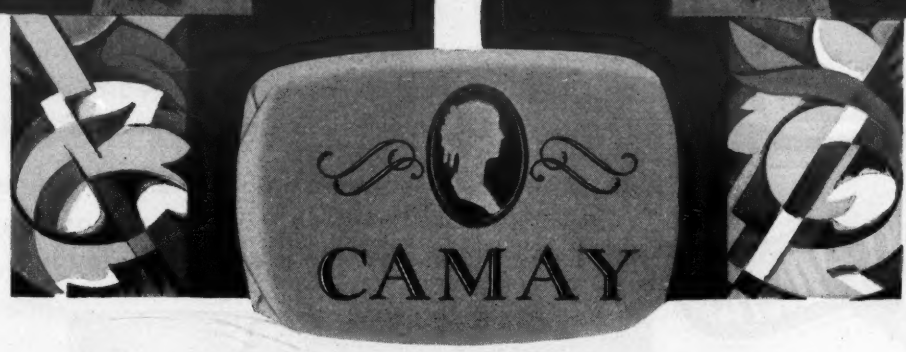
This girl was so grateful for my advice that I arranged an appointment for her with one of the dermatologists whom I had consulted when I first started writing these complexion articles.

I had a note from the girl a few days ago, saying that her complexion had cleared up wonderfully from the medical treatment. *And* . . . that, on the advice of her doctor, the only care she was now giving her skin was the gentle, fragrant Camay care we've all come to know and to feel so enthusiastic about.

So be *sure* you remember these two things. First, that the only care a healthy, normal complexion needs is constant and thorough cleansing with a gentle, mild soap. And, second, that Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists as a soap gentle and mild enough for even the most delicate complexions.

And *isn't* it grand to know that the one care that great authorities prescribe for you is the loveliest and most exquisitely fragrant that could possibly be devised?

Helen Chase




**What is a dermatologist?**

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

**Face Your World With Loveliness**—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-120, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval. Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada] 10¢ a cake**

THE PRICE *of the* HOME JOURNAL

PUBLISHED once a month. 10c the copy. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), $1.00 the year; $1.50 for 2 years; $2.00 for 3 years. Remit by Post Office or Express Money Order, Check or by Draft payable in United States or Canadian Funds.

To Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, $1.00 the year. To other countries, $2.50 the year. No reduction for longer periods. Remittance to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft payable in United States Funds. Single copies a shilling *anywhere in England.*

*Ladies'* HOME JOURNAL
(THE HOME JOURNAL)
THE FAMILY MAGAZINE OF AMERICA
*Registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries*

PUBLISHED ON THE THIRD TUESDAY OF THE MONTH PRECEDING ITS DATE BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President*
GEORGE H. LORIMER, *First Vice-President*
JOHN B. WILLIAMS, *Second Vice-President*
WALTER D. FULLER
*Second Vice-President and Secretary*
PHILIP S. COLLINS
*Second Vice-President and Treasurer*
FRED A. HEALY
*Second Vice-President and Advertising Director*

LORING A. SCHULER, *Editor*

CHESLA C. SHERLOCK, STUART O. BLYTHE, RICHARD E. MYERS, W. J. DE GROUCHY, LITA BANE, MARGUERITE ASPINWALL, GRAEME LORIMER, J. HAROLD HAWKINS, LOIS PALMER, *Associate Editors*

Copyright, 1930 (trade-mark registered), by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain. London Offices, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. All rights reserved. Entered as second class matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Columbus, O., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., San Francisco, Cal., Seattle, Wash., Houston, Tex., Des Moines, Ia., Los Angeles, Cal., St. Louis, Mo., Saginaw, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Portland, Ore., Louisville, Ky., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Detroit, Mich., Cleveland, O.

# *An End to Mirth*

## *By* BEN AMES WILLIAMS

### *Illustrated by Marshall Frantz*

"I LOVE PLOTS AND MYSTERIES," CELIA CONFESSED. "YOU AND YOUR FATHER" CLAIRE COMMENTED, IN A SMILING TENDERNESS. "EXACTLY ALIKE, YOU TWO."

CELIA lay sprawled on her face on the upper diving board, twelve feet above the pool. Her chin rested on her crossed wrists, and the sun was warm on her shoulders and back, bare almost to the waist, and on her boyish legs. She had dragged off her bathing cap and her black hair was in moist disorder, a tumbled cloud above her eyes.

Just behind her, young Jim Hannock perched on the rail which ran around the high platform. He and Celia talked together, in low laughing tones, almost sleepily. From where they perched, they could look over the six-foot hedge at the foot of the pool, out and down to the gleaming whiteness of the city, far below. This was a city all green and white—

NED BRACE

CLAIRE

CELIA

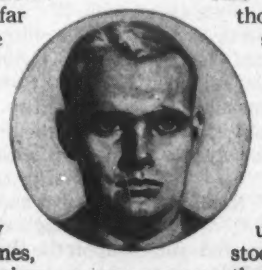
the green of palms and eucalyptus and pepper trees, and the green of cropped lawns, and ordered shrubbery, and creeping vines; the white or the pale yellow of plastered houses, with gaudy awnings at their windows and red tile roofs. The thin yellow fog, which the sun penetrated without dissipating, touched everything with unreality, like the soft focus in a camera—so that it became a city more dream than fact. The white houses might have been no more than high lights dabbed thickly by the painter's brush; the red roofs were the dull red of tarnished gold. The very foliage was too green, as though the trees themselves had become infected with that quality of exaggeration which the city breeds; an exaggeration which just outreaches the truth, while the truth is forever overtaking it, so that what was yesterday the folly of a dreamer becomes a commonplace tomorrow.

Celia felt something of this quality of unreality in the scene below her here. She was not yet twenty years old; she had the straight, firm-jointed figure of a boy; and her eyes were wide and candid as those of a baby. She seemed to believe everything she saw, until you marked the brows, unusually long and ascending from the nose outward with something quizzical and humorous in their upward slant. She believed with her eyes, but her eyebrows warned you that she believed only because it amused her so to do.

Just now, as she lay prone and relaxed, her chin upon her crossed wrists, her brows were level and her eyes were shadowed. It might have been guessed that she had given herself, for this once, to some secret dream.

Young Jim Hannock, behind and above her, spoke to her now and then, and she answered him. But for the most part they were content to look abroad at this familiar scene. Below them, Claire Brace lay at ease in a wicker chair under a great striped umbrella, with a book open on her lap, but neglected there; and Ned Brace was somewhere in the house, gone to change after his swim. The still, hot silence of midafternoon lay all about them here; but far below, on the boulevard, they could hear the murmur and hiss of many moving cars, and the occasional muffled warning of a horn.

This house and the garden and the pool were all set on a high spur of the mountains above the city. Westward these mountains unfolded their baked and sun-dried flanks in long convolutions to where the sea lay, fog-blurred till it was no more than a lead-gray field which blended with the sky. Sometimes, when Celia came in the early morning to swim here in the pool, the air was as clear as the waters into which she dived; and Catalina, far off shore, lay bright and gleaming in the early sun. It was hidden now by the fog, but the sun still shone. Filtered through the tawny mists, it drenched all this land assuringly. It had tinted Celia's smooth shoulders to a golden hue; there were even in the deeps of her black hair hints of red gold where the sun had played.



JIM HANNOCK

Where now she lay she could see the movement of automobiles and even of human beings along the streets and the sidewalks far below; they seemed infinitely remote and of another world. She was like an eagle in its aerie, but the eagle is concerned with small matters of nutriment—with the rabbit that hops across a field, the fish that comes too near the surface of the lake, the bird that drowses in the sun. Celia felt no present interest in the affairs of those small human microcosms far below her here; she felt herself set apart from them, just as Ned Brace was set apart from other men by the singularity of his genius.

The girl could never be unconscious of this isolation in which she moved; sometimes it made her lonely, faintly saddened her.

She had learned to feel herself apart from the world as children learn most things—by an unconscious imitation of her elders. Ned Brace stood alone; the folks who came most often to the great house here were all in their kind unique.

ROBIN CRIDER

When they descended to brush shoulders with those crawling black forms which Celia could see now from where she lay, eyes were turned to look after them, and whispers ringed them in. Celia had seen these glances, heard these whispers.

If the world set them apart, it was not surprising that they accepted this separation, at length, as their just due. Celia had accepted it for long; it was only within the past weeks that she had begun to doubt.

She had lunched one day with Eddie—Eddie Falk; and they drove to the beaches afterward, and sat in talk together. And somewhere near by, another girl, and another man, were also sitting. Celia watched them, saw their eyes meet, heard their quick laughter mingle tenderly; and she knew a sudden sense of kinship between herself and that other girl, between the young man and Eddie, who sat beside her. The girl—Celia had an expert eye in such matters—wore a dress the price of which would not have bought Celia's stockings; yet she was happy, and Celia recognized that happiness, and found its echo in her own heart.

SINCE that day she had begun to wonder, sometimes, whether she and her father and mother were in fact so removed from the world as they supposed. It was possible that the same laws ran here as down below, the same laws that simpler people were happy to serve and to obey.

Young Jim Hannock was talking to her, but she paid him no particular attention. Jim was of the firm which handled the legal business of Ned Brace and his producing company; and he was impressed with the importance of these matters. He spoke of them in a casual tone, half laughingly, which, by seeking to conceal, the more emphasized his sense of their weight.

DOCTOR LESLEY AND MRS. LESLEY

Celia, a month ago, would have been interested in what he had to say; she was used to shop talk, to the interminable discussions of stories and gags and effects and grosses and costs. But it began to seem to her nowadays that what Eddie Falk thought of her eyes, and of her hair, had its importance too; a more permanent importance to herself, perhaps, than the prospective huge success of her father's most recent picture.

It was an effort to listen to Jim now; and she was almost relieved when Ned Brace himself came toward the pool from the big house and called up to them:

"Jim, come here! We've got to go over this again."

"O. K.," young Jim agreed, and Celia roused herself lazily, looking down over her round shoulder to where her father stood beside her mother's chair.

"You look slick, dad," she called. He had dressed in flannels and a blue coat, a lavender shirt and a red tie. His choice in such matters was apt to be eccentric, and deliberately so; it was an old jest between these two. He chuckled at her derisive word; then Jim Hannock came down to where he stood, and he and Brace strolled along the marble flagging toward the farther end of the pool.

Celia got lazily to her feet. She picked up her bathing cap and tugged it down over her hair and dived. The water rose about her legs like the calyx of a flower; it came together with a click. Through the disturbed mirror of the surface her form could be seen as with a quick turn and a single stroke she changed direction and slid like an arrow, hands extended, feet together, in a rising curve toward the ladder at the side of the pool. Her hands touched the rungs as her sleek head broke the surface and she climbed out beside her mother there.

CLAIRE BRACE did not look like Celia's mother; she was, for one thing, slender and tall, while Celia was short and almost stocky. Claire's hair was as black as Celia's, but it lay sleekly back around her head, while the girl's was always tumbled. And Claire's eyes were deep blue, and her mouth was wide and kindly and serene. She had been swimming a while ago, but she had changed now into flowered pajamas, her bare feet in mules extended before her. Celia rubbed the water from her arms and legs, and she pulled off her bathing cap and ran her hands through her hair. The older woman smiled at her, said slowly:

"Going to swim any more?"

"When the others come," the girl assented. "Robin will want to, I know."

Her mother nodded, and Celia sprawled on the sun-warmed slabs at Claire's feet. Hannock and Ned Brace were yonder at the other end of the pool, and the younger man was making some swift explanation. Celia looked that way; then she sat up, hugging her knees, and watched them curiously for a moment.

"I'll look out for Eddie when he comes," she said over her shoulder without looking around.

Her mother smiled again. "Eddie knows the way," she suggested, with secret amusement in her eyes.

But Celia shook her head. "I told him to come to the postern gate," she confessed. "I love plots and mysteries. I told him to come up the secret way, and I'd meet him there."

"You and your father!" Claire commented in a smiling tenderness. "Exactly alike, you two."

"Dad gets so much fun out of these stunts," Celia agreed.

They sat in silence for a while, watching the two men at the other end of the pool. Celia's eyes rested on her father, and she said at last:

"It's funny sometimes to think that dad's a great comedian! He's so sad sometimes, if you watch his eyes."

Claire assented softly: "Yes, so sad. But only you and I, and a few others, know him well enough to see that, Celia."

Celia hugged her knees; and she nodded till her dark hair flew. "Yes," she agreed, "only you and I. Mother, he's a dear!"

The older woman, after a moment, said half to herself: "I know. Though it took me—long enough—to understand."

Celia turned to throw a flashing glance at her mother; it occurred to the girl that a month ago she would not have heard the undertones in what the other said. She had suddenly a sense of power—the power that comes with ripening sympathy and understanding. She hugged her knees, and brooded happily; and her own eyes were wide with wonder, as though they began to look upon new things. Standing upon the threshold of maturity, she looked back upon childhood almost pityingly.

After a while she asked: "Who knows about tonight, mother?"

The older woman was slow in answering. "Only those who must," she said at last. "Jim, yonder; and Foster Aram. Your father has rehearsed them as carefully as if he were going to shoot the scene. And Doctor Lesley will help stage manage, keep things moving. And of course Morrison, and you and I." She added: "But only your father and you and I know about Eddie! None of the others!"

"It's going to be fun," Celia said happily.

The older woman hesitated. "I don't like—pretending quite so far," she confessed. "But your father is so bent on it. I don't suppose he ever will grow up!"

"That's why he's great," said Celia stoutly.

Her mother chuckled "Yet children can be very trying sometimes."

The girl nodded, smiling to herself at ludicrous memories. Every Sunday night, unless he were working on a picture, Ned Brace liked to summon a group of friends to the huge, rambling house here on this jutting pinnacle among the mountain tops; and those who came must bring their courage too, for Brace had a genius for ridiculous or somber or dramatic surprise. Sometimes these devices were frank buffoonery, sometimes mere practical jokes, sometimes more disturbing.

Once there was electric wiring so arranged in every chair that at the turn of a switch everyone present was caught and gripped by a current too strong to break.

Once Brace and a guest pretended to quarrel and came to blows and fought a desperate fight, in which everything on the table became a missile before the affray was done, while the others tried in vain to separate them.

Sometimes Brace himself took the center of the stage; more often his guests were involved as well.

JIM HANNOCK SPOKE HASTILY: "WHAT IF I SUGGEST THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE TORN YOUR DRESS YOURSELF, DISORDERED YOUR OWN HAIR? WHAT PROOF HAVE WE, EXCEPT YOUR WORD, THAT THERE WAS A MAN HERE?" "YOU THINK I'M LYING?" CLAIRE ASKED PITIFULLY

It was Gene Aram who christened the big house. Aram had a barbed tongue, a wit that bruised; he meant no good-humored jest when he said: "If you're going up to Ned's tonight, you want to brace yourself!"

Ned heard of the remark; he seized on the phrase delightedly; and now above the doors, graved in stone, the name of the house stood as a warning to every new arrival.

The name was "Brace Yourself."

Celia thought of these things now, while she watched her father and Jim Hannock, at the other end of the pool, discussing that which for tonight was planned. Then her mother heard a car ascending the steep road, and rose.

"Here's someone, Celia," she said. "Let's go meet them."

And Celia came smoothly to her feet, and they moved arm in arm across the wide lawn.

## II.

BRACE YOURSELF was a huge, rambling structure set high among the lesser peaks above Beverly Hills. The living room was like a courtyard, surrounded by penthouses in monastic fashion; and it was roofed with plate glass set on steel rafters. There were catwalks along the ridge of the roof and down the main girders, and Ned Brace insisted that the glass should be wiped clean and polished every day, so that the sun poured through into the room below. The penthouses, like alcoves, had their uses—in one the elevator was concealed behind bookshelves which opened on a hinge; one held a table set for cards; the piano was in another; and some were merely cushioned lounging places. A wide arch led to the dining room.

On the mountain side of the living room, the house had two upper stories; and Claire and Ned had their suite on the topmost floor, with a gallery along the front whence they could look out across the roof of the living room and down to the city far below. There was a small tower above their bedroom, accessible by a spiral iron stair which ascended from the level of the living room below.

The house was full of secret stairs and concealed passageways; there were panels that opened at your elbow; there were bookshelves that swung on pivots, and hearths that lifted on hinges, and spy holes, and dungeons and dismal cellarways. For this was Ned Brace's plaything, this huge, surprising house of his; he had adorned it with every fancy and folly he could devise.

His friends, even though they might come with misgivings, liked to come there. There would be eight or ten for supper presently; it was Vee Conger who just now arrived. Morrison had admitted her before Claire and Celia came to the portico, and Claire greeted her affectionately.

Vee Conger was a young woman somewhere in her thirties, fit for comic parts; her nose was always shiny, her hair was straight as many strings, her eyes were pale blue. One who met her for the first time was apt to turn away; only a longer acquaintance could discover the sound sense and shrewd abilities which she possessed. She was a free-lance writer whose articles appeared in the screen magazines; and she was also personal press agent for Ned Brace, who had learned to recognize her qualities years before. Between her and Claire there was a long affection.

Just now she greeted Claire with a hug and a kiss, then cried ruefully:

"But now you'll have to powder your nose all over again, Claire!"

Claire smiled. "Going to swim?" she asked.

Vee said in reproachful astonishment: "You ask that? Knowing all you know about me and my private and personal architecture. Do you think I have no pride, my dear?"

Celia urged: "Oh, come on! Nobody's going to look at you, Vee."

Vee laughed and threw her arm around the girl's brown shoulders. "Not when you're there to be looked at, child. But never mind. You may shine in the pool; but I and my fine intelligence, we'll wait on dry land to revive your victims and comfort them. Gentlemen prefer a slick figure for a swimming partner; but when they've got to talk they want to talk to brains."

They were already drifting across the lawn toward the pool. Vee hugged Celia warmly, and turned to the older woman.

"Claire," she said swiftly, "Ned's new picture is the best he's ever done! This man of yours has genius in him, my dear."

Claire looked through dreaming eyes toward where Ned and Jim Hannock still stood together. "Much more than that, Vee," she suggested softly; and Vee laughed at her tone, and protested:

"But why burst into tears, Claire?" She made a melodramatic gesture. "I know that to you he's just a great big boy, your sweetheart and your pal, and so on and on; but he belongs to his public, as far as I'm concerned. I've been selling him to them for seven years, and he's theirs!"

GENE ARAM AND FANNY ARAM

Claire's eyes twinkled.

"Not now, Vee," she protested. "He's on holiday! Let him rest a while. He won't start working again for months, if I can help it."

Vee asked, more seriously: "How is he?"

"Better," Claire assured her. "Doctor Lesley sees to that, you know."

Celia asked in quick concern: "Better? Is father sick?" But they laughed at her, and Vee said briskly:

"Not as sick as he'd like to be. Your father's a passionate invalid, my dear, with a private physician and everything."

BRACE was coming to meet them now, Hannock by his side. They stood for a moment all together by the end of the pool. Brace kissed Vee warmly.

"You're the only one who does that, Ned," she reminded him, a little wistfully. "The only man, anyway." Then she grimaced at her own folly. "But you're always the comedian, aren't you?"

Big Ned Brace chuckled, hugged her again. At this close range he did not seem quite so big as from a longer distance. His frame, for all the breadth of his shoulders and the brown garment of the sun on his hands and his cheek, was gaunt and almost cadaverous. His eyes a little protruded; they were comedy eyes, and so were his ears built for laughter, jutting straight out from his head. His wide mouth was pure mirth.

He was laughing now, for he was always apt to be a laughing man when there were folk about. Only in those moments when he sat immersed in thought did there appear in his countenance that grave and melancholy shadow which the world never saw. He was one of the three or four great comedians of the screen; and he was unique in that he was a large man. Most comedians are small.

But he was this afternoon in a mood of riotous fun, chuckling at his secret plans as a small boy chuckles. Vee asked him in pretended solicitude:

"Are you sick, Ned? Dyspepsia, or something?"

"Never better," he assured her. "Why?"

"I've been here five minutes," she reminded him. "Came in the front door and out across the lawn and not a thing has happened to me. No bucket of water emptied on my new hat; no cannon cracker at my heels; not even a hidden wire to trip me up. You're not yourself, Ned; I'm worried about you."

The others laughed, and Ned retorted: "Wait, will you? You're not home yet!"

"I hope it's good, whatever it is," she told him. "Let me see, what shall it be? Something terrifying, I think. I'm in just the mood to be terrified!"

"You'll drivel with sheer terror before this night is done," Brace warned her in sepulchral tones; and Vee looked down at her bare arm and scrubbed at it and cried:

"Great! Goose flesh, stay with me!"

Someone hailed them from the house, and Robin Crider came running across the lawn. Behind her, in the open doorway, young Foster Aram appeared for a moment, shouted:

"Be right out, Robin!"

Then he disappeared again, and the girl came on to where they stood. Robin Crider was one of those maidens whose own lives have put Cinderella's to shame; no older than Celia, she was already a figure beloved over

*(Continued on Page 89)*

FOSTER ARAM

# A Sermon on the Stork

By

**JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON**

*Decoration by Wolfe Káská*

THERE is a quaint and lovely old English ballad, known to very few people, about the first Christmas present in the world. Before the Three Kings came riding out of the East, before the Shepherds followed the star, there came, this old story tells, numbers of birds of the air to see the baby in the manger, and among them came the stork. This good stork was very kind and pitiful, and when it saw the Christ Child cold and helpless in his rude bed, it wept with sorrow and tore handfuls of warm feathers out of its fluffy breast and spread them over the baby for a coverlet. And then, the story says, the infant Jesus spoke aloud and blessed the good bird and said:

"Because you have been so kind to your Lord when there was none to cover him, you shall be praised of all men and have the special care of children forever."

And that is why the stork has brought the baby to earth ever since that day.

It is an interesting and indeed a stimulating fact, to those of us who still have the strength of mind to note a few facts, while the theories are flying so thick about us, that no matter what strange things are happening—or seem to be happening—to that perilous institution, the Family, the stork continues to bring babies into it. Fewer babies, certainly; better babies, maybe; worse babies, sometimes; but he brings them. They grow up to doubt and deny him, but still he brings them. They grow up to point out to him that he would have been wiser to leave them where—if anywhere—they were before, and yet he brings them. They grow up to explain to him that in bringing them to a family he has selected the least intelligent spot in the world, that the state could take care of them better, that an individual chosen by themselves could understand them better, that groups elected by an intelligent body of themselves could arrange for their development better; but the stork snaps them firmly in his old beak and drops them, squirming and protesting, where he has always dropped them—into a family.

"Here," he says; "here's another! Take it or leave it; baptize it or not; vaccinate it or not; spank it or reason with it; feed it calories and vitamins or just bread and butter; try to teach it what you have learned since I brought you or let it develop its personality; psychoanalyze it or mind your own business. It's all the same to me. Sign here, please. Good morning!"

Now, when the stork knocks at the door there is one member of the family, and only one, whose duty it is to open it. Only the mother of the family can open that door, and this appears to be the one definite fact that evolution and the march of progress and the emancipation of women and the new thought can do nothing at all to alter. There's not a bit of use in having any point of view about it, or forming a society to prevent it or to encourage it, or proving what a mistake it is, or how unfair it is, or how much better it would be if somebody else were to open the door, for a change. Nobody else can.

## Mother and Child

NO MATTER how religious your family may be, the clergyman can't do it. No matter how scientific it may be, the X ray can't do it. No matter how poor it may be, the united charities can't do it. No matter how rich it may be, the butler can't do it. When the stork knocks, the mother of a rabbit and the mother of a cannibal and the mother of the greatest saint of God must go to the door alone.

And that is why the relationship of mother and child has been the one permanent, unquestioned, eternal relation in the world, and why science, art, religion, history and economics have interested themselves ceaselessly in it. Sentimentalists revel in it, but cynics dare not mock it. Biologists go at it with the scalpel, but painters immortalize it with the brush. The youngest child and the oldest man can be made to smile contentedly if their mother's name is mentioned, and the most brutal murderer weeps no less easily at that name than the model citizen. Is there anything else on earth of which these things can be said? Try to find it.

Now around this mother and her child the family develops. And as it develops, it changes, like everything else.

If the family is moving gradually from a despotism to a republic, isn't the world moving there too? Move with it. Don't scold it! When the individual has the maximum freedom which can exist with the minimum harm to the group of which he is a part, isn't that the ideal of democracy? And could there be any better rule for a family—the most important group on earth?

It is, of course, much easier to get on with people among whom your lot is not cast. I have always fancied that missionaries make, in general, a greater success in Africa than in Fall River—if they happen to be born in Fall River! And a child, I can quite easily see, will move with less friction among a group of his own age and weight, directed by a few well-trained, tactful people who are paid to eliminate as much friction as possible. But are we quite sure that this is his best training for life? Will he find such justice, such suavity, such endless patience, such artificial adaptation to his point of view, when he emerges into a world of ordinary people of all ages, famous for their injustice and not remarkable for their patience? Won't he comprehend it better if he has learned what it is like from a father who judged him severely, a mother who loved and understood him, sisters and brothers who fought with him, uncles and aunts who criticized him, and grandparents who spoiled him?

Much of this new scientific child study reminds me forcibly of the mysterious vitamins, which would worry us to death if we didn't know that they are to be found in great quantities in apples and milk and bread and butter—and everybody has always fed those to children anyhow! I fully expect some scientist to inform us soon that scalloped edges on cookies render them more digestible, which is why our grandmothers baked them for us like that, probably.

The stork has always known these things, and, old as he is, he has an answer for the three new types of mothers who reason with him nowadays. And they are by no means, all of them, or most of them, or many of them, in my opinion, the bridge-playing, fox-trotting idlers and wasters of the stage and the press. Not at all; they are quite serious, and they wish the best for their children and all children.

## Home and Family

"I FEEL, my dear stork," says the first, "that I am better qualified for administration on a large scale than for the narrow, domestic life. Too many of my friends are not. They are personal, prejudiced, unable to grasp the abstract, community point of view. I have too much ability to waste on two or three children. Bring all the babies to me and I will take care of them all together. I will not prefer one to another; I will see that each gets exactly what he needs. But I am not, frankly, at my best in intimate contact with a few people of my own blood. I am more drawn to the idea—if you see what I mean."

"Madam," says the stork, "are you quite sure what anyone needs? What did Saint John say: 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' And I am afraid you are on the wrong track, in a practical way of speaking, for the group system which you are beginning among the wealthy has just been discarded among the poor. The orphan asylums are emptying fast nowadays, and the Homes for the children whose parents can't provide for them properly seem likely to be a thing of the past before long. It occurred to some practical people to pay the mother the cost to the town of keeping her child with her, and children gained so in health and disposition and mental development that they went further and boarded out the orphans in homes that were not theirs at all. It seems that any mother is better than no mother and any home is better than a Home. You're behind the times, madam. Get back on your job!"

With the second woman he is less severe.

"But I can't do them all justice, stork," she says. "We have quite a lot of them, for nowadays, and my father is here with us, and I have a lot of work to do, and I want them to have more advantages than I had. I ought to develop all their little personalities, the books say, and they're so different, my children. It isn't that I want to get rid of them, but the camps and the schools know more than I and—and won't they have a better time?"

"Come, come, sister," says the stork. "Who told you they'd be better men and women for having a good time all the time? Teach them to get on with their grandfather. If you've got a lot to do, let them help you. Great men come out of big families mostly, I've noticed. Abraham Lincoln wasn't an only child, you know. Are 'advantages' always an advantage? I'm blessed if I know. A child who has to be taught how to play by a playground instructor doesn't shine as a self-amuser in his middle age. Let 'em button up one another's clothes, and they won't need Montessori button racks to learn on. Give 'em jobs, and you needn't be afraid of falling down on yours."

To the third woman he speaks very tenderly.

"But I never had one before, stork!" she pleads. "I'm only an amateur. I know I will do everything wrong. They tell me I'll spoil it. I don't know anything about the child mind, the way they do nowadays. They'll give him a broader basis, among them, and they can look at him more impersonally."

"My dear child," says the stork, "my *dear* child! Think a moment. Did you look at your lover impersonally in order

*(Continued on Page 66)*

The Christmas Coach—By Norman Rockwell

# Two Strong Men

By

**ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE**

*Photographed Especially for the Journal by Howard Coster, London*

SAMSON, THE CLOWN. HIS STRENGTH WAS ALL IN HIS BODY. NOT AN ATOM OF IT WAS IN HIS BRAIN OR HEART OR SOUL

THERE were two strong men whose pictures I used to study, as a child, in an illustrated book of Bible Stories that was given to me. One of the men was depicted as of incredible size and muscular power and with a majestically grim visage. He was Samson.

The other strong man was pictured as effeminately slender and fragile and with the pale, thin face of an invalid. He was Christ, the Son of the Living God.

Both pictures were grossly incorrect.

In what I shall write of these two strong men, I shall take my facts wholly from the Bible, which is our only true source of information about either of them. I shall not draw on my imagination or on legend. There is no need to.

Let us talk first about Samson, who was a billion times the less important of the two.

When I was a boy I used to think of Samson as a tragic hero, a mental as well as a bodily giant, an ideal for any husky young chap to copy. Then I began reading about him, on my own account, and I found how ludicrously wrong I had been. Here is his story. Judge for yourself.

Israel was in bondage to the Philistines. Samson was ordained from On High to free his people from their oppressors. It was a sacred mission. For it he was equipped with miraculous strength. What use did he make of his consecrated life?

In the first place, he earned a reputation as a practical joker, a maker of riddles. He fraternized with the Philistines whom he had been ordained to destroy. Only when he got into a disreputable personal quarrel with some of them did he take the trouble to attack them. Then, having thrown away his career — tricked into helplessness by a worthless woman — having betrayed the hopes of the people he was sent on earth to deliver, he was blinded and imprisoned.

## Samson

HE KNOCKED the props from under the pavilion in which a throng of his conquerors were feasting. This final practical joke of the inspired comedian "brought down the house" and he died in the wreckage, along with many of his foes.

That is Samson's life story, in a handful of words; the story of a man who wantonly threw away more great chances than come to a hundred average men. Truly a fine model for Youth to follow!

In all his ruinously wasted days, there is record of only two prayers made by Samson to the God who had showered such rich gifts upon him. Both prayers were for his own selfish desires. Both prayers were granted.

The first of them was made at the end of a battle in which he had overthrown a Philistine army, against heavy odds. The prayer was not one of thanks for the victory or that it might be of lasting benefit to Israel. No, the strong man had fought hard under a hot sun and he was thirsty. He called crossly on the Lord to send him a drink of water. It was sent.

The second prayer was offered up when the drunken Philistines had him brought, blind, from his cell, "that he may make us sport." Standing there, between the pavilion's pillars, Samson called once more to the God whose sacred mission he had defiled. Did he beseech pardon for his wasted life; or pray that his people might be delivered in spite of his betrayal of their trust? No, the second petition was as selfish as the first. It was for revenge, not for forgiveness. The blind giant said:

"Strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes."

And sudden strength was given him, to shove away the props which held up the pavilion's roof, and to kill those who had put out his eyes.

One hundred per cent of his life's recorded prayers had been granted. I wonder what this world would be like if one hundred per cent of everyone's prayers had such granting. It would be a horrible place, I think. For at the end of the Road—and often long before the end—we shall be more grateful that many of our prayers were answered in the negative than if they had been answered according to our wishes. The thing we craved most earnestly ten years ago might well have wrecked our lives if it had been given us.

A four-year-old child prays longingly to its mother for leave to play with the pretty little bottle in the medicine chest, the bottle with the nice red-and-white crossbones pattern on its label. And when the crazy prayer is refused there is the same cranky grief and rebellion as assails us older folk when God refuses an equally suicidal petition of ours.

When word went around, among the disciples, that Christ's journey to Jerusalem was to culminate in His coronation as King of the Jews, James and John made their mother beg Him that her two sons might be placed one on His right and the other on His left, on the day when He should be exalted. In modern parlance, that one of them might be made prime minister and the other become chancellor of the exchequer. The prayer was not granted.

A week later Jesus was exalted upon the Cross with a crucified thief on either side of Him. Perhaps, seeing this, the mother of James and John may have realized what it would have meant to her sons if her prayer had not been refused and if they had been placed one on His right and the other on His left.

## Jesus

ALL prayers are answered; and those which are answered with a "No" are answered in a tender wisdom of what is best and happiest for us.

Samson's prayers were granted—the only two of them we know of. Their answer was "Yes." The first of them brought him a swig of tepid water. The second brought him death.

So much for Samson, the clown and fool, who threw away more bright opportunities than had been vouchsafed to all his people put together. His strength was all in his body. Not an atom of it was in his brain or heart or soul. They were as weak as water. Yet Samson's name has stood out through the ages as the synonym of strength!

Shan't we turn — and turn eagerly — from his sorry story to that of the other Strong Man?

Perhaps you think I am going to try to point out that though Christ was physically weak, He was infinitely strong in other ways? I am not. Christ was not physically weak. I believe He was one of the hardiest and most muscular men of His time and a terrifically formidable adversary to clash with.

Once more, remember, I am taking my facts about Him from the Bible and from the Bible alone. It is from the Bible's own statements that I know Him for a man of mighty bodily strength.

In the first place, we know he was a Nazareth carpenter. Carpenter work, in that day and in that region, was no job for a weakling.

In my own very young manhood, the Nazareth carpenter shop was not far different from what it had been in our Lord's youth. I used to stand by the hour at the unfronted entrance of the shop and watch the men at work.

They had no modern labor-saving appliances. Tough logs must be hewn by hand with awkward tools. Beams and joists weighing hundreds of pounds must often be handled and swung aloft without pulleys. The day's labor called for even more strength than skill. The carpenter and his helpers were squat fellows, bulging of muscle, stalwart in every inch, powerful at lifting and at chopping and hammering.

The fragile and womanish body of the Christ of the stained-glass windows and of the Old Masters' paintings—how long could such a puny physique have lasted in a job

like that? Yet, presumably, from His twelfth till His thirtieth year—"His eighteen silent years"—Christ was toiling constantly at just such labor. None but a strong man could have done that.

Let us see what physical condition those eighteen years of heavy training put Him in.

When He began His ministry He fasted for forty days in the wilderness. Now and then, during my own lifetime, notoriety seekers have undertaken forty-day fasts. What was the result? Long before the end of the ordeal, they were in a state of collapse. Days of recuperation and of careful feeding were needed to build up their hunger-wasted systems before they could begin again the daily routine of life.

What happened to Christ immediately after His forty-day fast?

"And Jesus returned, in the power of the Spirit, into Galilee . . . and He taught in their synagogues."

In other words, He went straight to work at His ministry without the need of resting from His frightfully depleting days and nights of starvation. No one but a man of incalculable endurance and strength could have done such a thing.

Barely had He returned to Nazareth from His fasting when His fellow Nazarenes mobbed Him, crowding murderously around Him "unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong."

A weakling—or even a normally strong man who had not yet had time to recover from a forty-day vigil of fasting—could have made pitifully little defense against such a wholesale assault. None but a giant in strength can hope to fight his way through an angry mob. It would have needed a miracle to save the pallidly meager Christ of the stained-glass windows from the rush of the Nazarene manslayers.

## Strength

BUT the real-life Christ—the Christ whose splendidly muscled body had been hardened by eighteen years of grindingly heavy carpenter work—was a physical match for the yelling rabble. We read:

*"But He passing through the midst of them went His way."*

St. Luke devotes only those eleven words to the scene of Christ's successful struggle through the close-packed human wolves. But the eleven words are enough to give us a vivid mind picture of giant strength cleaving its irresistible path through the less-powerful men who sought to oppose its passage.

I think we are led to the notion that Christ was emaciated and pale and weak because of the medieval paintings of Him. There were so-called holy men—hermits and mystics and the like—wandering through Europe in the Middle Ages. Many of them were living skeletons, with matted hair and beards and thin ethereal faces. Artists used them as models for their pictures of our Lord, probably thinking that the holier these fanatics' fame represented them, the more they must resemble Jesus.

These painters forgot that our Lord was the friend and welcome dinner guest of sinners, that little children flocked joyously to Him, drawn by His gentle strength and lovableness. Children would never have climbed onto the knees of the Christ delineated in most of the medieval paintings. Assuredly sinners would not have sought such an attenuated mystic as their comrade and helper.

I used to try to duplicate some of the daily foot journeys of our Lord through the Holy Land. I was young and an athlete and I was well shod. He had been barefoot and often wearied by long journeys on the preceding days and with scarcity of food. Yet I found one or two of those walking records, across the steep mountains, impossible for me to equal.

No bloodless stained-glass Christ could have accomplished those body-racking hikes. It called for almost as much strength as for the fighting of a free path through the Nazarene mob.

Nor would the drovers and the greedy money changers and their horde of hangers-on and clerks have fled in terror from the temple if one man of mere average strength had attacked them with no weapon more formidable than a "scourge of small cords."

CHILDREN WOULD NEVER HAVE CLIMBED ONTO THE KNEES OF THE CHRIST DELINEATED IN MOST OF THE MEDIEVAL PAINTINGS

The crowd of usurers would not have run for safety, without so much as stopping to grab up their wealth, while a man of common strength "drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables."

Men do not run away, leaving their goods behind them, unless their fear of the assailant who drives them away is greater than their desire for the valuables they are deserting. The money changers and the drovers fled from the temple because they dared not stand their ground against One whose irresistible strength they could size up at a glance, or whose wonderful physical prowess they already knew by repute.

But if His prowess had been only of the kind that permitted him to fast without self-injury and to fight His way through hostile mobs and to drive money changers from the temple and to walk rapidly for incredible distances over steep mountains, it would have amounted to little more than did the freak exploits of Samson, or than those of a dozen other superathletes. To me that was an insignificant part of His strength.

Let us get to the proofs that His was incomparably the greatest strength the world has ever known or ever shall know—in the true meaning of the term "strong":

He "turned His face resolutely to Jerusalem" when at last He knew the time had come for Him to suffer martyrdom for the saving of all mankind. In the Holy City, and within a single week, shame and desertion and crucifixion awaited Him.

By turning back—by dwelling in the Syrian mountains far from the arm of the law—He could have lived on to a serene old age, worshiped and fed and clad by His many followers. Neither Rome nor Judaism would have molested Him. He would have been smugly safe, a loved and pampered saint. To go forward was to face shameful death. To go back meant security.

For mankind's sake He went forward.

That alone was a feat of strength which excelled each and every one of Samson's showy deeds. The strength to go calmly into a danger that could readily have been avoided; for humanity's sake, to choose death rather than life.

## Power

AS HE prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane at midnight, a few priestly servants came to arrest Him. The physical strength which had carried Him triumphant through the Nazareth mob could readily have enabled Him to brush aside this little scatter of adversaries. Or a skilled woodsman and mountaineer such as He would have had scant trouble in escaping through the dense darkness of the Garden's olive shade and of finding His way to safety.

But He made no resistance. Indeed, He forbade His disciples to defend Him, and He even healed the wound which Peter dealt to one of the high priest's servants.

Peter, by the way, has incurred much blame because—scared and cold and confused—he later denied acquaintance with his Lord. But let us remember that of all the twelve disciples it was Peter alone who had the pluck and the loyalty to strike a single blow in Christ's defense.

As for the other disciples, in Christ's hour of trial "they all forsook Him and fled." Even the "beloved" John. Peter was the only one to try to fight for Him and then to risk capture by following close behind Him to the judgment hall. I like Peter. To me he seems the best of the Twelve—with Thomas a close second.

Malefactors with rich or influential friends were able to ease somewhat the torture of their crucifixions by receiving from bribed guards a draught of drugged wine—a rude form of anæsthetic. Someone—perhaps Joseph of Arimathea or Nicodemus or another wealthy secret believer in Jesus—seems to have secured this privilege for our Lord.

A soldier lifted to His lips a sponge filled with such wine as He hung suffering from the Cross. Surely, according to human standards, Christ had fulfilled His mission and had paid the world's debt by that time. He might well have lightened His remaining tortures by drinking of the anæsthetic.

The Strong Man refused the draught, not consenting to abate one atom of the torment He was enduring for mankind. Do you remember how Samson whined peevishly to God for

*(Continued on Page 106)*

ELSIE SAID: "I DON'T KNOW THAT ANY WAY TO PAY FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WOULD BE VERY PLEASANT"

# One Emerald

**By ALICE DUER MILLER**

*Illustrated by Pruett Carter*

THE village had gone mad on the subject of open-air Christmas trees—not only the tall pine at the crossroads, lit by the community, but every other house in the long, meandering main street had set a lighted evergreen in the front yard, from the electrician's entirely green and blue to Miss Bayes, the photographer's, glittering in all the prismatic colors.

Hernandez was delighted, looking from one window to another as his car moved rapidly along. He derived intense joy from a pretty sight. "Ah, *qué linda!*" he murmured again and again. In the United States from which he came—the United States of Colombia—Christmas was celebrated only as one of the great feasts of the church.

His car stopped at a gate in a low, white fence. The chauffeur—every year when Hernandez came north for two months he rented the same car and the same chauffeur—got out and opened the door and said, "I think this must be the house, sir."

Hernandez stepped out and looked at the house. There is always something like a Christmas card in bright windows shedding squares of yellow light on newly fallen snow. Five o'clock on Christmas afternoon and as dark as midnight, but the reflection from the car's lights was enough to show him that the house was a low, red-brick farmhouse with a gabled Dutch roof; yes, this must be right, he thought, even before he saw the plate above the bell: "Dr. Fenn."

The door was opened by a girl whose hair against the lighted hallway behind her made a sort of mist about her head. Hernandez, like many of his race, admired blond women.

"Is Doctor Fenn in?" he asked. He had been educated in England, but he did not entirely regain his control of the language until he had been a week or so in an English speaking country; and as he had landed but the day before in New York, his *r*'s still rolled a little too much, and his *o*'s were too soft and round.

The girl in the doorway answered: "No, he isn't. I'm so sorry." She sounded as if she really was sorry, as indeed she was, for no patient so evidently prosperous had come ever before her brother's way. "I'm expecting him back at any moment. He said he would be at home for seven o'clock dinner, and it must be after five now."

"Are you Miss Fenn?"

"Yes, I am."

"Miss Fenn, I have a message for you—that is, for you or for your brother, either one."

"For me?" said the girl. She could not imagine what the message could be. Christmas Day and her turkey in the oven, and this foreign gentleman . . . a total stranger . . . and so handsome . . . so elegant . . . with sleek, black hair that was really a deep midnight blue in the single light swinging from the ceiling . . . wearing dark clothes that had that look about the shoulders which the clothes of the men Elsie saw never did have. . . . She led him into the little sitting room on the right of the doorway; a fire of logs was blazing in a huge Dutch fireplace. She sat down, but the stranger continued to stand, drawing off his

heavy gloves. He was very thin and dark, and his manner was grave.

"Miss Fenn," he said, "how long is it since you have heard from your father?"

Her father! Her heart gave a little jump of alarm. "We have never heard from him," she said. "Not for twenty years. We supposed he must be dead."

"I am sorry to bring bad news at a happy season. He is dead, but only last week. He died literally in my arms." He paused, seeing that she was trying to blink away tears. "Forgive me. I am clumsy. I hurt you."

Elsie shook her head. She was ashamed of crying. She would have thought her emotion unreal if she could possibly have prevented her tears, but she couldn't . . . they took her suddenly by the throat. "No, no," she said, "you are very kind. I never knew my father. I was not two when he went away. But it is sad to think of dying like that—away from everyone who ought to love you."

ALL Elsie's youth, all her life indeed, had been shadowed by her father's disgrace. They had for generations been proud, well-to-do people in the countryside. Her father had made money, had decided to leave the farmhouse in which his grandfather had been born, and to build a modern house in the county seat where he was president of the first bank. In that bank today Elsie was earning her living as a clerk, taking the eight-fifteen trolley into town and the five-forty-five back. But Mr. Fenn had ruined himself and the new house was never built. Now that she had had some experience in the technicalities of banking, Elsie thought she knew how it must have happened . . . an error of judgment . . . an effort to repair the error without revealing it . . . a suddenly falling financial market . . . disgrace . . . flight. He had not explained, he had not said good-by; he had simply disappeared. Elsie admitted that her mother had not been an easy person to explain things to—a stern, conscientious, egotistical woman, who took her poverty and disgrace with a bitterness harder for her children to bear than the poverty and disgrace themselves. It was as if she took a sort of poisoned pleasure in draining the cup to the dregs and forcing the children to do the same; they were the children of a thief and could have no spending money until those speculations were repaid—fifty thousand dollars outside the bank's liabilities. He had ruined many of his friends and neighbors.

In the past year or so, since her mother's death, since she herself had been at work, Elsie and her brother had been able to pay back a few small sums—to the widow of the clergyman, and the old milliner—but Frederick Fenn, a country doctor just starting a practice, and Elsie, a clerk in a small town bank, were not able to save much beyond their living expenses. No, she was not crying for her father, but for her youth and her brother's and for the memory of her embittered mother.

She wiped her eyes. "I wish you would tell me all about it," she said.

Her dark visitor sat down on the sofa. "I have come all this way to do so," he said. He had taken off his smooth, dark-blue overcoat, but he still held his gloves in his long, brown hands. "My name is Hernandez . . . Raphael Hernandez . . . you may have heard of the Hernandez mines? No? Well, my family has emerald mines in Colombia, and your father came there one day and applied for work—twenty years ago, in my father's time. He was superintendent of one of the smaller mines . . . very much liked and respected . . . I used to like to practice my English with him when I was a boy. Last week before I sailed for New York I visited all the workings, that one the last. As I was getting into the car to drive all the way to Cartagena to catch my boat, a peon came running up to say that old Fenning—that was the name he used—was ill, was dying, and wanted to see the patron—that is me—before he died. I got out of the car. I was late . . . I sent word to telegraph to hold the steamer for me . . ."

Elsie gave a little exclamation. She had never before seen anyone for whom steamers were held. "To hold the steamer?"

"Oh, for five or six hours—what is it?" He answered, raising his shoulders. "I went to your father. I saw at once he had not long to live."

"Did you know—his story?"

"He told it to me then, but, Miss Fenn, we always know those things. When a man leaves your country to come and live in mine, it always means a story that must not be asked for. Fenning, they told me, had not received one letter in twenty years."

"Oh, dear," said Elsie, and began to cry again.

"Yet I think he was not entirely unhappy," said Hernandez. "He was respected, liked by the men. It is such a beautiful country, mine, Miss Fenn, and he had peace and a lovely outlook of the mountains. He gave me this for you. I have carried it a whole week in my pocket, and looked at it every day. Señorita, I compliment you; you were a very sweet and pretty baby."

He gave her a little, faded, colored photograph, colored undoubtedly by Miss Bayes at the corner. She turned it over, and there was the name printed with many pale flourishes . . . a great blue-eyed baby with golden hair, sitting rather lightly clad in a large, red-velvet chair. . . . "Yes," she said, looking at it, "I think that is a picture of me."

"But I am quite sure . . . it is exactly as you are today . . . it is the same *mélange de douceur et de vivacité*."

ELSIE did not like to ask him to translate, though she longed to know what he had said. "And was that all he left?" she said.

"There was a bundle of old letters he asked me to burn. And a message to your brother, about his debts. It seems he had some debts over which he worried, Miss Fenn."

A photograph of her, a bundle of letters and his debts. She was glad he had worried about them, it made the price she was about to pay seem more worth while. "Oh, my poor father," she said. "If he could only know that his debts will be paid. I have found a way to pay them all."

"It is a large sum."

"Yes, but they will be paid, every one of them."

"By whom?"

"By me." She lifted her head and looked at him.

"A way not too disagreeable, I hope."

*(Continued on Page 122)*

TO MINNERSLEY, HERNANDEZ APPEARED QUITE SIMPLY A VILLAIN FROM THE SCREEN . . . SLEEK-HEADED, OVERDRESSED

PHOTOS. WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

PORTERS OF THE SEABROOK EXPEDITION CROSSING THE RIVER CAVALLY BY MEANS OF THE BRIDGE OF SWINGING VINES, WHICH, ACCORDING TO EXPLORER SEABROOK, WAS CONSTRUCTED BY DEMONS AND FIT ONLY FOR APES. THIS BRIDGE IS THE SOLE MEANS OF ENTERING THE LIBERIAN HINTERLAND FROM THE IVORY COAST MAN-DANANAE DISTRICT

# Magic on the Ivory Coast

*By* **WILLIAM B. SEABROOK**

*IV.*

NO MAGIC of Wamba's and no merit of mine, but only the accident of an old pair of boots—and another man's boots, at that, though I happened to be wearing them—got me and my porters with whole skins and baggage out of Liberia eventually.

Of course we had no business to be going in by this back door—not even if Wamba's oracles had been favorable. Liberia down on the seacoast is a different matter. American Negroes, descendants of freed slaves, administer a black republic which goes not too badly on its ocean fringes. But the extreme Liberian hinterland has a bad name.

If I had possessed proper objective, equipment and authority, things might have gone differently, but I was wandering off on a wild excursion with no better motives than curiosity and a wish to get loose for a while from Wamba's apron strings; with no personnel except Bugler and a dozen scared but loyal porters. It hardly required sibylline prophecy or the ripped-out insides of unhappy dogs and chickens to foretell that we should very likely get into trouble of some sort.

Yet except for the novelty of crossing the Cavally River on a swaying vine bridge constructed by demons and fit only for apes, our crossing from Ivory Coast territory into Liberia was at first impression an unconvincing displacement, like going from France into Belgium, or from Cincinnati to Detroit. One says, "Well, here I am in a different place," but saying it doesn't mean much, since everything is just the same. The forest was identical, the trails likewise, and the few people we met seemed in no way different from our own amiable Yafouba savages. But this was only for the first few miles.

AS WE went deeper in, we began to sense vaguely, and then more definitely, that this was not a friendly place. Nor was this a trick played by imagination, conjured up by Wamba's warnings and forebodings. All wayfaring natives go armed, of course, in the great forest. But such Ivory Coast wayfarers as we had been accustomed to encounter would always stand in the trail, greet us and joke with us, ask questions as we passed.

An assagai or a bow with poisoned arrows is a delightful touch of local color in the hands of a black, naked, forest man who stands gay and grinning. But it loses most of its charm when the man darts silently into the bush fifty yards ahead of you and lurks invisible behind the leaves until you have passed by.

The natives here were stealthy and unfriendly. I didn't like it, and my porters didn't like it at all. Bugler was too proud to show whether he liked it or not. He marched straight ahead superbly, and we followed.

As a matter of fact, it was a bad place, where frequently the casual passing stranger, even the at-home Liberian going from village to village, was stalked and taken like other game; where even the Diula peddlers went only by day in armed companies. It was, by the way, the only territory of this sort that I ever touched in my somewhat wide wanderings over West Africa.

We were heading southwest toward a village called Zanbli, where there was supposed to be a small Liberian government post with a sort of administrator in charge. Our intention was to spend the night there, get what help and information the administrator could give us, and go deeper in, if all went well, on the following day.

We hurried along, a bit nervous and jumpy, anxious to make Zanbli before sundown. I felt sure that once in contact with an administration post, however isolated in the bush, we would be well received, for America and Liberia are notoriously friendly. Quite likely they might lend us guides and guards for our further excursioning.

Actually nothing whatever happened to us on the trail to Zanbli. Never once were we menaced or halted. On the contrary, we were avoided. We traversed hut clusters, seemingly deserted, without seeing a human face. The fine mess that awaited us had no saving cinema qualities. It was, in fact, disgustingly undramatic.

THE MOST HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF THE AFRICAN ADVENTURE WAS THE BUSINESS OF THE YAFOUBA CHILDREN PIERCED BY SWORDS

We reached Zanbli about four o'clock in the afternoon—some twenty mud-thatched huts scattered outside a central stockade which was evidently the administration post, for a dirty little flag surmounted it. A few villagers stared at us from a distance, but none came near us even to offer the customary water. The stockade gate was ajar. I parked my porters, hammocks and baggage in front of it, with Bugler in charge, and went inside alone.

A Liberian corporal, barefooted and trouserless, but wearing a shabby scarlet soldier's coat, and with a proper rifle, halted me and asked in pidgin what I wanted. Three or four other soldiers, similarly garbed and armed, lolled about. There was a big, square, mud house, windowed, with a veranda, evidently a sort of office, from which the flag flew; also a dwelling, but no sign of life in either.

I SAID I was an American traveler and wanted to see the administrator.

"Mister Harris," said the guard, as one would say it in plain homely American.

It was a comfort to hear him say "Mister Harris." Now everything would be all right. Very likely it would turn out that Mr. Harris and I had mutual acquaintances in Harlem or Tuskegee. At any rate, we could talk of Booker Washington.

I mounted the office veranda, asked the guard for a drink of water, and lighted a cigarette as if I owned the place. I already felt welcome, and perhaps just a little patronizing. America was a lot bigger than Liberia, and I had read somewhere that they had copied their constitution from ours. I thought of the interesting conversation we might also have about Haiti. I sat waiting for a quarter of an hour or so, thinking smugly how well things always turned out for me, and the delay seemed all right, too, since Mr. Harris had probably been interrupted in his siesta.

Presently Mr. Harris emerged from his house, and I arose to meet him. His appearance was as comforting as his homely name. He was a middle-aged, dark Negro in horn-rimmed spectacles, store-bought stiff straw hat, civilian khaki, celluloid collar and stringy black necktie. He might have just come out of the drug store at the corner of Seventh Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Street. He looked like a school-teacher type, probably bored by his isolation here, and hospitable.

It was only after his soft, boneless handshake that I realized the eyes behind the spectacles were not so reassuring. Not that they were savage or hostile. But they were the shifty, uncandid eyes of a man who has got something up his sleeve and is not at ease. Also I realized that he hadn't yet spoken.

I HAD addressed him in polite colloquial American English, sure that he would respond with the same. But now when he opened his mouth it was clear that he knew scarcely any English. It was gross pidgin he talked, and Bambara.

I was beginning to be a little impatient and resentful, with a faint edge of aggressiveness in my resentment. For he hadn't even asked me to sit down, or made any commonest offer of refreshment. I sat down without being asked and said in his own gross but adequate medium, measuring my words:

"Look here. I am not either a trader or a political, wanting any profit from you. I am a private American traveler, a writer of

PHOTOS. WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

WE ARRIVED ONE AFTERNOON IN THE CENTRAL VILLAGE OF A CHIEF CALLED MABYA. THIS MABYA HAD PANTHER TEETH BRAIDED IN HIS HAIR, AND SEEMED ON FIRST IMPRESSION A FORMIDABLE PERSONAGE

books. Everywhere in French Africa I have been well received by blacks and whites. Now I am in your country, which, as you must surely know, is friendly with America. Furthermore, I have brought all my own food and supplies. I would like to stay a few days if you can put me up tonight in your village guest house. If your tribal chiefs care to visit me, there will be generous gifts for them, and I would like in turn to visit some of their villages. What about it, Mr. Harris?"

To which Mr. Harris replied in a queer, aggressive, but embarrassed tone: "Show me your papers."

"What's the matter with you?" I said. "My passport is out there in my tin trunk somewhere, and if you insist I'll go and get it."

"No," he interrupted, "I mean your papers from Monrovia—your papers from the Liberian Government."

I said, "But you know perfectly well that I have come down from the north, not up from the coast, and could have no papers from your capital or your government. You know that you are the first Liberian official of any sort I've met."

"So you have no Liberian papers," he said; and while he said it in a blaming tone, I knew that for some reason not yet disclosed he was glad I had no Liberian papers, and was wanting to make sure. There was something sour, and it was getting more sour every minute. I stood up. I said:

"Well, here I am. What are you going to do about it? You are the local authority, and if you don't want me in your territory, tell me to get out, and I'll go back where I came from."

AND right there the cat poked a clawed paw out of the bag where it had been hiding. "You have invaded our territory," said Mr. Harris. "It is grave."

I said, "It is pure nonsense, and you know it. What are you up to, anyway? You are an official. You can't get away with anything like that."

But I was far from sure just what he might get away with. Any communication with Monrovia would take more than a month. He was saying, "I ask you, please, to wait."

I was caught, and somewhat ignominiously. It wasn't the four armed guards, who had stopped lolling and were on the job. I could have walked out of the stockade, or at least I believed I could. But it was within an hour of sundown and we wouldn't have had a gambling chance to get out o. Mr. Harris' territory. He went away and I waited. I was more annoyed and angry than seriously worried, but it wasn't pleasant.

Almost immediately he returned with an elderly Kroumen—a forest-tribe man—robed, goat-bearded, hookish nosed, with a face that was more savagely evil than his own, but less evasive and decidedly more intelligent. He spoke doubtful pidgin. He was evidently not officially connected with the post. He was Mr. Harris' personal familiar and adviser.

Mr. Harris wanted me to repeat all I had previously said. But if Mr. Harris needed reënforcements, I needed them even more. I wished fervently for Mori. I could only send one of the guards for Bugler, saying I would need him to interpret. He came proudly in his tattered coat and wig of monkey fur, bugle at ease in his left hand, saluting so smartly that the guards snapped to attention. When Bugler walked like that, it was a military parade.

He stood gravely beside my chair. The Kroumen looked at him intently and asked him a question which sounded insulting, in a language which I had never heard. Bugler's face went blank and he replied in Bambara, "*Ti famou*" ("I don't understand"). The Kroumen tried again. Bugler's face went blanker still, apologetic. So that was that. We did the best we could in pidgin. But presently the Kroumen and Mr. Harris, with a narrow eye at first on Bugler, began holding side conferences in their own language.

That night, after they had put us in a guarded hut, abandoning even the pretense that we were anything but prisoners, Bugler gave me a graphic and complete, though whispered, version of the conference he had eavesdropped, and which had ended inconclusively something like this:

MR. HARRIS: "You saw all that baggage out there. He told us he has food and a lot of gifts. He probably has a lot of rum, too, and ammunition. And you saw that shotgun."

THE KROUMEN: "I tell you to look at his trousers there. I don't like his trousers either. And I tell you to look again at his boots."

MR. HARRIS: "But he told us himself he was just a private traveler. Besides, look at the way he carries himself. Part of the time he was polite and afraid of us. You could see it. He carries no way of commanding."

THE KROUMEN: "It is not his face or his way, I tell you. It is his clothes. I have been on boats that came from England. His clothes are dirty, but I don't like them. And the boots are hateful. They are the boots of a white man who commands. I have looked for sewing on his coat sleeves and it is true that there are no marks. But you will find his gold stripes put away somewhere in his trunk, and you will be sorry. It is not safe to do it. There will be trouble afterward."

So that was what it was all about. With the best good will in the world, they wanted to rob us, but they couldn't quite make up their minds that it would be safe. It was so simple, that except for the doubtful taste of doing it under cover of Mr. Harris' officialdom, one could understand, if not entirely sympathize with them in their embarrassing predicament.

Yet even academically as well as personally, I disliked this Mr. Harris. For, according to Bugler's further revelations, it was not the keen-faced savage Kroumen, but the rather dull, soft-handed, thick-faced Mr. Harris who had finally suggested a less pleasant method of solving the problem.

He had suggested, in brief, that if it seemed unsafe to confiscate our belongings and let us go free, to make trouble afterward, it might be possible to send us away at an hour when night would forcedly overtake us, and arrange to have the whole matter concluded as quietly as possible on the trail.

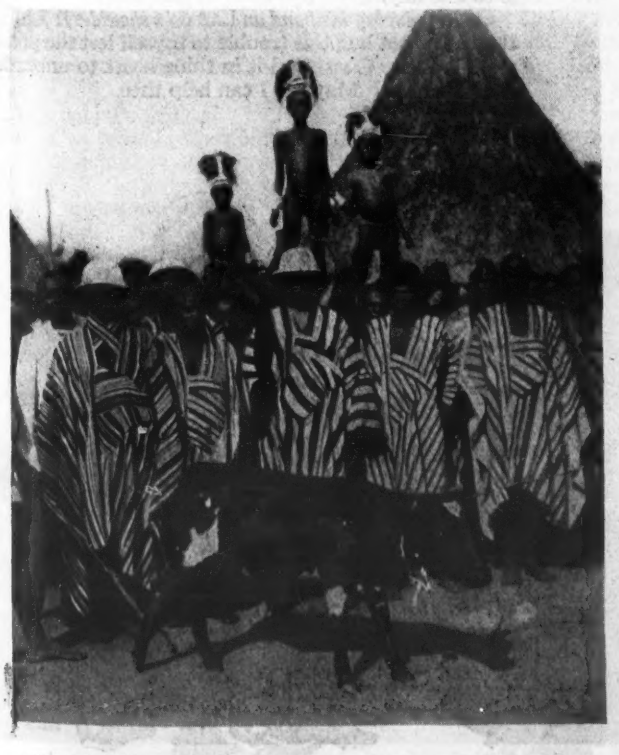
But this suggestion the Kroumen had also opposed violently, and Bugler, who had smelled real trouble on the veranda, was of the opinion now that there was less cause for worry. He strongly advised against making a break. We risked no harm in the hut there. And when morning came we would see, forewarned, what could be done. I thought his advice was sensible and tried to go to sleep.

BUT it occurred to me as I lay there that this somewhat dull Mr. Harris, with his schoolteacher air, his Fourteenth Street stiff straw hat, horn-rimmed spectacles and little, stringy, black necktie askew in a celluloid collar, was perhaps the only dangerous Negro I had ever encountered in the African jungle.

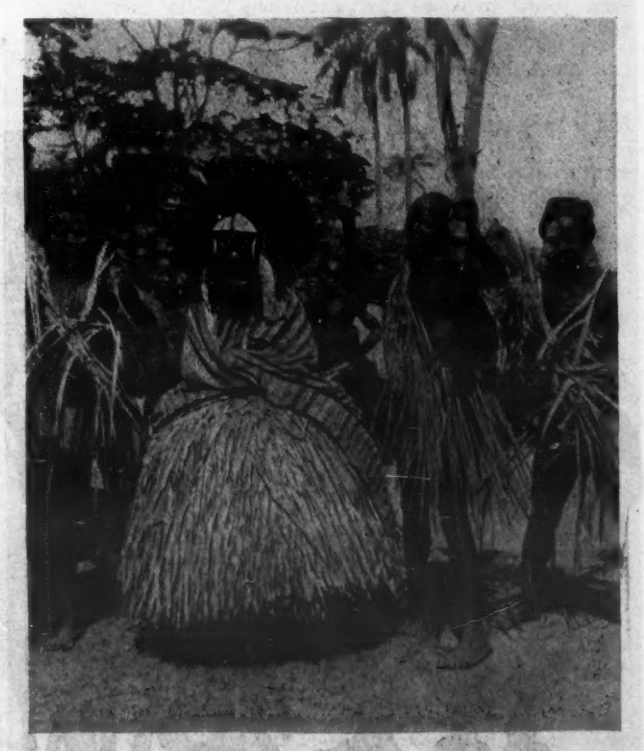
The old Kroumen was a savage, and if a man's physiognomy and eyes ever mean anything, he was the more ruthless, perhaps even the more rapacious of the two. But he was not stupid. It was his deterrent imagination, stimulated by the hazard of the boots, that saved us from the dull Mr. Harris.

Those boots, in fact, had never been made for mine or any civilian feet. They had been made by the best military bootmaker in London, and were of the sort worn by generals, colonels, and occasionally majors with millionaire aunts or wives. They had been ordered by my friend Major Russell Haven Davis, in 1925, in Haiti—and they had pinched his feet. So he had swapped them to me for a tennis racket and

*(Continued on Page 110)*



THE PROCESSION TO THE OLD CHIEF'S GRAVE FORMED WHERE THE SACRIFICIAL BULL HAD BEEN PENNED UP



NAGO-BA, THE WITCH DOCTOR, CAME TO OUR HUT FOLLOWED BY MASKS AND VINE-CLAD DANCING HOWLERS

LABAN

# The First Christmas

## A Play in One Act of Two Scenes

By MARJORIE MARQUIS

Illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay

SCENE I—*A hilltop in Judea.*
SCENE II—*The interior of a stable.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS
*(In order of their appearance)*

LABAN, *a shepherd.*
OBED, *the chief shepherd.*
ARIEL, *the younger brother of* LABAN.
DAVID, JACOB, JONAHAN, MATTHIEU, *young shepherds.*
LEVI, NATHAN, *old shepherds.*
ISHMAEL, JOSIAH, ASAH, BENJAMIN, *shepherds.*
MELCHIOR, GASPAR, BELTHAZAR, *wise men from the East.*
MARY, *the Mother of Jesus.*
JOSEPH, *the carpenter.*
FIRST CHILD. SECOND CHILD. THIRD CHILD. FOURTH CHILD. FIFTH CHILD.
WIVES AND CHILDREN OF THE SHEPHERDS.

ARIEL

### SUGGESTIONS FOR PRODUCTION

MUSIC. The music is very important. It adds glamour and beauty to the portent of the play. It also gives opportunity for a number of people who are not accustomed to acting to take part in a very important way. In the first scene, where voices of angels speak, it would be well to try the effect of speaking through megaphones backstage, as the tone thus produced sounds more impersonal and has a broader radiation. However, if it is possible for the singers to be stationed above the set so they can actually sing from the heavens—as it were—the effect will be still better. Where music is indicated without voices, a string trio or orchestra is best. A violin, flute and harp or cello are good instruments to use. The first song indicated, sung by the shepherds, may be the Twenty-third Psalm, which has been set to music—or one of the Christmas carols could be used, or a shepherd song from Handel's Messiah. The music from Handel's Messiah can be used for the singing of the angels and the last bit of music which is repeated at the very end of the scene.

When the curtain rises on the Nativity scene, Mary, the Mother, is singing a lullaby. As different denominations have preferences in regard to the music, whatever best suits each may be used. The music must be joyful, of course, in this scene. At the end of the scene, some song that especially brings out the thought of love triumphant should be used. The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians has been set to music called Love Never Faileth, by Frederick Root. Also, the triumphant song, Glory to God in the Highest, from Handel's Messiah, could be used. This last song must be from the full chorus, as it should be the climax of the music in volume as well as brilliance.

Some of Handel's Messiah should be played by the trio or orchestra during the change of scene.

SCENES. The first scene requires a cyclorama or blue backdrop to indicate a sky. If stars can be used it will be effective. Very small holes can be cut in the cloth and light bulbs placed behind. The rocks can be made by boxes of different sizes piled irregularly together and pieces of burlap or canvas thrown over them. The fire can be made by placing a flash light among a few small rocks—covering the light with a piece of cheesecloth dyed mottled red and yellow. A few sticks of wood may be placed over it. Very dim footlights should also be used with only red and blue in them.

The second scene, in the stable, may be simple, or realistic, as the individual stage demands. It may be only some straw scattered over the floor with a pile for Mary to sit on, and a box for a cradle. If possible, there should be a suggestion of a roof over it and some lanterns hung about. A small spotlight should be directed on Mary. Use footlights, if possible, with some amber and red in them, as there should be a warm glow and a cheerful light over the whole scene. This scene must be well lighted and suggest shelter and coziness (even though a stable) because the first scene has been on a bleak hilltop with the feeling of a huge expanse of sky and rolling country all around.

If more elaborate scenery is available, it is wise to follow a famous painting such as The Nativity by Botticelli—in which details of costumes are also available.

The dove is easily managed, as live doves or pigeons have often been successfully used on the stage. They immediately fly to some roosting place near the ceiling and remain there. Sometimes when they are tame they will allow themselves to be petted, which would add to the scene, as Mary could then take it from the child.

### SCENE I

[PLACE—*A hilltop outside of Bethlehem.*
[TIME—*Near midnight on the night of the Nativity.*
[DESCRIPTION OF SCENE—*A hilltop with a few stones scattered about. There are a few small ones that some of the shepherds sit on. There is a large one down right which is important. There is another big one at the back of the stage right center. There is no light save the stars and a small fire laid among some stones down left.*

[*Before the curtain rises the shepherds are heard singing in the distance.*

[*As it rises there is discerned* LABAN, *a shepherd, hunched upon a stone before the small fire, the glow of which shows his face. It is a heavy-jowled, moody-looking face, though young, and the unusually sullen look shows him to be much troubled about something. He moves restlessly on the stone as if burdened by something he would throw off. He does not seem to hear the singing of the other shepherds. Nor does he hear the approaching footsteps of a tall figure which enters stage right and crosses over to him. It is* OBED, *the chief shepherd, an old man with a white beard. He carries a tall staff and he walks with great dignity and peaceful authority.*

OBED: Wist ye not that the other shepherds are gathered together to offer up prayers for the flock? The sheep are strange this night—mayhap wolves ——

LABAN *(interrupting without looking up):* Aye, I heard.

OBED: Dost thou seek to separate thyself from thy brothers and sulk apart?

LABAN *(impatient under the rebuke):* I have mine own thoughts.

OBED: Thine own thoughts? What right hath thine own thoughts to occupy thee when the sheep are in danger?

LABAN: Let others attend sheep. I do not believe there are wolves—except the wolves that tear at mine own heart.

OBED: What wolves talkest thou of? Art thou mad, brother?

LABAN: Aye, mad I may be—as mad as he was and is to this day.

OBED *(placing his hand on* LABAN'S *shoulder):* Laban, thou must not hug this trouble to thyself lest the poison work inward. Canst find it in thine heart to unburden thyself withal? Mayhap I can help thee.

"LET EACH BRING A GIFT, SUCH AS HE HATH, TO LAY AT THE FEET OF OUR SAVIOUR"

"DOST SEE HOW SWEETLY HE LIES THERE? HE KNOWS THAT HE HATH LOVING FRIENDS"

LABAN: Obed, thou hast ever been a true man. The secret that lies heavy on my heart must no man know save thou.

OBED: I swear it. *(He sits and the singing stops.)* Come, cast it from thee, man, as it were a lie.

LABAN: Would it were! Would it were an awful dream from which I might awake. Tonight all that has passed seems like a dream. But I wake to pain and not to peace. It is for the first time.

OBED: A strange night, 'tis true. I hath word with Melker, the priest, this day and he hath told me of prophecies to be fulfilled. He said the signs point to this very hour! But all looks the same. The stars remain fixed in their places, save for that new star yonder to the east. It shines with a great luster.

LABAN *(bitterly):* Aye, I've watched it. It burns into my soul like a hot coal. I cannot abide its light. Each ray pierces my heart burning hot with words, "Laban who hast wronged his brother!" "Laban who drove his brother mad!" "Laban who hath turned his brother to a cripple!"

OBED: Thou, Laban! Thou hast done this?

LABAN: Aye, they keep him chained in a cave because of me. Because first I killed his dog, then injured him. 'Twas raging jealousy. Then his wits turned. He sought my life and so they keep him chained. Though little could he do! A crutch serves for his withered limb. He foams and talks aloud of me. Tells how he'll murder me. How strong he is. I used to laugh and mock at him. But now —— The past has gone before me like a dream tonight. I see myself as if it were another. I see another Laban strike him down. A Laban full of hate and cruelty. That Laban's tied to me. I suffer with his cruelties. His sins hang about my neck like millstones. Death only frees me from that Laban. Die I can, and pray for freedom.

OBED: Thy sins are truly grievous, Laban. Yet never hast thou seemed a man ashamed.

LABAN: Nor have been till this night. Something smote my heart tonight. Then when I beheld that bright star in the east, its brilliance lighted my whole mind and I beheld for the first time the horrid shapes in mine own soul.

OBED: Our custom, as thou knowest, is to repent in sackcloth and ashes. Truly thou needest purging.

LABAN: To please mine neighbors? But what good is there? Can ashes restore my brother's wits? Can sackcloth and wailing bring again his withered leg to strength? Can the blood of goats wash clean my hands of cruelty?

OBED: Nay, speak not so despairingly. God is a just God. He doth accept a contrite heart. Yon star that hangs so low o'er Bethlehem has shown thy sins to thee. Mayhap its very rays will light thy way to make amends. *(Quoting from Isaiah):* God's ways are higher than our ways. His thoughts than our thoughts.

LABAN *(despairingly):* I do not know. I cannot see the way.

SHEPHERD *(in the distance):* Halloa! Halloa!

OBED: One calls. We must tend the sheep. Mayhap some fresh disturbance.

[*He rises quickly and goes off right, followed by* LABAN, *who moves slowly. Then all is very still for a moment. Presently a shadowy slender form of a young boy about sixteen years of age creeps silently into the scene from the left. He moves haltingly for he walks with one crutch. He is very ragged and disheveled and in his eyes is the quick wild look of one demented. He pauses and looks about stealthily and, seeing the fire, he hobbles quickly toward it and warms himself as though chilled to the bone. The light of the fire shows a gaunt little face over which emotions pass, making it at times sweet and wistful—at others ugly with hate and madness. He is glad now for the fire. His face looks almost happy for a moment, then his eye catches sight of the staff that* LABAN *has unthinkingly left behind. He picks it up with a quick movement and his face becomes alert and cunning. He looks around for the owner in fear, and then weighs the staff in his hand.*

ARIEL *(muttering):* Such an one would Laban carry. *(Then he hurls it to the ground in fury, his face twisted with anguish.)* My dog! Laban, where is my sheep dog with the brown eyes? *(He covers his face with his hands and then plays with his mouth with the fingers of one hand.)* If Laban would tell me where my dog is I would promise not to kill him. He will wonder how I broke away. He laughed when I said I was strong. Now he will not laugh. Perhaps if I show him this he will tell me where my dog is. *(He draws out a knife from his belt and runs his hand over it lovingly. Then he whistles softly.)* Here Bekko! Here Bekko!

[*He looks about in the shadows of the rocks eagerly, with the sweet wistful look on his face. As he approaches stage right and looks down the hill he evidently sees the shepherds coming, for his expression changes to one of great fear and excitement and he hobbles quietly but quickly down to the big rock on stage right and hides in front of the rock so that the shepherds entering behind it do not see him, but the audience does.*

[*The shepherds enter, talking. They all wear the loose garments of the shepherd and carry staffs. They are evidently disturbed. This is long past their usual hour of slumber and the younger ones are tired. The older ones are very serious and conscious of something unusual in the air.* OBED *and* LEVI *and* NATHAN, *all tall and elderly, with long gray beards, enter last, talking among themselves. Four young boys enter first and go toward the fire.*

DAVID *(a young shepherd):* May we not sleep now? My head grows heavier than my feet.

JACOB *(another young shepherd):* Aye, mine eyes would close were there a hundred wolves.

JONAHAN *(a third young shepherd):* I do not believe there were any wolves. 'Twas a tale old Nathan got up to scare Obed, methinks.

MATTHIEU *(a fourth young shepherd):* But Nathan was frightened too.

JONAHAN *(as they crouch around the fire warming themselves):* Nathan is full of old men's tales of wolves and prophecies. He's always prophesying and nothing comes of it.

DAVID: Aye! What was that the other night about a stag and a wolf drinking from the same pool? It meant some wild thing ——

JACOB *(softly):* Hush! He'll hear thee, David.

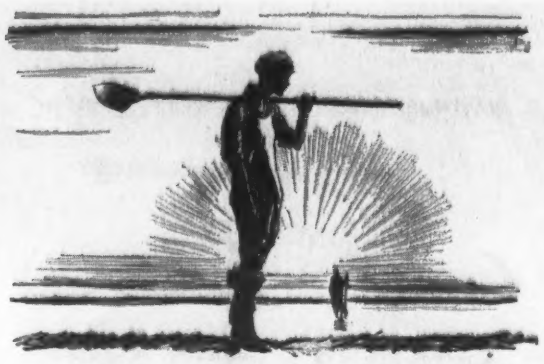
[OBED, LEVI *and* NATHAN *approach the fire and the boys make way for them, curling up in different positions near the big rock and soon fall asleep.*

LEVI *(rubbing his hands):* Ai! this fire hath comfort in it.

NATHAN *(sitting on a stone by it):* 'Tis the coldest night that's been known for many a long season. That augurs somewhat, Obed.

[*Other shepherds come on to the scene. Men with black beards and youthful bearing—*ISHMAEL, JOSIAH, ASAH *and* BENJAMIN. *They group themselves about the three older shepherds within the radius of the glowing fire which lights up all their faces. The last one to enter the scene is* LABAN, *who sits down front right center, and drooping his head on his hands seems*

*(Continued on Page 51)*



# Water

By

**RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL**

*Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops*

*XX. (Continued)*

DARROW had never in all his life known such a sense of bitter and shamed futility. For the first time in all his years, in all his experience, he tasted helplessness, utter and complete. There was nothing, he told himself with brutal candor, that he could do—nothing which would avail. Any instant now the gay sport model which had carried him securely on so many a blithe adventure would lag and falter and come to a stop, and the sinister, rattling car behind would overtake them and the five filthy brutes would pile out. At the best, he would lose his machine. At the worst —— He deserved all that was coming to him for being such a careless fool, but the girl, the nice big girl with her shoulder hard against his, didn't deserve it. He thought suddenly of her kid brother, and of the shell-shocked soldier, and the dim old parents, and the young rancher who was going to marry her, of Gramper Davis—of all the richness and fullness of her unselfed living. And he thought, his gorge rising, of her clean, proud, young spirit and her clean, proud, young body. . . . He would put up a fight with his bare hands; he would fight as long as he could, and after he went down ——

"Listen!" June Gale was whispering tensely. "When I tell you, turn out the lights."

"What?"

"We're coming to the dirt road, the short cut we take home sometimes. I'm going to run off the highway and keep going as long as I can, till the gas gives out. With our lights out, they won't see us turn; they'll think we've rounded that next big curve ahead."

"Great! But—can you ——"

"I won't wreck us. I know every inch of it—even in the dark. And anyway we've got to risk it."

She knew, as well as he did, the possibilities, the probabilities of capture. He rested a finger on the light switch.

"Say when!"

"You see, the big double loop in the highway gives us a break. The dirt road is between the two curves. I'm going to speed up just after we round the first one. Then, if we can get off before they come round ——"

And before the gas gives out, he told himself, eyes on the indicator, which stood relentlessly, accusingly, at O.

She slowed for the curve, swung round it, into the straightaway, picking up speed again.

Darrow looked backward.

"Coming?"

"Not yet!"

"Goodie!" She sounded gay, exultant. "We're going to make it! Ready? Out!" She took her foot off the accelerator. Darrow snapped off the lights. The fraction of a second later, looking back, he saw the two yellow-eyed gleams of pursuit.

JUNE put on her brakes. "Steady!" she whispered. She swung the car off the highway onto the dirt road. It jolted, bumped, crashed into a deep rut and out again. She turned off the ignition. "They might hear ——"

They sat in tense, quivering silence, hardly drawing a breath, their shoulders rigid against each other, their faces, both turned to look back, almost touching.

"There they go!"

The pursuers shot past on the concrete in a rattle of crazy speed.

June started her engine. "They may know about this road. We'll get as far as we can."

"Wait! I'll tap the reserve tank!" He flung open the door.

"No! Stop! Wait! Not now! There's a turn just ahead. Let's get round that first if we can. Then they can't see us if they should come hunting."

"Check." He submitted docilely. "Of course, when they get well past the next curve, on the long straight shoot, and don't see our taillight ——"

"Yes. That's why I want to get out of sight before we stop." The machine was just beginning to lag when she made her turn, and Darrow jumped out and tapped the reserve and dove in again, and they went swiftly forward, bumping a little, jolting a bit, over the sun-baked earth.

"If ever again, as long as I live, I drive at night without a gun," the youth began, a trifle rhetorically.

"If ever again I drive at night without gas," said the girl practically.

He laughed aloud. "Double check!" He looked keenly at her, watching for the reaction, the let-down, the collapse which were inevitable.

"We'll be home in ten minutes," she was remarking comfortably, "and you'll come in and telephone the constable at Willowvale and the police station in Fresno. Probably not a chance of catching them, but just as a gesture of good citizenship. And while you're doing that I'll be scrambling some eggs. Feel a little hollow?"

He flung an arm about her shoulders and gave her a sudden bearlike hug. "You're there a million!" he told her warmly. "You were great! Simply immense! You were the coolest, calmest, gamest thing! And you certainly used your head!"

"Well, of course, I naturally thought of this road," she said composedly.

"And for a girl who doesn't like to drive fast ——" he exulted.

"That part of it was good for me," she told him gravely. "I can see I've been pretty soft with myself about that, and I guess it was growing on me instead of getting better. Now I don't believe I'll ever mind again."

DARROW had relaxed the grip of his arm, but he had not withdrawn it; it still rested about her shoulders, and if she was aware of it she gave no sign of displeasure. He studied her closely, bending nearer because of the scanty light for scrutiny. "No, but honestly, now that it's over, how do you feel? No fooling!"

"Hungry!" she answered promptly. "I truly do. Not very romantic of me, is it? I'm suddenly starving, in spite of the bounty of your hospitality and the excellence of the Californian dinner." After a pause she said soberly: "But it was pretty—sickening, wasn't it? They were so—dirty. I kept thinking of that, but the thing which made me most furious was this: Those horrible creatures, who amount to nothing good and everything bad probably, seemed to have it in their power to take our car and our lives if they wanted to. That was what was so intolerable—their filth and wickedness coming close to us—touching us ——" Her voice sounded suddenly strained and spent; she stopped for an instant. "That was it—vile, dirty them; nice clean us!" She recaptured the lighter note, laughed, and turned in at the Gale gate a few minutes later.

"We'll be quiet as mice, please. Poor Anthony sleeps on a hair trigger. The telephone's in the kitchen, luckily."

The little meal was almost ready by the time he had finished his recitals to a sleepy Willowvale peace officer and an alert Fresno police station—eggs scrambled to exactly the right golden softness, toast delicately browned, coffee steaming pungently, his place set on a yellow oilcloth doily on a corner of the kitchen table.

They ate ravenously, talking but little, and that in a whisper, and presently found themselves to be sleepy and tired. The sense of security, of sanctuary, was soporific. Half an hour ago they were in hideous, ghastly danger, and now they were in this shabby, clean, old kitchen saying, "There's another spoonful in the pan," and "I'm just the lad to lick the platter clean!" and "More coffee?" "Well, a spot, perhaps." Their eyes kept closing.

"Hey," Darrow chided her. "Is that nice? I trust I'm not keeping you up!"

"You're not going to, I promise you." June screened a rending yawn. "Must you go? said the hostess, handing him his hat. Heavens, but I'm sunk for sleep!"

"I'm paralyzed." He dragged himself to his feet and lurched toward the door. "Well—toodle-oo! See you tomorrow? Thanks a lot for the feed."

"WELL, but thanks for the party!" She had followed him and held open the screen door, to call softly: "Pinch yourself now and then. Don't drive into the ditch! 'Night!"

So they parted, after their great adventure, calmly, sleepily, indifferently. "That's a hot sketch," he told himself, backing the roadster stealthily out. "Thanking her for scrambled eggs and not for saving my boat and doubtless my life. Well, I will, tomorrow. Gad, but I'm simply pie-eyed with slumber."

But something—the deliciously cool night air against his hot face, that third cup of strong coffee—suddenly divested him of

*(Continued on Page 137)*

TY DE LAINE HAD GONE UP TO JUNE GALE JUST AS SHE DID THE OTHER TIME, PLEADING TIMIDLY FOR THE LOAN OF HER LITTLE OLD PLAYMATE

THERE is a tradition that it is hard to match up the right people to the right Christmas gifts. Perhaps it is. But you can certainly have a lot of fun trying it. Everybody starts from scratch and there are no rules.

For the answer to all the old rules is "no." The old rule of "give them what you'd like yourself," for example, would swamp janitors with small but good etchings, and husbands with pink organdie luncheon cloths.

When the "give them what they need" rule held, the grubby got soap, the gadabouts got cookbooks, the lazy got alarm clocks, and everybody got furious.

On the other hand, the "give them what nobody needs" rule kept the pink-and-blue boudoir cap in circulation for three Christmases after the last old lady who lived in a lighthouse had had a permanent, and the sandpipers were nesting in her Christmas caps.

No, there are no rules. Make your own! For the right gift is caught, and not taught. Just run your eye down this page, and if you see a little doodad here and there which suggests your husband or your mother-in-law, tear downtown and get that gift settled. And steer the family away from the locked north-chamber closet, from now until Christmas!

## *Give Your Husband Grown-Up Toys*

SUNNY how your husband seems like a total stranger when you look the whole world over for something to give this stern young man who is getting on in the world, with a full-grown black mustache, an office all to himself now, and a buzzer to call the office boy. Yet it is easy to buy things for him, if you remember that the little boy in him never did grow up, and that he still loves to see the wheels go round.

Give him a grown-up toy—a sport watch from Tiffany's or a stocking full of jokes from Woolworth's—and he'll smile that nice slow one of his, and love them all, and you.

Buy him a movie camera, so he can make the wheels go round himself—and, incidentally, show his friends what that fishing country is like. And he has a weakness for extra gadgets for his car—luggage carriers, clocks, cigarette lighters. Little trick things often please him as much as big things—the newest barometer, a pencil that shows the day and the year, a pocket compass, the most ingenious new key ring or device, a drinking cup that collapses thin as a wafer, an inexpensive extra camp watch that tells time in the dark, a gooseneck reading lamp he can pack in a bag, and turn ten ways for Sunday.

Every man thinks it is only circumstances which kept him from exploring the world, like another Marco Polo. Give him a huge globe to twirl, a really good atlas, old maps, books of adventure and travel. Search for prints of clipper ships, and books of the whaling era.

Satisfy his love of color with a bright Mexican rug for his study. Or the great, big, soft, squashy, dark maroon leather club chair all men like. If you can find an old sea chest with rope handles, for his clothes, or his papers, he will feel proud as Captain Kidd himself.

He has a feeling for fine leather. It must have a grain that will age to look interesting. For his desk, the brightly illuminated Moroccan or Italian portfolios, letter boxes, blotters. For his pocket, the thinnest and most supple bill folds and cigarette cases to match, in pinseal or ostrich, or the smart black watersnake or lizard. Or give him his favorite author in a beautiful leather binding.

A rich dark silk dressing gown is safe for a woman to buy, or to make. His flannel bathrobe should be simple, and plain, and tailored. Be sure the ties you give are not too daring; the tiny all-over patterns are safe. The nicest handkerchiefs are plain white, corded, with three-letter monograms. You can embroider them yourself, perhaps. And the best shirts are white, in beautiful materials.

It's fun to buy for a man! A pigskin kit bag that stands nearly as high as he does! A ping-pong set and a table. A soft alpaca sweater he can roll up in a little ball in his rucksack. A soft brown leather jacket. A golf pocket watch; golf balls, dozens of them, with his name on them. Or a box of detective stories, or short funny books, or biography.

If your uncle in Australia has just left you thousands, buy that serious young husband of yours a long, low sport car, open to the sun and the stars, or a little outboard motorboat, or a big he-man raccoon coat, or a miniature golf course all his own. But whether you spend five dollars or five thousand dollars, be sure to give him something he can play with! And he'll want to cover you with emeralds and diamonds, because you always understand.

*By* **GRACE HIGGINS**

## *Give the High-School Girl Gayety*

THE high-school girl is a darling. She it is who lists her wants neatly, in her best handwriting, and distributes copies, in businesslike fashion, to all the family, long before the first Christmas list is sprouting elsewhere.

She is growing up, and going to parties. So she hopes for a new party dress, a red one with ruffles, and the longest skirt she ever had, to make her look grown-up.

This year she may ask you for the funniest dancing costume yet—a tap-dance suit. Everybody's tapping, in the school gym or at dancing school, and she'll feel like a "pro" in the traditional yellow ruffled blouse, and velvet shorts, and soft-soled shoes. You can buy it in all the shops.

She loves rings, especially red carnelians, amethysts, turquoises. And a crystal necklace is not too old for her, and feels festive.

There are cute clips for her béret too.

Things for her room are tremendously important. A new day-bed, so she may entertain the girls without the bedtime atmosphere. A desk and an interesting desk chair. A dressing table which you may buy in an unpainted-furniture section, paint, drape with gay chintz, and surmount with a triple mirror. A pair of hanging bookshelves or pier cabinets you may paint yourself. A pottery inkwell from France for her desk. And book-ends, with dog or ship motifs.

She loves things that lock—diaries and school memory books, and leather jewel boxes. She would adore a desk with a secret drawer.

Give her a little leather sewing box, a hatbox in which she can practice "packing light" for Europe some day, a suède pocketbook with her initials on the silver clasp.

She needs everything for winter sports, from a cute skating toque and bright-knitted mittens to skates, and snowshoes, and skis, and even a toboggan all her own. Any well-regulated Christmas should produce a new knitted sweater suit, a red leather jacket, and an interesting raincoat.

Her bath robe should be striped flannel, her first silk lounging pajamas wide and floppy legged, her princess slip short-waisted and slightly fitted.

Send her books of biography and poetry and romance, books which you think a little too old for her. They won't be. Give her a set of Conrad, or begin a set which will grow up with her.

Give her a trip to the city for her first opera, say, Rigoletto or Lucia, or her first unforgettable Romeo and Juliet, or Cyrano de Bergerac. If you share it with her, you will get more than you give!

## *Give the High-School Boy Action!*

HE'S too big for electric trains, and not big enough for smoking things. But he has so many overwhelming wants, what to give him is no more a problem than what to feed him when he is hungry.

Give him a big desk of his own with plenty of drawers. And a typewriter of his own. Put a ping-pong table for him in the basement, where he and his chums can get as noisy as they like.

He wants a watch with a mannish pigskin strap. And a little radio of his own, which he can take apart and put together again. If he had some real carpenter's tools he could make the bookcases he needs, himself. And he never has enough flash lights or compasses, while he could do with a pedometer and a stop watch. He needs a dog terribly.

A fellow can ride in any old breeches, but riding boots come in pretty handy. And it is surprising how many racing skates, and skis, and snowshoes, and moccasins it takes to make a winter. Bright wool gloves too. And sweaters and golf stockings, the big rough kind for outdoors. Fur-lined gloves for school, so he won't have to blow on his fingers just for a snowball or two. A big soft leather coat.

*(Continued on Page 46)*

# It's So Hard to Make Them Happy

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

*Illustrated by Meade Schaeffer*

BY THE time dear Cousin Milly had given Grampa his breakfast in his big, sunny bedroom on the ground floor, and helped him into his new suit, it was after ten and all the Warrens were in the living room, all ready to help Grampa celebrate his ninety-first Christmas.

Everybody had brought a present for him, and the table beside his chair was covered with gay packages wrapped in sprigged tissue and tied with bright red ribbon. Cousin Milly had trimmed a tree, too, and set it up in the bow window where Grampa would be able to look at it, from the fireside chair, without turning his head.

While they waited the Warrens told one another in loving undertones that Cousin Milly was perfectly wonderful with Grampa, and Ben, Milly's husband, said that if ever there was a saint on earth it was Milly. Ben said that Milly was really more like a mother to Grampa than a granddaughter-in-law.

And then Milly brought Grampa to the doorway, and kept her arm around him while he took his pathetic little shuffling steps across to his chair.

They all wished him a Merry Christmas, shouting in chorus, but Grampa didn't pay any attention to them. He didn't seem to see them till Milly had helped him into his chair and lovingly tucked his afghan around his feet, and then he looked at them with a mild puzzlement in his eyes, eyes that were curiously blue under their white, heavy brows. He stroked his beard twice with a wavering hand and his head wavered, too, as if he were nodding at his grandchildren, but they knew he wasn't.

They all smiled at him and made little clicking sounds of affectionate compassion, and Milly, bending down, screamed into his ear that it was Christmas, and that they all hoped it would be a happy one for him. Grampa didn't seem to understand till she pointed at the tree. Then he nodded, quite unmistakably, and Milly, turning her head, beamed at the company.

"He understands! He knows!"

She screamed into Grampa's ear again:

"Presents, Grampa! Presents! On the table!"

GRAMPA'S hand moved uncertainly toward the nearest of the packages. Milly took it up. "I'll help you open them, dear." Grampa's hand wavered back to his lap and Milly untied the ribbon.

"Look, Grampa! A lit-tul clock! From Cou-sin George!" She held it close and managed to scream a little louder. "Don't you want to thank Cou-sin George, darling?"

Grampa seemed to find his voice. It was loud and deep and heavy. There was no inflection in it, because Grampa couldn't hear it himself.

"Fine!" he boomed. "Much obliged. Just what I wanted!"

Milly glowed. "He knows! The old darling!"

She opened the other packages and held each gift up close, so that he could see it plainly, and told him what it was and who had brought it, and every time Grampa said it was fine and just what he wanted and that he was much obliged.

Every time he said it, though, it sounded more and more as if he didn't mean it, and when he said it, at last, about the soft, beautiful big scarf that was Milly's own present, she turned away quickly and the others could see bright tears in her eyes.

"Oh, dear! I did so want him to enjoy this Christmas! It's so hard to make old people happy!"

They all comforted her eagerly. They told her that Grampa really was happy, and that she'd been perfectly wonderful to him, and Ben said that Grampa didn't get things through his head quickly, and that by the time they all got back from church he'd probably be as pleased as could be.

"Remember last year? He acted just like this at first and by dinnertime he was as excited as a kid with a new pair of skates. See ——" Grampa was studying them gravely; his eyes were blank, but the white brows were arched, now, as if Grampa were trying to remember something.

HE HAD TO REST A MINUTE BEFORE HE STARTED ON THE LONG WALK OUT THROUGH THE DINING ROOM AND THE PANTRY TO THE KITCHEN

"See? He's begun to figure it out already. By the time we come back ——"

"No," said Milly. "He wants something." She leaned down and screamed: "What is it, darling?"

Grampa shook his head.

"Want me to stay home with you, dear?"

"No." Grampa's voice sounded louder than ever. Milly's lower lip quivered. Ben patted her shoulder.

"He's all right, Milly—that's all he means. Come along. We ought to be starting."

Milly yielded unwillingly. She went to the door and called:

"Selena!"

Selena appeared in the dining-room doorway. She was very big and very black and the white of her eye showed itself as she rolled a dark, unloving gaze at the company.

"Leave the doors open," said Milly, "so that you'll be sure to hear him if he calls."

"Yas'm." Selena spoke with the subtly insolent humility that only Africans know how to use. She rolled her eyes slowly over the group and moved, with a deliberation manifestly intended to be provoking, back toward her kitchen. Milly turned defensively to Cousin Hattie's disapproval.

"I don't care how she behaves to me or anybody else, Hattie. She's always just as nice as she can be to Grampa."

Cousin Hattie sniffed. "How do you know how she treats him when you're out? She looked and sounded as if ——"

"I know because Grampa likes her. Watch." Milly bent over the old man. "We're all going to church, darling. Selena'll take care of you till we come back."

"Fine!" boomed Grampa. "Just what I wanted."

THIS time, unmistakably, he sounded as if he meant it. Even Cousin Hattie was convinced, and said so.

"I think very old people and very little children must have a kind of instinctive gift for managing colored people," Milly told her, as they made ready to go out. "Grampa can make Selena do anything he wants her to, and so can that little boy next door. It's really wonderful, the way they both can get around her."

George, who was in the advertising business and knew all about psychology, explained that this was because children and feeble old folks gave colored people a chance to feel superior. The front door jarred shut while he was still talking about this. Grampa felt the thud of it. He sat up a little straighter in the deep chair and stroked his beard twice. His childlike eyes moved slowly, still with their seeking, puzzled look about the room.

They studied the tree for a long time, but what they sought wasn't there, for presently they moved on to the table and the gifts. Grampa leaned over to examine those presents. He looked at each of them, but he did not try to touch them till he came to the little clock that George had brought. Its glass reflected the sunlight into Grampa's eyes, so that he couldn't see what it was. He reached toward it, but it wasn't where it seemed to be, and his unsteady hand only managed to knock it off the table. It fell on the hearthstone. Grampa leaned forward to look for it. Selena came to the doorway.

"What you been tippin' ovuh iss time?" Selena didn't scream. She talked just as if Grampa could hear as well as anybody else. "My goo'ness! Dess look at you nice new clock! Dess look at all 'at glass I got sweep up! You think I ain' got 'nuff to do, cookin' big Ch'ismuss dinnuh fo' all lem *relations* ——"

Her voice had been pretending to be angry, but now, suddenly, it stopped even pretending to be. She grinned down at the blue old eyes under the arched white brows.

"What you want, honey?"

It was no more than a whisper, a secret, wheedling whisper, and yet Grampa seemed to hear it.

"Want ——" he shook his head. "Wanted something. Forget."

"You 'membuh pitty soon, honey, nen S'lena git it fo' you."

She went back to the kitchen. Grampa sat still, watching the door, for a long time. Then, patiently, he set about the complicated business of getting the afghan off his feet. It was slow work, because Milly was always very careful about tucking it under Grampa's felt shoes, but he got it loose at last, and stood up.

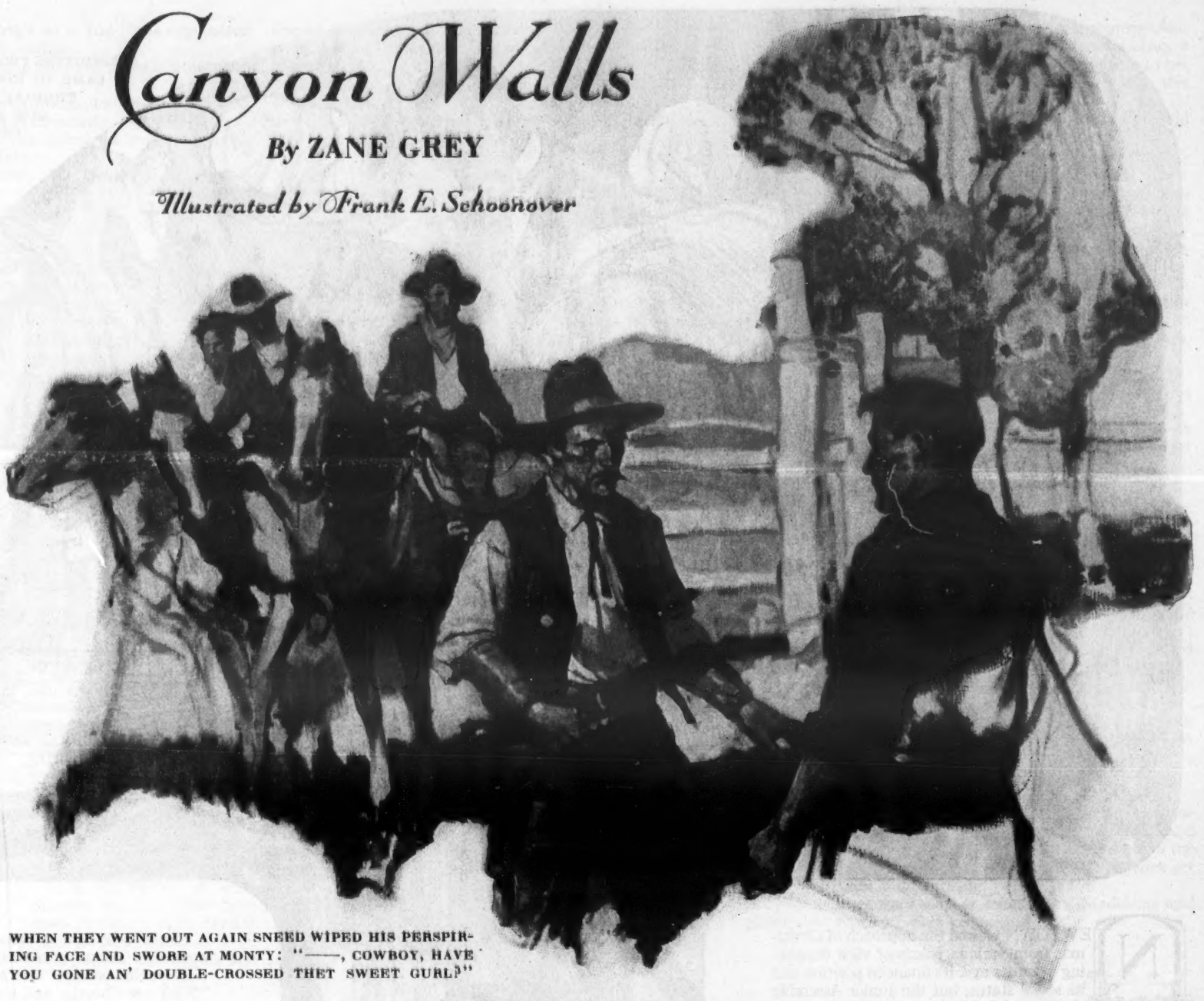
He had to rest a minute before he started on the long walk out through the dining room and the pantry to the

*(Continued on Page 135)*

# Canyon Walls

By ZANE GREY

*Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover*



WHEN THEY WENT OUT AGAIN SNEED WIPED HIS PERSPIRING FACE AND SWORE AT MONTY: "——, COWBOY, HAVE YOU GONE AN' DOUBLE-CROSSED THET SWEET GURL?"

## V.

MONTY'S first wild impulse, as he ran, was to get out of the canyon, away from the incomprehensible forces that had worked such havoc with him. His second was to rush to Mrs. Keetch and confess to her, before Rebecca could damn him forever in the good woman's estimation. Then by the time he reached his cabin and fell on the porch these impulses had given place to others. But it was not Monty's nature to be long helpless. Presently he sat up, wringing wet with sweat and still shaking.

"Aw, what come over me?" he breathed hoarsely. And suddenly he realized that nothing so terrible had happened. He had been furious at Rebecca and meant to chastise her. But when he held her close and tight, with those challenging eyes and lips right at his, all else except the sweetness of momentary possession had gone into eclipse. He loved the girl and had not had any realization of the magnitude of his love. He believed he could explain to Mrs. Keetch, so that she would not drive him away. But, of course, he would be as dirt under Rebecca's feet from that hour on. Yet even in his mournful acceptance of this fate his spirit rose resentfully to wonder and inquire about this girl.

Darkness had almost set in. Down the lane Monty saw a figure approaching, and he thought he heard a low voice singing. But Rebecca would be weeping.

"Re-becca!" called Mrs. Keetch from the porch, in her mellow far-reaching voice.

"Coming, ma," replied the girl.

MONTY sank into the shadow of his little cabin. He felt small enough to be unseen, but dared not risk it. And he watched in fear and trepidation. Suddenly Rebecca's low contralto voice rang clear and sweet on the quiet sultry air:

*"In the gloaming, oh, my darling,*
*When the lights are dim and low,*
*And the flickering shadows, falling,*
*Softly come and softly go."*

Monty's heart swelled to bursting. Did she realize the truth and was she mocking him? He was simply flabbergasted. But how the sweet voice filled the canyon and came back in echo from the walls!

Rebecca, entering the square between the orchards and the cottonwoods, gave Monty's cabin a wide berth.

"Isn't Sam with you?" called Mrs. Keetch from the porch.

"Sam? . . . No, he isn't."

"Where is he? Didn't you call him? Supper is getting cold."

"I haven't any idea where Sam is. Last I saw of him he was running like mad," rejoined Rebecca with a giggle.

That giggle saved Monty from a stroke of apoplexy.

"Running? What for?" queried the mother as Rebecca mounted the porch.

"Mother, it was the funniest thing. I called Sam, but he didn't hear. I went out to tell him supper was ready. He had a great high stack of alfalfa up. Of course I wanted to climb it and slide down. Well, Sam got mad and ordered me not to do any such thing. Then I had to do it. Such fun! Sam growled like a bear. Well, I couldn't resist climbing up for another slide. . . . Do you know, mother, Sam got perfectly furious. He has a terrible temper. He commanded me not to slide off that stack. And when I asked him what he'd do if I did—he declared he'd spank me. Imagine! I only meant to tease him. I wasn't going to slide at all. Then, you could see, I had to. . . . So I did. I—oh, dear!—I fetched the whole top of the stack down on us, and when I got out from under the smothering hay, and could see—there was Sam running for dear life."

"Well, for the land's sake!" ejaculated Mrs. Keetch dubiously, and then she laughed. "You drive the poor fellow wild with your pranks. Rebecca Keetch, will you never grow up?"

Whereupon she came out to the porch rail and called, "Sam."

Monty started up, opened his door to let it slam and replied, in what he thought the funniest voice, "Hello?"

"Hurry to supper."

Monty washed his face and hands, brushed his hair, while his mind whirled. Then he sat down bewildered. "Dog-gone me! Can you beat thet gurl? She didn't give me away, she didn't lie, yet she never told. She's not going to tell. Must have been funny to her. But shore it's a daid safe bet she never got kissed thet way before. I jest cain't figger her out."

Presently he went to supper and was grateful for the dim light. Still he felt the girl's eyes on him. No doubt she was now appreciating him as a real Arizona cowboy. He pretended weariness, and soon hurried away to his cabin, where he spent a night of inexplicable dreams and waking emotions. Remorse, however, had died a natural death after Rebecca's story to her mother.

With dawn came the blessed work, into which Monty plunged, finding all relief except oblivion.

Rebecca did not speak a single word to him for two weeks. Mrs. Keetch finally remarked it and reproved her daughter.

"Speak to him?" asked Rebecca in haughty amaze. "Maybe—when he crawls on his knees!"

"But, daughter, he only threatened to spank you. And I'm sure you gave him provocation. You must always forgive. We cannot live at enmity here," said the good mother persuasively.

Then she turned to Monty.

"Sam, you know Rebecca has passed eighteen and she feels an exaggerated sense of maturity. Perhaps if you'd tell her you were sorry ——"

"What aboot?" asked Monty when she hesitated.

"Why about what offended Rebecca."

"Aw, shore. I'm orful sorry," drawled Monty, his keen eyes on the girl. "Turrible sorry—but it's aboot not sayin' an' doin' more, an' then spankin' her to boot."

Mrs. Keetch looked aghast, and when Rebecca ran away hysterical with mirth she seemed positively nonplused.

"That girl! Why, Sam, I thought she was furious with you. But she's not. It's sham."

"Wal, I reckon she's riled all right, but it doesn't matter. An' see heah, lady," he went on, lowering his voice. "I'm confidin' in you, an' if you give me away—wal, I'll leave the ranch. . . . I reckon you've forgot how once you told me I'd lose my haid over Rebecca. Wal, I've lost it, clean an' plumb an' otherwise. An' sometimes I do queer things. Jest remember thet's why. This won't make no difference. I'm happy heah. Only I want you to understand me."

"Sam Hill!" she whispered in ecstatic amaze. "So that's what ails you? . . . Now all will be well."

"Wal, I'm glad you think so," replied Monty shortly. "An' I reckon it will be—when I get over these growin' pains."

SHE leaned toward him. "My son, I understand now. Rebecca has been in love with you for long. Just let her alone. All will be well."

Monty gave her one mute incredulous stare and then he fled. In the darkness of his cabin he persuaded himself of the absurdity of the sentimental Mrs. Keetch's claim. Then he could sleep. But when day came again he found the havoc had been wrought. He lived in a kind of dream and he was always watching for Rebecca.

Straightway he began to make discoveries. Gradually she came out of her icy shell. She worked as usual, and apparently with less discontent, especially in the mornings when she had time to sew on the porch. She would carry lunch to the men out in the fields. Often Monty saw her on top of a haystack, but he always quickly looked away. She climbed

*(Continued on Page 113)*

A COMMITTEE FROM THE JUNIOR ASSEMBLY CAME TO INVITE THE DUKE TO PARTICIPATE IN THAT FÊTE. "IT WAS OUR HOPE," SAID MRS. NORTON, "THAT YOU WOULD RIDE IN THE PAGEANT"

# The Spirit of Christmas

**By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND**

*Illustrated by R. F. James*

NEWTOWN viewed the approach of Christmas from various points of view depending upon its age, its financial position and its social status, but the Junior Assembly alone regarded it as an excuse for some elaborate function. Young society women, marking time until a suitable marriage shall be arranged, or an unsuitable elopement shall eventuate, are either comical or pitiful, and one cannot so much blame them for absconding into matrimony with a handsome traffic policeman or for making any event or holiday or season an excuse for doing something to take their minds off the routine.

Society girls and jockeys run to horses: the jockeys have the excuse that it earns them a living, and the girls have the excuse that the ownership of a horse is assurance to the public that you can afford it. But why assure the public? Surely our loftiest society has no concern with what the public thinks or does or eats or wears! The answer is that society is as much concerned with the public as an opera star, and though it would repel the accusation with scorn, one of its major activities is impressing the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker with the impressive fact that it is society. Very little delight comes from your own private knowledge that you are the very cream of the cream. The joy comes from knowing that your publicity has been so efficient that the unwashed millions know it.

Hence Junior Assemblies, which, in the last analysis, are each a sort of soviet organized for the purpose of boosting its members, of setting the stage and pointing the spotlight—and, lastly, of affording a battleground.

So, with the approach of Yuletide, Newtown's Junior Assembly dusted off its committees and prepared to take advantage of the season for the purpose of exhibiting itself to an envious world.

Mrs. Hooker-Stokes, that didactic and majestic woman, was chairman of the advisory committee which was lunching at the Town Club and formulating plans.

"Our *bal poudre* was a great success last year," said Mrs. Norton.

"Precisely," agreed Mrs. Hooker-Stokes. Then she cleared her throat. "Duties—er—responsibilities, if you follow me. We cannot escape them. The poor we have with us always. Absolutely. Charity! Expected of us."

"Let's be original," said a thin, mouselike woman. "Let's each of us send a check to the Associated Charities for whatever we can afford, or for whatever we figure the Christmas function will cost—and then spend a pleasant Christmas with our families."

"Absurd," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes. "Ridiculous."

"Your daughter," said Mrs. Norton, "is engaged."

"I suggest," said Mrs. Brouthers, "something novel—almost eccentric, you know. Unusual but—er ——"

"Refined," broke in the mouse woman innocently.

"Decidedly," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes. "Of course. Such as?"

"Something that will focus attention," said Mrs. Brouthers. "Something out of the ordinary."

"A bazaar!" suggested Mrs. Norton with the air of one lighting upon an epochal discovery.

"Thrilling!" said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes.

"Somebody held a bazaar once," said the mouse woman. "I seem to remember about it."

"Not this bazaar," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes regally. "With—er—booths and costumes, if you follow me. And whatnot!"

"And everybody," said the mouse woman, "fighting like cats and dogs for second place."

"Second place!"

"After Madeleine Jewett picks the raisins out of the cake," said the mouse woman.

Mrs. Hooker-Stokes sighed. "It just happens," she said. "I don't understand it. Madeleine is such a sweet, modest child. She never pushes herself forward; but when things are over she seems to have filled all the choice places."

"Possibly she won't this year," said Mrs. Norton.

But Mrs. Hooker-Stokes followed her own line of thought. "Madeleine is lovely, of course, but, my dears, she is not at all smart. I assure you. Beautiful and sweet, but—er—dumb, as my son would say. Never schemes or plots as some I can mention."

"But she gets there just the same," said the mouse woman a trifle vulgarly.

"Maybe not this time," said Mrs. Norton.

"You have said something like that twice," Mrs. Hooker-Stokes said accusingly. "What do you infer?"

"I infer that other girls should have their fair share."

"Precisely."

"It is due to them that they should center their efforts and push some one girl. Concentrate. In effect Madeleine Jewett has ruled this organization. I'm for a change."

"To whom?" asked the mouse woman.

Mrs. Norton leaned forward and spoke in a confidential tone. "Gretchen Van Buren," she all but whispered.

"Ah," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes.

"She is beautiful. Her family is old and they are very wealthy. In Hamilton they occupied a position every bit as good as the Jewetts do here."

"Newcomers," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes.

"But they have bought the Kennedy estate and have settled here for good. And," said Mrs. Norton with an overwhelming burst of vision, "it will be very much easier to agree to concentrate on a girl who is a comparative stranger than on any of our own daughters. I have seen quite a little of Gretchen. You see, Mr. Norton is associated with her father in various enterprises."

"So your daughter wouldn't do so bad if she supplanted Madeleine," said the mouse woman.

"She is accomplished, and a dozen times as intelligent as Madeleine."

The eyes of the little brown woman twinkled. "You may take this as my declaration of neutrality," she said.

"I understand this Miss Van Buren is a wonderful horsewoman," said Mrs. Brouthers.

Mrs. Norton's eyes widened. "Oh, an idea! Let's make it a horse show."

"Brilliant," exclaimed Mrs. Hooker-Stokes. "Napoleonic!"

"And a bazaar," said Mrs. Brouthers.

"Tan bark," said Mrs. Norton, "on the floor."

"Booths all around the ring," said Mrs. Brouthers.

"Italian Renaissance costume," said Mrs. Norton.

"Hardly Christmasy," suggested the mouse woman.

"I believe," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes impressively, "that Christmas occurred during the Renaissance."

"Certainly," agreed Mrs. Norton.

"The hall could be done to represent the Ponte Vecchio in Florence."

"Expensive," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes.

"Naturally, but what of it? There will be simply throngs. We'll take in plenty of money."

"And have a fat lot left for charity," said the mouse woman.

"If we don't hold some kind of a fête charity won't get anything," said Mrs. Brouthers practically.

"But are we agreed to concentrate upon Gretchen Van Buren?" asked Mrs. Norton.

"Thank goodness," said Mrs. Brouthers, "that Madeleine is late as usual for this meeting."

"I believe," Mrs. Hooker-Stokes declared, "a change will be beneficial."

"THE best place, of course, will be Catharine de' Medici just before she went to marry the Duke of Orleans," Mrs. Norton said.

"At the head of the grand procession and all, and with a kind of a throne, and so forth."

"And ladies in waiting," Mrs. Norton said, her mind already busied with her daughter's costume.

"Hush," said Mrs. Brouthers from the window. "Madeleine just drove up. Be very circumspect."

"*Et comment!*" said the little brown woman with a Mona Lisa sort of smile.

The committee, as committees will when they have been forming a cabal against one of their number, wore every appearance of guilt and mental discomfort as Madeleine paused in the doorway, young, radiant, insouciant, and made a little helpless gesture of excuse.

"I'm late again," she said. "Oh, it's just pestilential the way I'm always behindhand. Somehow things come up, don't you know, and this and that, and the first thing I know—there I am."

"We went right ahead without you, dear," said Mrs. Norton. "We knew you wouldn't mind."

"No indeedy! I never mind. I don't see why I'm on committees and things, because I never have the least, tiniest smidgin of an idea. Now, do I?"

"BUT we love to have you with us, dear," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes, who always softened when Madeleine appeared. "A girl as winsome and lovely as you doesn't need brains. Not really."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hooker-Stokes. And what have you decided? I bet it will be too ducky. Is it another *bal poudre?*"

"You'll be devastated," said Mrs. Brouthers.

"I so often am," Madeleine said gayly. "Do tell me. I can hardly wait."

"It's to be a combined bazaar and horse show," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes, "with everything Florentine, and Catharine de' Medici and ladies in waiting and pageants on horseback."

Madeleine glanced across at the mouse woman, but her expression of naïve delight did not alter. "Just like the grand entry at Barnum's circus," she said. "I'll dote on that."

"Well, er—not precisely," said Mrs. Hooker-Stokes.

"We were just saying," said Mrs. Norton, "that Gretchen Van Buren should be on the committee on arrangements."

"Oh, absolutely," exclaimed Madeleine. "Don't you think she's too sweet! And a marvelous horsewoman too! Isn't it lovely she moved to Newtown?"

"Yes. We were thinking it would be a hospitable gesture—she being new to our city—that we—in a manner of speaking—make her feel that she is welcome." This from Mrs. Brouthers.

Madeleine beamed. "Oh," she exclaimed, "let her be Catharine de' Medici and everything. Why not? I pause to ask you all. Let's just boom her like a new subdivision!"

The little brown woman coughed suddenly and retired to a corner with her handkerchief.

"We were confident," Mrs. Hooker-Stokes said grandly, "that your attitude would be one of generosity."

"And without jealousy," said Mrs. Norton.

"I'm never the tiniest bit jealous," said Madeleine. "Maybe I would be if I were a heap older and had a daughter I was the least bit worried about. Of course that might make a difference, Mrs. Norton, but I'm not and I haven't—and there you are."

It was said so girlishly and with such an air of unsophistication and naïveté that Mrs. Norton could not suspect a concealed bark, but the mouse woman resorted again to her handkerchief quite audibly. "It can't be hay fever at this time of the year," she said.

"My nose always tickles when I want to laugh too," said Madeleine. "It's tickling now."

"And what do you want to laugh at, dear?" Mrs. Hooker-Stokes asked indulgently.

"I almost always want to laugh. Do you know I go around all day just ready for someone to say something screamingly funny."

"Well, I think the business of the day is over. I want to be at home. Suppose we adjourn."

"And I've only come," Madeleine said wistfully. "But it was worth while—even at the very tag end." She said this as if afraid she might hurt someone's feelings. "Mrs. Norton will notify Gretchen what a lot we expect of her, won't you, Mrs. Norton?"

"I fancy I shall be seeing her."

"Oh, you will. She is at your house now. Her car was standing before the door."

Mrs. Norton colored. How fortunate Madeleine was not smart enough to be suspicious; for it was evident to the rest that Miss Van Buren was waiting for a report upon the success of her little coup d'état.

THE little brown woman walked out with Madeleine, and as Mrs. Norton drove away somewhat hastily she looked up pertly and asked, "Well?"

"They're dears, aren't they?" Madeleine said pensively.

"And all for sweet charity," said the mouse woman. "How dependent the rich are upon the poor. If we couldn't give balls and bazaars and fêtes for them, whatever would we do?"

"But we do a lot of good," Madeleine said, big-eyed. "I'm sure this horse show will earn hundreds of dollars."

"And cost thousands. Everybody who buys a ticket for ten dollars has the idea he is being a Santa Claus. But how much of his ten dollars sifts through to the poor kiddies on the east side?"

"Some of it," Madeleine said cautiously.

"After the committee's luncheons are paid for, and the advertising expenses, and the hall, and the decorations and the incidentals, maybe there will be eight cents left out of the dollar. The indigent get eight cents and the debutantes get ninety-two cents in advertising."

"Just as if we were soap or something," Madeleine said plaintively, halting beside her parked car.

*(Continued on Page 63)*

"SHE IS A HORSEWOMAN MOST ADMIRABLE! LIKE A CENTAUR SHE SITS THE HORSE"

# White Magic

**By DAGVAR**

*Illustrated by LeRoy Baldridge*

"ROSES ARE LIKE WOMEN; THEY WON'T GROW WITHOUT LOVE"

IT WAS the hour of rest after the Evening Rice. The hour when the stars came out and twinkled, like fireflies caught in the gossamer web of night. The hour when the buffalo lay down with soft snortings in their byre. When men rolled their chew of betel and areca nut, and sat themselves down in the doorways of their stilted huts at the head of the house ladder, to shout the village gossip back and forth to passing neighbors.

But tonight the doorways were empty.

It was not a festival that had emptied them, but a story. The many-times-told Story of stories. And the teller was only a wandering holy man—a *Guru* in torn, travel-stained draperies, who had stopped at the village to rest his head for the night. . . . An old, old story—yet new to the eager-faced villagers, this tale of the birth of the White Man's Buddha.

The forgotten fire had sunk to a dull orange glow that seemed to cling to their half-naked bodies, outlining them with light against the night. In the darkness, circled by the close-pressing jungle, they listened to words of strange things . . . of a Great Prophet born in a manger, among the cattle . . . of the walking upon water . . . of the casting out of evil spirits, even of the spirit of death. And now and then a ripple of murmurous wonder swept over them and sank to silence.

In a day, and another day, the white Tuans—the masters of the rubber plantations in the lower valley—would be going to the town beyond the mountains to celebrate their great festival . . . to do honor to the White Buddha in memory of his coming. And the *Guru* told of that, too, and of the Tree of Many Lights. And of how afterward peace and love would come, with the Bringer of Peace. . . .

ON AND on he told . . . while the darkness deepened over the valley, and the stars thickened. A stealthy wind prowled through the scent-laden air. A *chick-chack* bird set up his endless clicking in the plane tree overhead. . . . And the night stirred in the jungle with invisible rustlings.

"Ya, ai! It is a tale of many wonders!" thought Maku to himself as he walked alone along the path beside the river, toward the plantations. . . . It was long after "all-the-world-quiet time." The moon was near setting—no more than a hand's breadth above the horizon, and he hurried to be home before it went out. . . . Tuan of tuans and Rajah of rajahs—though he was but a Fashioner of Wood! Yet he was kind—the Tuan Jesus; he heard the prayers of rajah and coolie with an equal ear. And powerful—even to the overcoming of the spirit of death! Maku felt proud that he served a white Tuan and his yellow-haired Mem, followers of so great a Prophet.

Ay, and more. The tale had brought an answer to a trouble that had lain heavy on his heart. For many days he had known that all was not well with his Tuan and the Mem, his wife. Once they had been as close as the nail and the quick; but the Evil Unseen Ones, who grow envious of laughter, had stolen in and devoured their happiness and now stood between them, thrusting them apart. Maku loved his Tuans. For two years he had eaten their rice—and their trouble was his trouble.

But now in a day, and another day, they would go to the city beyond the mountains—to make the Great Magic to the Tuan Jesus, as the *Guru* had said. And by His power the Evil Ones would be driven out, and peace would come again—and laughter. *Ahi!* There was a great joy in his heart at the thought. And for the first time in many days his thought could dwell—unshadowed—on his own happiness. Alang!—slim, black-eyed, teasing with her red-lipped smile. Alang—the kernel of the being of Maku! Ah, who in all the villages round about could compare with Alang!

He began to hum tunelessly, his broad feet padding a whispering accompaniment in the soft dust. His sarong, a strip of dark cotton cloth wrapped like a scant skirt about his thighs, swayed with the swing of his hips. "Ay . . . ay. . . . My Flower of the Rice! Fingers has she like folded lotus buds, lashes like asparagus ferns drooping over deep pools."

No more than a moon and half a moon now, and he would be able to pay her father's price for her; he had weighed his money bag in his hand only that evening before he set out, and he knew. Then he would bring her to his hut behind the Tuan's bungalow, after the gay ceremony of Becoming One—when the two of them became one. Megat had promised her father the price of her after the rice crop was harvested—but that was two full moons away. Ha! he would smudge soot upon the face of Megat!

He came suddenly around a turn of the path, and the bungalow lay before him—low and formless in the shadow of the spreading trees heavy-sweet with bloom. Dark—save the windows of the Tuan and the Mem, which glowed orange-yellow—far apart, the blackness of the night between.

But the sight of them did not lay a weight upon his heart tonight. In a day, and another day, Maku told himself, they would make the Magic—and come back with laughter. . . . He only hushed his humming under his breath as he went past the windows to his own small thatched hut on stilts in the rear.

With the cool stir of the dawn wind, the plantation woke, for most of its work must be done before the hour of midday

rest. But the Tuan was up even before, and out overseeing the early work of the tappers. The sap of the rubber trees flows best in the cool of dawn. His sun helmet was not yet hung in the hallway when Maku came out to strike the gong for Morning Rice. Not for many days, in fact, had he returned in time to breakfast with the Mem.

She came out at once to the soft note of the gong. Spotless, as always, in pale blue linen. She was beautiful, the Mem. Her hair was the color of ripening rice in the paddy fields—so Maku told Alang—and her eyes made him think of the darkening mists at twilight when the light shone beneath breaking clouds. She smiled at Maku, but her eyes were tired.

He drew out her chair for her. Once, the Tuan would allow no one but himself to touch her chair. Then he always had their places set side by side so that their hands might touch as they ate. Sometimes he would take her spoon and feed her choice bits of melon—like a child—making her pay for each bite with a kiss. Sometimes he would ride back, even in the middle of the morning, all the way across the many thousand acres of the plantation—with a bunch of wild orchids for her—and snatch a kiss and go away laughing. Then, in the evenings they would play with a ball before the veranda, and games of running, laughing—always laughing. . . .

BUT there were compensations about having the Mem breakfast alone. When they were alone she talked to him—as a friend. She asked always about the news of the village—about Minah, the headman's daughter, who was but lately married; about Pote, who had been hurt by a falling tree when they were cutting wood for a boat.

"And did Alang smile on you last night, Maku?"

"Aie, perhaps she had the mind to," he grinned. "But there was no eye play last night."

"What? Why was that?"

"A *Guru* was there—a holy man of many wanderings, whose brow was anointed with the knowledge of many things. And he had a tale of wonders about the Tuan Jesus. *Ahi!*" his words tumbled out in eager pride. "Now I know how the Tuans make the Magic to the White Buddha in the city beyond the mountains when they remember His birth!"

The Mem smiled—and there was a glimmer of deeper laughter in her eyes. "And how do they make it, Maku?"

"Figures they take, which shall image forth the manner of His birth—many figures, for it is a long tale. And they set them in order beneath a Tree of Many Lights. But the Mem knows! Is it not so they will do in another day?"

"Oh, you mean the Nativity group under the Christmas Tree! Yes . . ." she nodded slowly and her eyes looked past Maku, "tomorrow—is Christmas."

"Ay, they would get the favor of the Tuan Jesus with their Magic. So they lay the Child upon his bed of grass. And if all be done rightly and in order—and with a clean heart—then the spirit of the Tuan Jesus will come and enter the image of the Child. And peace and love will be to the maker of that Magic in all his ways! Is it not so?"

The Mem smiled oddly, keeping her eyes on her melon, which she was stabbing with the point of her spoon. "Yes . . . it is true, Maku. If we could only always believe it!"

"And the Tuan and the Mem will go to make the Magic—and come back with laughter, even as in the year which is past!" he exclaimed with glad assurance.

Her smile broke and she caught her lip between her teeth.

"No," she said after a moment. "I am not coming back this time, Maku. I am not going just to the city beyond the mountains tomorrow. I am going far away—across the deep water—home."

"The Tuan is going too?" cried Maku in alarm.

"No."

"Ah!" he breathed his relief. "Then you will soon return."

"No." The softness went out of her face. "*No!*" she said, as though angry, "I shall *never* return!"

Maku stood with the coffee urn in his hands, forgetting to set it down. "But"—he groped for words—"but the Tuan will be lonely . . . alone with his shadow. . . ."

IN THE DARKNESS, CIRCLED BY THE CLOSE-PRESSING JUNGLE, THEY LISTENED TO WORDS OF STRANGE THINGS . . . OF A GREAT PROPHET BORN IN A MANGER . . .

She smiled—a tight, hard smile, and dug the tip of her spoon deep into the golden flesh of the melon. "I think he will not be—too lonely. He has his work! And you will look after him."

"Ay, but I cannot tie the tie on his shirt with the hard front which he wears without pleasure!"

The Mem's lips parted, but instead of speaking she burst into sudden laughter. She pushed back from the table, her shoulders shaking with it—breathless, uneven laughter. Maku felt there was something not quite right about it. His eyes followed her as she went toward her room. But before she reached the door, she checked herself and turned.

"Let one of the house boys finish your work this morning, Maku. I want you to help me in the garden before it grows hot."

Another time Maku's face would have lighted with joy; it was the task he loved best. But now he left the uncleared table and laid aside his white jacket unsmilingly. Unsmilingly he went after the tools, which he kept, carefully cleaned and dry, under his own hut.

The Mem was standing on the veranda in sun hat and gardening gloves when he came back—looking off toward the blue, swelling roll of the mountains. Great tassels of early sunlight lay upon their slopes, where the dawn mists smoked in the canyons. The stir of daybreak was past and morning quiet was settling over the valley as the heat gained strength. But the air was still clear, and the world lay like a freshly painted picture, its colors undimmed.

A little unsteady breeze loitered yet among the rubber trees, turning up the whitish undersides of their stiff, shining, dark leaves. Quaint, stiff trees in measured rows—like the artificial forest a child sets out about a toy house. Far down through the clean, shade-checkered aisles the eye was drawn, where tappers moved, brown shadows, and disappeared. On to where the stretched copper wire of the river shone in the sun, and the jungle spilled down the farther bank to the water's edge—blue-green—scarlet—and purple, where climbing vines dripped their color down the trees from branch to branch. Far distant against the green, a flock of egrets drifted past, strayed snowflakes in the sun.

The Mem had little for Maku to do this morning. For long moments she would work in silence, and then she would talk quickly of small things. From place to place she moved in the flower beds, which were flung about the sprawling house like a gay sarong. And always she passed by the luxuriant jungle flowers, lingering over the few blossoms from "home" which she had coaxed into stunted growth.

"You must take good care of them after I am gone, Maku. . . . Don't forget to cover this one against the sun in the middle of the day . . . and that one must be watered every night when the rains are slow in coming."

MAKU listened and nodded, watching her hands. He had always liked watching the Mem's hands, so small and slim as they moved among the blossoms—so delicate that they scarce disturbed a bud. She had taught him the names of many flowers—and always she laughed at him when he tried to say them. He liked when she laughed at him. And he liked, too, to drive his spade in deep where she pointed out, and turn over the dark, moist earth. His broad, good-natured face puckered. His throat felt stiff.

Over a small, stunted white rose the Mem worked for a long time. There had been many roses, but only this had lived. Maku had always puzzled over her fondness for it. It had no color—it had hardly any scent; even the blossoms were never quite perfect, but blasted by heat or mildew. Moreover, it pricked one unpleasantly. But the Mem cherished it more than any other.

"And above all, you must not forget my rose," she said. "Poor little thing! It has tried so hard to make good in this strange country. *Love it*, Maku! Roses are like women; they won't grow without love."

Ay, something like that she had said once before, Maku remembered. She and the Tuan were standing on the veranda—oh, many moons ago, soon after they came—and his arm was about her . . . and she was planning her garden.

"You can't get English flowers to grow here," said the Tuan.

"Ah, but I will!" she cried. "I will love them into growing! Oh, I love it, love it all so! We are going to make it an Enchanted Cottage, lost in an Enchanted Wood. And we'll never, never find our way out!"

The Tuan looked down at her, and tightened his arm. "Who would want to?" he said.

Maku remembered how she laughed. And now—the Mem was going away!

"But the Mem does not want to go?" he said uncertainly.

*(Continued on Page 132)*

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

## Family Spending and Saving

SPENDING and saving of the family income are generally to be regarded as expressions of individual household policy, but at times, such as the present, public psychology exerts a very considerable influence in shaping standards of expression.

American prosperity, as indicated by national income, has expanded significantly during recent years. The national income for 1929, despite stock-exchange disturbances and the beginning of business depression late in the year, was high. The figure for 1930 will be lower, though not so much lower as is commonly apprehended.

When the savings of 1930 are revealed—as indicated in reports of building-and-loan associations, savings banks and insurance companies—the fact will probably emerge that the savings of 1930 have been little below, and may indeed have been above, the savings of 1929.

In many families in the high-income group the dollar income has certainly been reduced; but in many families in the moderate or low income groups dollar incomes have not been reduced, and in these latter classes there are no budget motives for retrenchment.

Retail prices have been falling and further reductions are to be expected as the low prices of raw materials are reflected in finished goods. Families whose dollar incomes have not been reduced have actually had their real incomes increased. Families whose dollar incomes have been slightly reduced still enjoy real incomes equal to those of last year.

The number of families now under compulsion to spend less by reason of significant reduction in real income is lower than is commonly supposed. And it may be that the prevailing depression in retail trade is due quite as much to increased savings on the part of families whose real incomes have not been reduced as to enforced retrenchment in families whose real incomes have been reduced.

At present, spending is restrained and saving enforced through fear of the future. An equilibrium between spending and saving, a stability in household policy, would moderate both the up swing and the down swing of the business cycle.

## How and What They Earn

THERE are 122,000,000 people in continental United States. All of them have to live. How many of them earn the money they spend—and how do they earn it?

After deducting those under age, those too old to work, the sick, the insane and the felons, and those not engaged in gainful occupations, Dr. William M. Steuart, Director of the Census, says there are only 47,000,000 people working in this country, and that only 40,000,000 to 42,000,000 are employed full time. These people work only 275 days a year, or three-quarters of the time.

What do they earn? The real point of interest is the measure of comfort produced by workers for their dependents. Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, states that Asia spends ninety per cent of her earnings for food, and ten per cent for the comforts of life; Europe eighty per cent for food and twenty per cent for comforts; while the United States spends thirty per cent for food and seventy per cent for comforts.

The worker here, whether male or female, is able to earn more of the comforts of life almost solely because the machine has vastly multiplied the worker's productive powers.

## Christmas Memories

"CHRISTMAS is not what it used to be." Thus we muse of the days now gone—of the home, the gay voices of brothers and sisters and friends, now silent, the tree with its lights, the stockings hanging at the fireside, the giving and receiving of gifts. There was the little church, too, decorated with greens; there were the Christmas carols, the earnest upturned faces seeking anew the Christ Child. How wonderful it seemed to childish eyes! And how good those Christmas dinners!

Memories of the past have something very real to say to us. The picturesque story of the visit of the Wise Men gives a clew. Out of their past stores of knowledge they discovered the star and were led to the feet of the new-born King with their richest treasures.

The parable is plain. The past is dangerous only if we live for it alone. Our past is but a foundation stone upon which to build new truth. It should make us ready to see more clearly the Star leading to the returned Christ.

And our past may become our opportunity as it was to the Magi of old. Out of those days that are gone we have gained the Christmas spirit of love and self-giving which came to earth in a new way so long ago when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

This Christmas, in this year of grace, will be the best of all, if we are able to lay at His feet the rich gifts of happy, useful, loving lives, for the dawning of a better day of good will among men.

## Scouting for Younger Boys

AT THE beginning of 1930 there were 1,907,772 Boy Scouts and Scout leaders in forty-three different countries, ranging from the United States with 842,548 down to Albania with 388.

The Scout age is usually from twelve to seventeen. Many parents whose older boys have benefited from Scout training want to see it extended so that their younger boys can also have its advantages.

Scouting as it is known today was first developed for grown men. An Englishman, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, saw in it a way to train and develop troops by utilizing one of the greatest forces in human life—the power of a group to influence an individual.

Our whole inheritance has been influenced by this. For we are peculiarly susceptible to the ideas and attitudes of those about us, particularly in childhood. The power of the group is tremendous; it can develop honesty or dishonesty, bravery or cowardice.

More than thirty years ago Sir Robert combined this power with the love of primitive man for life out-of-doors. He began getting his troopers to learn fire building, and all manner of woodcraft, in groups. A dozen years later, in 1907, the idea was extended to boys. Each troop or patrol of Boy Scouts had an older boy or man to lead and influence it in ways that would develop character.

The idea spread to girls. Girl Guides, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls joined the procession and secured its benefits.

After the war, in 1918 and 1919, Wolf Cub packs, for boys of pre-Scout age, were organized in England. Last year there were 213,630 Cubs in the British Empire. The Boy Scout organization in this country is just beginning the development of a younger-boy program of its own, for boys from nine to twelve years old. Another year will see hundreds of American Wolf Cub packs springing into existence.

A boy who grows up out-of-doors, who knows the woods and the feel of wind in his face, the smell of wood-smoke and the clean fragrance of the ground after rain, grows up a good boy.

# What Really Happened

**By A. A. MILNE**

*Illustrated by E. H. Shepard*

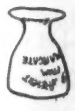
*SING a song of sixpence,*
*A pocket full of rye,*
*Four and twenty blackbirds*
*Baked in a pie.*
*When the pie was opened,*
*The birds began to sing;*
*Wasn't that a dainty dish*
*To set before the King?*

*The King was in his countinghouse*
*Counting out his money;*
*The Queen was in the parlor*
*Eating bread and honey;*
*The maid was in the garden,*
*Hanging out the clothes,*
*When down came a blackbird*
*And snapped off her nose.*

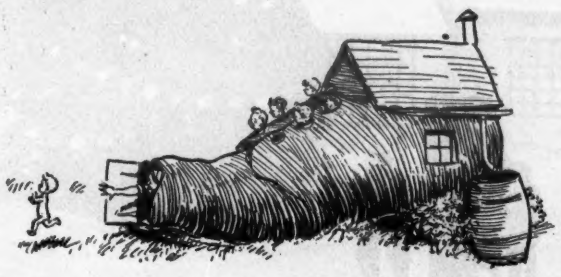
AS MY Uncle Kipling (who wrote The Jungle Book) said, when I asked him about blackbirds:

*Nine are the Laws of the Hedgerow*
*Which Mavis the Song Thrush wrote.*
*For blackbirds baked in a pie crust*
*This is the law they quote:*
*That the blackbird nearest the egg cup*
*Is the one which must give the note.*

So that the other blackbirds know whether to start on B, or D, which is very important when singing. I very much wanted to tell you why the cook always puts an egg cup in a pie, but when I asked her about it, why, she just said that they always did.



*THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,*
*She had so many children she didn't know what to do.*
*She gave them some broth without any bread,*
*And she whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.*



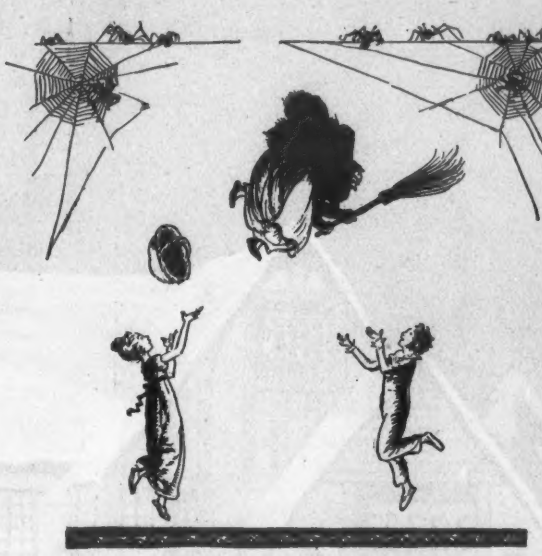
SO THEY say. But I don't believe it. What really happened was this:

*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,*
*And the whole of her family lived in it too.*
*She had sixty-five sons and a dear little daughter,*
*And she soaped them by sixes in lavender water.*
*And when she had rinsed them, their six little faces*
*Would dry through the holes which were made for the laces.*
*There were times when she thought, "It would sooner be done,*
*If I'd sixty-five daughters and one little son."*

Because she thought that the girls wouldn't have got so dirty as the boys. But I expect they would.

*THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket*
*Nineteen times as high as the moon;*
*Where she was going I couldn't ask it,*
*For in her hand she carried a broom.*

*"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,*
*"Oh, whither, oh, whither, oh, whither so high?"*
*"I'm brushing the cobwebs off the sky."*
*"Shall I go with you?" "Yes, by and by."*

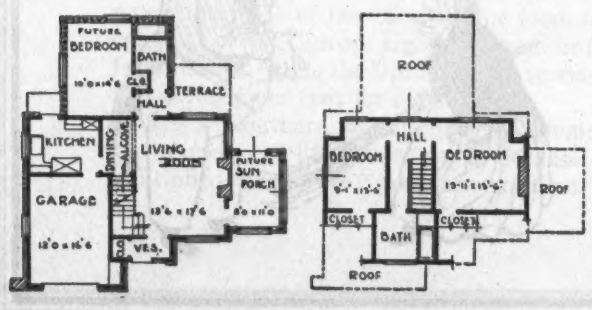


WHEN Uncle Grumphiter heard this, he sat down to multiply the height of the moon (which is six figures in a row, but I've forgotten what they are)—to multiply all this by *nineteen!* If it had been ten, I should have helped him, but as it was nineteen, which is a very unfriendly number, I just sat down and waited for him to finish . . . and after I had sharpened his pencil twice, and got him another piece of paper, he began throwing things away and saying crossly, "Well, anyhow, it's impossible." So now we shall never know how high she went. But if she was tossed by a Bull, and the Bull was a friend-and-relation of the Cow who jumped over the moon, then I don't think it's as impossible as Uncle Grumphiter says, because it *shows* they were That Sort of Animal.

# Journal Garden Homes at Christmas

## Mary Louise's First Tree

*House No. 312 is of the English-cottage type. It contains approximately 17,225 cubic feet.*




THERE are two major events in the life of a family. The more important, of course, is the arrival of the first little stranger. And next comes the first real Christmas.

To arrive home from the hospital, carefully carrying the so precious new person, is keen triumph. To trim the tree and prepare for the jollification of the first real Christmas is—is . . .

Mom and tiny Mary Louise are waiting within-doors to welcome their guests. Dad does this and that, to be sure everything is all set. He waves a greeting to approaching friends.

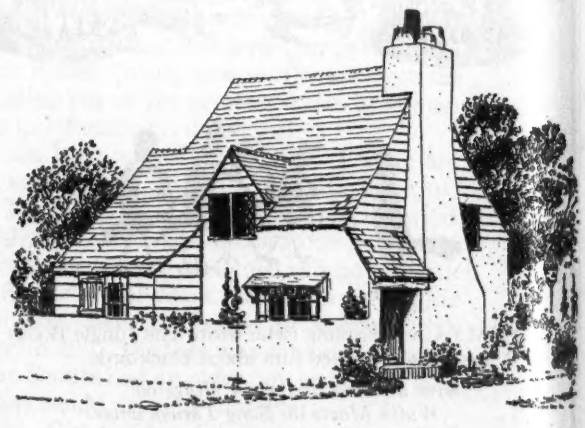
Every family should own its home. The JOURNAL has made available plans of houses that are designed by foremost architects in the country. Everything in the way of plans, drawings, details, specifications, and even interior sketches of the completed house, is included in a JOURNAL House Pattern (trademark). And the total cost is just one dollar.

There is a JOURNAL Leaflet to be had for four cents in stamps. The leaflet shows twenty or more houses for which plans have been made. Christmas is a good time to begin keeping a scrapbook of home-building ideas. Start your scrapbook with a JOURNAL House Pattern Leaflet.

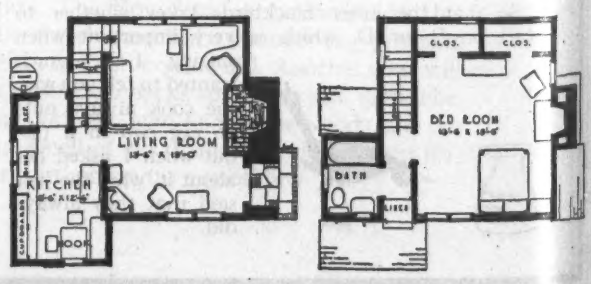
The house on the left, with its enlarging possibilities, is No. 312. The exterior is a pleasing combination of brick and half-timber.

On the right is a small apartment cottage with an exterior of buff stucco. It is House No. 310.

A description of a JOURNAL Doll House Pattern will be found on page 105.



*Garden apartment cottage No. 310. This little house contains about 13,800 cubic feet of space.*



# It says "Stop" to your eye and "Go" to your appetite!



I'll scrub her neat and clean,
I'll make her fairly shine.
Then she'll be a proper lady
On Campbell's Soup to dine!

**Your choice**

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THERE'S dash and racy vigor in Campbell's Tomato Soup. Its color is a flame. Its flavor is an unforgettable experience for your taste. Our famous French chefs have achieved such complete mastery in the blending of Tomato Soup that people have come to regard it as something individual, as exclusively Campbell's.

Indeed, it was when Campbell's began making it 32 years ago that the public first discovered Tomato Soup to be so remarkably delicious. Never before had people tasted such a glorious, sparkling, irresistible soup with such tang and tonic goodness.

And never since, in the public's opinion, has this soup been equalled except by Campbell's themselves. As the result it enjoys a popularity that is overwhelming. More of it by far is bought by the women of America than any other soup. Of course this is the soup *you* want. Enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup today—and often.

21 fascinating Campbell's Soups to choose from!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

# All in a Day's Shopping

PREFERENCE CHEST, COURTESY INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY. FOUR-ASH-TRAY SET, COURTESY OVINGTON'S. CIGARETTE CASES AND KEY CHAIN, COURTESY NAPIER

A MAN we know said the other day, "I would be perfectly happy at Christmastime if people wouldn't give me presents." No doubt he has been a tie-socks-cigars victim for so long that he has forgotten the joy of opening a gayly wrapped box to find something that really interests him. So we have photographed at the top of this page some suggestions for the blank spaces on your list beside the names of the men for whom you must select gifts.

The large silver preference chest, with its decorative handle, holds four popular brands of cigarettes. The slim case of black-and-red enamel with a silver plaque for initials or monogram will surely appeal to the younger men in the family. Press the sides of the unusual little silver cigarette case just under it, and it opens in your hand. The man who likes to carry only small, compact things in his pockets will find it useful. And what could be more convenient than the stand with its four individual ash trays for the card table? This set is in red-and-black enamel trimmed with gold. The silver horseshoe key chain holds the keys flat in the pocket and the little fob bears the monogram.

The Italian filigree necklace in the circle below, with its turquoise plaques and beautifully carved pendant, harmonizes with this winter's smartest color schemes. Green onyx balls alternate with Italian filigree chalices to support the delicately carved basket with its tassel, in the second necklace; carved carnelian and silver-gilt filigree combine to create the becoming choker with its oval pendant. One might be tempted to build a whole ensemble around such a gift.

The two crystal perfume bottles with their topaz stoppers would grace any dressing table. (Most women use at least two kinds of perfume.) Then there are the altogether-enchanting vanities for an evening bag, or a very formal afternoon occasion. The one on the right is of pink cloisonné; that in the center of black and gold with a charming miniature; and the left-hand one is black and gold with red enamel flowers.

At the lower right-hand corner is a delicately lovely court necklace of dull-finish silver and pearls, with earrings to match. The smart topaz ring in oblong shape beside them will please any girl.

*NOTE—If you cannot find these gifts in the shops near you, send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Fashion Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila., Pa., and we shall be glad to tell you where they may be bought.*

THREE NECKLACES, COURTESY COYKENDALL. PERFUME BOTTLES AND VANITIES, COURTESY OVINGTON'S

COURT JEWELRY AND TOPAZ RING, COURTESY COHN AND ROSENBERGER

## We Also Suggest

THAT you glance over several other pages of the JOURNAL this month, which are devoted to this same all-important subject of appropriate Christmas presents.

For instance, there is a most amusingly written as well as very helpful article by Grace Higgins on page 17 called Buy Buy Christmas. Then there is, on page 31, a highly intriguing group of suggested gifts, under the Gilbertian title, For Your Sisters and Your Cousins and Your Aunts. With the youngsters in the family in mind, you will want to study Who Loves a Circus? on page 43, a page of delightful circus characters you can make simply and easily at home. This group of the younger members of the household will also adore the doll's house shown on page 105, and, unless you have completely forgotten your own early Christmas morning thrills, you'll be just as enthusiastic yourself.

On the Hostess page, 153, there are still more ideas suggested—most of them for the babies, this time, though one photograph will be of special interest to the hostess who wants new, smart items for the guest bathroom or who is looking for a new color scheme for her own.

PHOTOS. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

# The Loveliest Women in the World... follow Pond's 4 steps to Beauty

TRAVEL round the world and you will find this to be true: The loveliest women follow Pond's 4 steps to beauty . . . for "a lovely skin is essential to chic" as Mrs. Adrian Iselin II says . . . and these four delightful preparations keep the skin always flower-like, radiant . . . The beautiful Duchess of Marlborough says, "Pond's keeps my complexion exquisitely cared for" . . . The lovely Marquise de Polignac says, "I have got the Pond's habit!" . . . Charming young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., declares, "I'm devoted to the four enchanting things Pond's makes—the marvelous Two Creams, the exquisite Tissues, the invigorating Tonic" . . . Pretty Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says, "Just the four steps of Pond's Method, faithfully followed every day and never omitted, will keep one's skin smooth, fresh and clear" . . . Your own experience will prove this . . . Swift, simple, scientific, Pond's Method assures the pore-deep cleansing, the gentle bracing and toning, the exquisite protection from wind and weather that are essential to preserve the youth and beauty of your skin.

**POND'S METHOD: 1.** For pore-deep cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes . . . **2.** Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent (they come in the new Parisian peach color as well as white) . . . **3.** Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to tighten, tone, refine pores . . . **4.** Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection . . . At bedtime, always cleanse with Cold Cream and Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
107 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

# Clear the floor for Christmas

## *Dad wants to play with the toys*

WHO wants to sit in a chair when there are trains to be tried out, soldiers to be marched, airplanes to be launched, and no end of games to be played! Who ever heard of a mother saying on this merriest day of the year, "Now you'll just simply have to keep off the floor!"

Certainly not in a home that boasts bright floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. These floors were made to be played on. Even little fellows just learning to creep soon find *that* out. For there's something very comforting about a warm, cushiony surface of Armstrong's Linoleum; something very friendly about a floor that doesn't spoil your fun with dirt-filled cracks and ugly splinters.

Busy mothers might be more interested in its good housekeeping virtues. It's such an easy floor to clean up. Little accidents don't seem to bother it much, for it doesn't spot or stain—the surface is Accolac-Processed. Wax it lightly, then polish to make it look like new. Or, where floors may need frequent washing, simply renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory experts tell us not to lacquer over wax.)

It's not too late for you to have these cheery, colorful floors in your home in time for the holidays. The installation is quick, less than a day for the average size room. And that means a permanent job, too—cemented in place over linoleum lining felt.

Just stop in at a good department, furniture, or linoleum store near your home. There you will see scores of Armstrong's Linoleum Floor designs suitable for all types of rooms. Bring room measurements with you and then the merchant can tell you exact costs for any pattern you select.

*All ready for the jolliest day of the year—with a floor that's just waiting to join in the fun. Play on it, walk on it, dance on it. It won't track, splinter, spot, or stain. And it's cleaned jiffy-quick. It's one of the new effects in Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 90.*

***To help you dress up for the holidays*** . . . If you'll send a letter to Lancaster for "*New Ideas in Home Decoration*," we'll mail this helpful book to you. Hazel Dell Brown has packed this color-illustrated book just full of suggestions on furnishing and decorating all types of interiors. Mrs. Brown will even work out special room effects for you if you wish. Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 936 Mary St., Lancaster, Penna. (Makers of cork products since 1860.)

Armstrong's Ⓐ Product

***De Luxe Marble Inlaid No. 13137***

***Armstrong's Inlaid Design No. 16012***

# *Armstrong's Linoleum Floors*

## *for every room in the house*

PLAIN · · · INLAID · · · EMBOSSED · · · JASPÉ · · · PRINTED · · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

# For Your Sisters and Your Cousins and Your Aunts

AMONG the hosts of bewilderingly lovely gifts displayed for Christmas this year, it was hard for us to make a choice. However, we feel that the varied group on this page will interest you when checking up on your feminine lists, and you will want some of them yourself.

Every woman loves a fitted suitcase, and the one shown here comes in several colors, with enamel-topped fittings in matching shades.

Among the suggested accessories, the evening group below at the left shows a black velvet bag with brilliants outlining the flap, a three-strand necklace and matching bracelet in sapphire beads, a large square chiffon handkerchief in sapphire blue with picoted edges, and long suède gloves. The vivid "jewel" colors—ruby, sapphire and emerald—are most popular for evening.

To complete a costume for bridge, luncheon or matinée, we suggest the stunning black suède bag with turquoise banding, the smart new pull-on gloves of black suède, turquoise chiffon handkerchief, and the matching group of turquoise jewelry—three-strand necklace, bracelet and the convenient little turquoise clip for hat or bag.

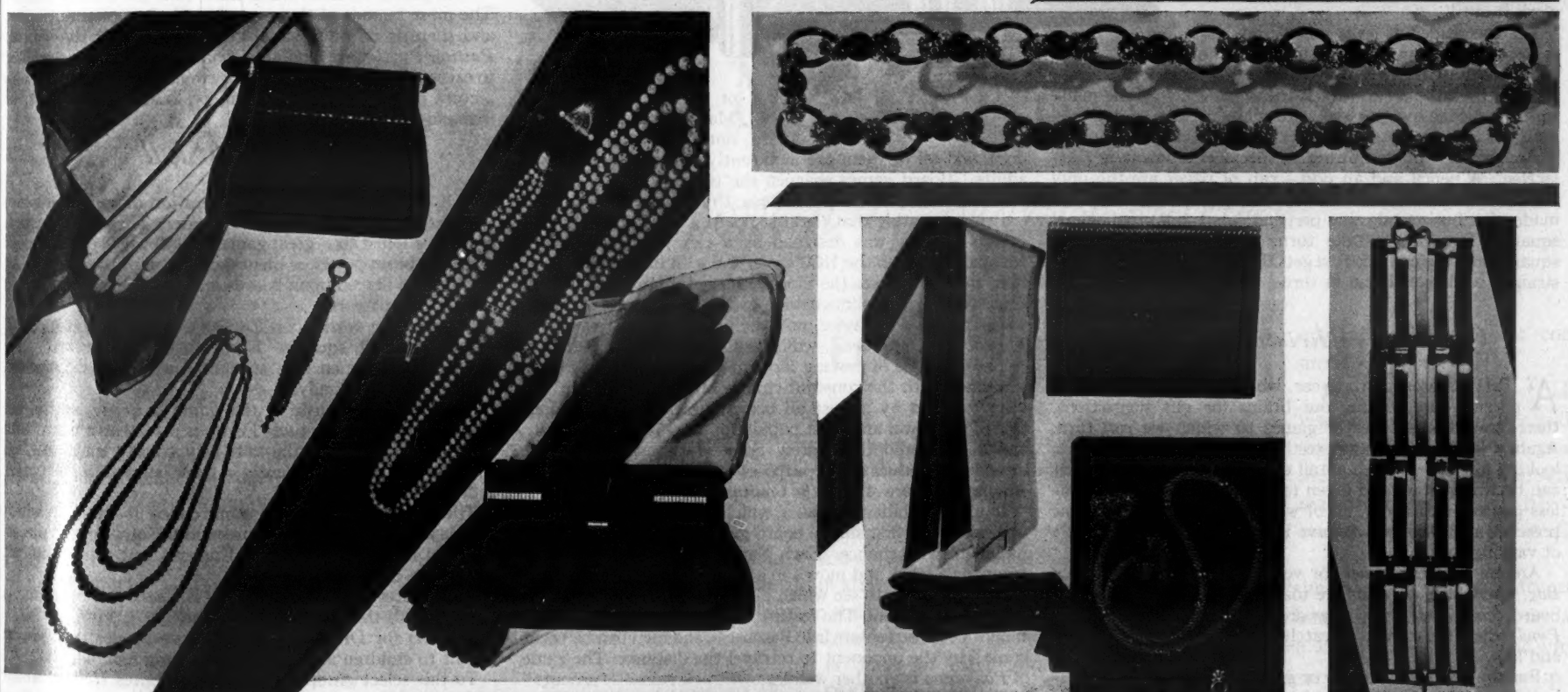
For morning or sports wear, there is the ensemble at the right: Brown suède bag with gold spiral trimming—in black suède with silver spirals, too—pull-on brown suède gloves, and gay Ascot woolen scarf in brown, green and coral. With this we show a tasseled necklace of metal beads, in either silver or gold finish. The odd little ring beside it is silver, with a jingling tassel matching the necklace.

Of course, these accessories can be bought either as separate units or as an ensembled group.

The curious, fencelike bracelet, at right center, below, is of black-and-white enameled metal, and very smart. It will go excellently with any sports costume, and—since it is black and white—with any color. Equally interesting is the long necklace of black links and smaller rhinestone clusters, alternating with round black balls. This has a touch of the sophisticated sure to please at least one of the names on your list.

*Upper right—Fitted leather suitcase in lavender, with triple mirror and Yale locks. Courtesy K. Kauffman & Company. Below—Three accessory ensembles for evening, afternoon and morning costumes. Courtesy R. H. Macy & Company.*

PHOTOS. BY NICKOLAS MURAY



*At left—Double-faced clock on pale green onyx base, for desk or bedside table. Courtesy Ovington's.*
*Center right, above—Long black link necklace with rhinestones, and novel black-and-white metal link bracelet for sports costumes. Courtesy Cohn & Rosenberger.*

*NOTE—If you do not find these gifts in the shops near you, write a line to the Fashion Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, and ask about any of the items that specially appeal to you. Or ask us about all of them, if you are interested. We shall be very glad to give you further information about them and to tell you where they may be purchased.*

# Games to the Rescue!

By ELIZABETH CLARK BOYDEN

LATE in the fall we went to the mountains for a week-end—my husband's idea. On Saturday evening it began to snow. Twenty-four hours later it was still snowing and the roads, we were assured, were impassable beyond question. The inn where we were stopping was comfortable enough, but there were few guests, and all of them were unsociable.

By Monday I thought that I was bored beyond salvation. Then a providential thing occurred. I noticed a box of matches spilled on a table. This suggested—doubtless a childhood recollection—a simple puzzle played by placing eight matches side by side about an inch apart. Four moves are allowed in either direction, as follows: Lift a match, skip two matches, and place the lifted match crosswise on the third match. At the end of four moves every match should be crossed. A crossed match may not be lifted, but may be jumped, counting it as one.

It took me a few minutes to rediscover the solution to the puzzle; and just as I finished, an austere-looking woman—one of the people whom I had given up as impossible—entered the room. To my surprise, she gave me a friendly nod and looked sympathetically at my game of solitaire.

"Oh, do you know the one about the cannibals and the missionaries?" she asked.

When I disclaimed all knowledge of the game, she continued: "It's a fascinating thing. You break three matches in halves. The three halves with tips are cannibals; the other three are missionaries. The six men are traveling through a jungle, and they come to a river which they must cross. There is a boat there, but it will hold only two people. If at any time—on either side of the river—the cannibals outnumber the missionaries, even by a single man, the cannibals will eat the missionaries. All the missionaries, but only one cannibal, can row. How can all six get safely across the river without the loss of a missionary? In order to distinguish him from the others, mark the cannibal who can row—then work it out."

Let the reader, if he is not already familiar with the puzzle, try to solve the problem himself.

Since then these two match tricks have helped me many times to bridge over an awkward moment when a dull evening has hung in the balance.

Another favorite, requiring no special equipment, is *Tick-tacktoo*. A pencil and an odd scrap of paper are the only requisites. Draw four lines like this: #. You now have made nine horizontal, nine perpendicular, and six diagonal squares. Two people take turns making marks in these squares, and the one who first gets three of his own marks in a straight or diagonal line in three contiguous squares wins.

## Children's Christmas Games

AT THIS season of the year, when all of us—especially parents—are racking our brains for gift suggestions, there are various types of games to which we can turn. Again it is a case of "games to the rescue." But now we are looking for games which entail equipment—something that can be wrapped up and given to a friend. There are countless games of this sort, all of which make good Christmas presents and all of which have individual charm for people of varying ages.

Among the best games for very small children are *Bean Bag*, where bags of beans are tossed into holes on a slanting board, *Ring Toss*, where rings are tossed over pins, and *Fish Pond*, where the game is to catch toy fish by means of a pole and line.

For the slightly older boy or girl *Jack Straws* is entertaining. The straws or sticks, which are made to resemble ladders, axes, spades, and so on, are dropped on a table; and the object is to get the straws out of the pile, one at a time, by means of a small hook, and without moving in the slightest degree any other straw.

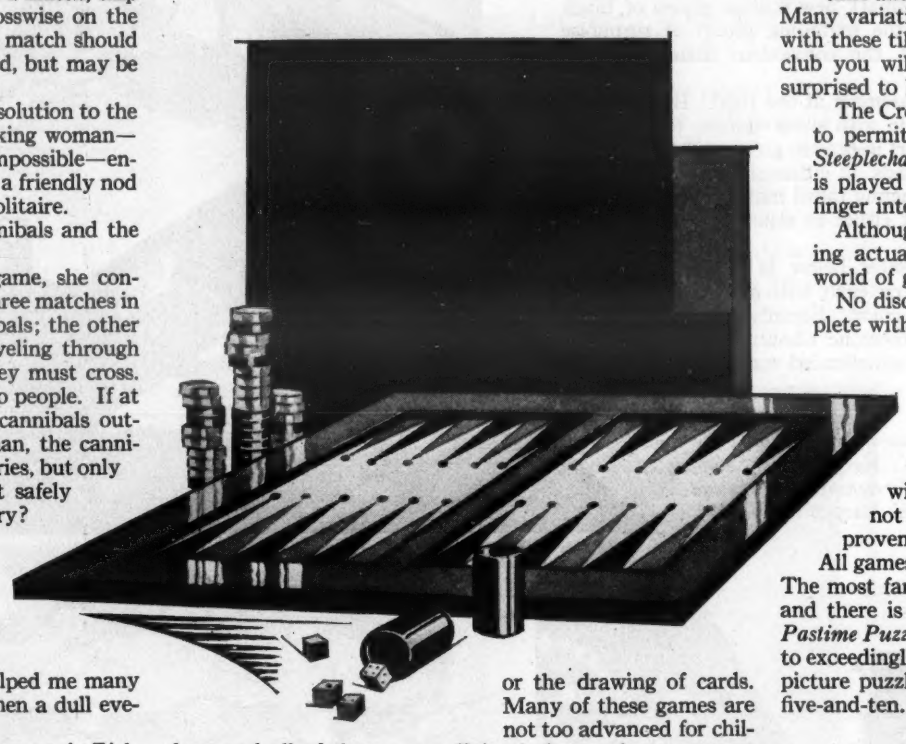
All the above games have a definitely instructive value, for they train the eye to coördinate with the hand. Famous *Tiddledywinks*, which carried the country by storm in the gay nineties, belongs to this class of games, although it is played by people of all ages.

If any reader of this article should ask, "How can I make companions of my children?" my answer would be: "Play games with them. All kinds of games." In my own childhood when guests came it was not a question of "Shall we play a game?" but "What game shall we play?"

Too few parents realize the benefits in the development of character which are derived from the playing of games. Honesty, Accuracy, Concentration, Patience, Strategy and Sportsmanship—which includes ability to take defeat graciously—all are necessary for the playing of games and are traits which, if instilled in children at an early age, will stand by them through life.

## The Board Games

FOLLOWING the games of eye and hand come the table games which involve counting. These are games played on specially designed boards where counters are moved in accordance with the throw of dice, the spinning of a wheel



or the drawing of cards. Many of these games are not too advanced for children, and all of them are sufficiently interesting to attract adults. Board games sharpen the player's wits and teach him the fundamentals of strategic thinking.

It is interesting that the first board game to be published in this country was designed by a clergyman in Beverly, Massachusetts, in the 1830's. In line with its author's vocation, the game takes the mortal through many vicissitudes, consisting of punishments for evil, with compensating rewards for good behavior, until he ultimately arrives at *The Mansion of Happiness*—which is the name of the game.

The principle of moving forward or racing toward a goal, combined with the constant chance of being sent back, has been followed by almost all board games since that time. One of the newer and most popular of these is *Uncle Wiggily*, which is splendid for children. Some of the board games are intended for educational purposes and are used in teaching. Among these are *Across the Continent* and *East is East*.

In all probability *Parcheesi*, which comes to us from India, was one of the first simple board games to combine skill and judgment with chance. Each player has four men which he enters on a track and moves in accordance with the throw of dice. It is a race to see which player will first get all four of his men to the goal. The feature of forming blockades which cannot be passed enters into Parcheesi, and men can be "sent home" by the opponent to retravel the distance. The game of *Pollyanna* is another well-known track game, "turnouts" adding considerably to its interest.

At the present time there is a remarkable revival of *Backgammon*, a board game which has been played for centuries all over the world. Two recent innovations—*Chouette* and *Doubles*—have added greatly to the game's popularity, which, in turn, depends essentially on the fact that it so evenly combines luck with skill. Backgammon is a "battle game" in which men who are traveling toward a definite goal can be "hit" by the opponent and sent back.

## Games of Concealment

IN THE various games played with cards, instead of playing in the open we for the first time conceal our strength or weakness from the opponent.

*Authors* is the first card game which originated in this country. Many later card games have been based on the same principle, and some are highly educational. Others, such as *Dr. Busby* and *Old Maid*, are very amusing. *Pit*, published in 1903, deals with the Chicago Wheat Pit, from which it gets its name, and is based on trading and imitating the rules and manners of that institution. It can be most exciting and uproarious.

Of all home games *Rook* is said to have had the largest sale.

## Miscellaneous

*DOMINOES* have remained popular over a long period of time and afford fine entertainment to people of all ages. Many variations, such as *Rounce* and *Muggins*, are played with these tiles; and if you go into almost any Philadelphia club you will see score cards marked *Snif*. You may be surprised to learn that Snif is played with dominoes.

The Crokinole board is notable because it is designed to permit the playing of twenty games as different as *Steeplechase*, *Ten Pins*, and *Backgammon*. *Crokinole* itself is played by snapping disks with the thumb and forefinger into a center pocket.

Although there are many variations of *Anagrams*, nothing actually resembles it, and it stands alone in the world of games.

No discussion of games, however brief, would be complete without mention of *Mah-Jongg*, the great Chinese game which had such a tremendous vogue in this country a few years ago. One of our foremost authorities on such subjects prophesies that Mah-Jongg, "the game of atmosphere," will have a revival within the next decade. Let us hope that next time we will be content to play it in the Oriental way and not spoil it, as we did before, with American "improvements."

All games for individuals must take the form of puzzles. The most famous of these are the *Jig-Saw* picture puzzles, and there is no more satisfactory present for the shut-in. *Pastime Puzzles* are available, from simple ones for a dollar to exceedingly elaborate ones for twenty-five dollars. Simple picture puzzles for children can be found no doubt at the five-and-ten.

## Games of Skill

WE NOW come to the consideration of games in which the element of chance is eliminated. There are comparatively few—just six—great games of skill which depend alone upon the brain power or mental direction of the players. All of these are played upon boards on which men are moved in turn by the players.

The simplest of the six is English *Go Bang*, which is played on a board with squares. Each player endeavors to place five of his own men in a straight row either horizontally, vertically or diagonally.

The American cousin of this game is *Pegity*, and it has exactly the same objective. Pegity is played on a board with 256 round holes, and the variously colored men are pegs which are placed permanently in these holes until one player gets five in a row.

Then there is the Chinese game called *Wei Chi*, in which the players try to hem in or surround the other men's pieces. Wei Chi is quite prevalent in England, but rather difficult to procure in this country.

The greatest of these six games is *Chess*, but everyone is familiar with this master of all games.

*Checkers* (or Draughts), although very scientific, can be taught to children and enjoyed by young and old.

To this select group Germany contributes *Halma*, which is the only one of the six that is a racing game rather than a battle game. In Halma the players start with their men already placed in one corner of the board—and the object is to get out of the corner, across the board, and into the opponent's corner.

## Camelot

FOR those who are looking for something entirely new there is the game of *Camelot*, which has been put on the market only recently. It is the result of a lifetime of work by a man who has designed many games; and this—his outstanding work—completes the list of the great games of skill.

Camelot, which is not so difficult as chess, but has much more charm than checkers, is played by two people on a board marked in squares. New as it is, the game of Camelot is a classic. It should live forever, and is this century's contribution to the great games of all time.

# Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer of New York

## *distinguished exponent of beauty culture*

## tells you how to keep that schoolgirl complexion

THERE'S scarcely a beauty specialist in all America who doesn't know the name of Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer; Mrs. Maurer, for years an outstanding American leader in beauty culture, graduated some 80,000 pupils! Her influence is felt, her opinion respected, wherever beauty theory is taught. "Tell us," we asked Mrs. Maurer, "a good plan for keeping youth and beauty . . . an easy plan and one that every woman can follow."

*First, consult an expert*

"Well—first of all," she replied, "find a beauty specialist in whom you have confidence and get into the habit of consulting her regularly. That is every bit as necessary as the proper home care.

"Then learn a few plain truths about yourself. This for instance: that your skin must be kept thoroughly clean if you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion!"

"And what," we wanted to know, "do you consider the best way to keep the skin clean?"

"Personally," Mrs. Maurer answered, "I consider Palmolive Soap a primary aid in attaining a lovely skin because I am a firm believer in the virtues of olive oil for beauty cleansing—and Palmolive, as you know, is made of olive and palm oils.

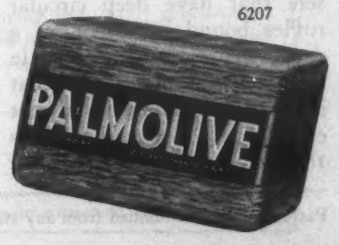
"Indeed, those are the only fats used in Palmolive, analysis shows. We, of the beauty profession, have great faith in those particular vegetable oils. We know them to be both soothing and penetrating—two qualities invaluable for cosmetic purposes."

Mrs. Maurer, of course, advises Palmolive together with the various creams and cosmetics which she, herself, manufactures—for she is today president of a well-known cosmetics firm.

"When you use Palmolive," says Mrs. Maurer, "work its lather gently into the skin of face and throat with your hands or with a soft cloth; then rinse with both warm and cold water before applying make-up."

And—since Palmolive costs only 10 cents the cake—it is advised (and used) for the bath as well. Its olive and palm oil content provides a lather that is soothing and beneficial for the entire body—just as it is for the face. To keep that schoolgirl complexion act on expert advice. Use Palmolive.

6207




*Retail Price*

10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—*Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.*

*Drecoll-Beer—1587* *Drecoll-Beer—1586* *Nicole Groult—1583* *Drecoll-Beer—1585* *Premet—1588*

# Lingerie--the Gift From Paris

Drecoll-Beer—No. 1587. "Intimité"—utterly enchanting pajamas, originally designed in pale pink crêpe satin and mousseline, with straight, wide trousers that have deep circular ruffles bound in ribbon of a deeper shade, and a little tuck-in blouse with a square neck that is most becoming to almost every type. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Drecoll-Beer—No. 1586. "Matinée" is a negligee which deliberately sets out to give you that delightfully luxurious sense of looking charming, of feeling poised and sure of yourself—and succeeds, as the right kind of clothes always can. The original model was of blue satin. The lace forms a deep V at the back of the neck, and several small, vertical tucks at a raised waistline give the slightly bloused effect that is one of its clever little tricks for making you look slim. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Nicole Groult—No. 1583. A pajama ensemble which features two of the newest vogues—the draped neckline and the long, slenderizing tunic coat with its sash. The tuck-in blouse under the coat is new and smart too. Set-in bands in harmonizing colors may be substituted for the embroidery. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Drecoll-Beer—No. 1585. A new nightgown with fitted lines, in which the skirt and front of bodice are in one piece. The pointed insets of lace in the skirt give fullness where it is needed, and the long point in front, which meets the V of the lace yoke, adds a most appealing suggestion of youth and slenderness. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46.

Premet—No. 1588. "Ciel de Fer" is the amusing name the designer gave these striking pajamas with the flared, full trousers, gay little bolero and white tuck-in blouse which buttons with a tab onto the trousers. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Dresses, 65 cents; Lingerie, 75 cents.

# . . . and what is that one on the end for?

That big package is easy to guess. It's a pair of slippers for Grandpa. Hope they're big enough. And that next gift is a collar-box for Dad. Maybe he'll be able to find a clean collar now without the help of the whole family. Then there are silk stockings for Sally. And a book for Cousin Clara.

But that bar of Fels-Naptha. Of all things! Standing there with those other gifts as though it belonged with them. Surely you're not giving that to Mother? . . . No, I didn't think so. She deserves something expensive, sort of luxurious.

But you say that bar of Fels-Naptha is really a gift? For whom? . . . Oh, ye-es. Say, that's cute. And thoughtful, too. Giving the family clothes a Christmas present! That's splendid!

The clothes have done their best—they've looked as well as they could under the circumstances. But watch them now! With the good soap and plentiful naptha in Fels-Naptha working together to loosen the dirt and wash it away—the family wardrobe is in for a sure-enough happy New Year!

Mother will be pleased, too, with Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. Clothes clean and white and sweet—without hard rubbing on her part. Dad's shirts will last longer now. And Junior will get more mileage out of his rompers . . . Fels-Naptha, move right up to the head of the line! You are a gift—even if you're not a Christmas gift!

• • •

Seriously, we hope this coming year you'll give *your* clothes the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha's generous bar. You'll get a lovely wash without hard rubbing—whether you use washing machine or tub; whether you soak or boil the clothes; whether you use hot, lukewarm or cool water. And Fels-Naptha will help keep your hands nice! And now . . .

**FELS-NAPTHA HAS A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR *YOU!***

Whether you have used Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail the coupon with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—Mail it now! © 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L. H. J.—12-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose 4 cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name* _____

*Street* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

# Ensembles for Travel, Country and Town

*Schiaparelli*
*1576*

Schiaparelli—No. 1576. If you are looking for a highly becoming country or sports ensemble that will fit a variety of occasions, this model of rag-rug tweed, in its designer's favorite black and white, will prove invaluable. The blouse is attached to the skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

*Schiaparelli—1578*

*Agnès*
*1581*

Agnès—No. 1581. For the luncheon, followed by bridge, a shopping-and-dinner-in-town engagement, or any informal afternoon occasion, is this dress-and-short-coat ensemble. There is a soft tuck-in blouse, and the jacket is fitted at the waist, giving slim lines. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and sizes 32 to 40.

*Schiaparelli*
*1579*

Schiaparelli—No. 1579. Designed for the "jeune fille," you will find this a perfect campus and town suit for your daughter at boarding school or college, or her sister at home. The original was a rose-and-black-mixture tweed coat, with a black satin frock beneath it. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and sizes 32 to 38.

Schiaparelli—No. 1578. If you live out-of-doors a good deal during the winter months, here is a smart and jaunty ensemble for you. The original was of lacy tweed, in gray, yellow and navy. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

*Joseph Paquin*
*1574*

Joseph Paquin—No. 1574. "Rapsodie," the original of this design, showed brown fur-fabric coat and matching skirt, with a belted overblouse of lamé. Fur cloth is tremendously smart this season for separate coats or for ensembles; a highly becoming fashion. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Pattern Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City. Coat and dresses, 75 cents; Ensembles and Evening Dresses, one dollar.

# I couldn't hold a candle — *to the plumber*

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 24

If Mrs. Keith* reads this, she will remember the dull cold winter day when I was visiting that Lake Ontario city and rang her doorbell. Perhaps Donald McGregor Keith will remember too, because he squeezed his small chunky self forward to hear all my questions about soap!

"Why, I always use P AND G," said Mrs. Keith, "I need a *good* soap for I have seven children."

"Seven?" I gasped.

Mrs. Keith smiled. "Come in," she said, "and see my crowd." A moment later I was looking at a photograph of all the Keiths — from Donald McGregor to Doris!

"But you must see Junior," said Mrs. Keith. "He's 'helping' the plumber put in the new hot-water heater," she explained.

At her summons, up the cellar stairs came six-year-old Junior. I liked him at once. But at my first word — Junior fled! And Donald McGregor with him. We could hear them clattering down stairs.

"You mustn't mind them," apologized Mrs. Keith, "they simply haven't eyes or ears for anyone but the plumber today. They have been taking turns at holding the plumber's candle! Oh, they'll be sights by noon! But I'll put their blouses into P AND G suds — and *you* know how quickly P AND G loosens dirt."

I hope that *you* know that P AND G White Naphtha is an *extra* good soap! A short soaking in P AND G's rich suds saves lots of hard rubbing. It gives snowy clothes without boiling. It's safe for colors. And it works well whether the water's warm or cool — or soft or hard!

If you are like me, you watch your pennies. And so you're glad that such a nice-looking, firm, white soap as P AND G often costs less than ordinary soaps. Let me tell you why. P AND G Naphtha is made of fine soap materials bought economically — in huge quantities, by carloads and shiploads. This brings down the price per cake.

But P AND G couldn't be so reasonably priced if it weren't so popular. Millions of women buy it because they know that *it really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours* — "How to take out 15 common stains — how to lighten washday labor." These and other problems are discussed in a free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NJ-120, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*This is not her real name, of course.

*White soap preferred by more and more women* — In a recent survey which I made in Detroit, Michigan, I discovered that as many women are using P AND G White Naphtha Soap as all other bar soaps put together! And the reason is easy to find: good housewives everywhere have found that this fine white soap gives them easier washdays and whiter clothes!

The largest-selling soap in the world

# The Holidays Call for PARIS Clothes

BUT, how CAN you have all those charming frocks you will need?
It is honestly easy to have more than enough clothes and to have a variety of frocks that spell "PARIS" to the experienced and critical, and SMARTNESS to all others, in every line and cut, each individual detail of them.

PARIS PATTERNS, with their simple directions, will give you such a cut and fit, lines so finished and "custom-made," that the old description of "home-made" vanishes for good and all.

As for the gifts for the "woman who has everything," what would please her more than lingerie with that "good-enough-to-eat" charm that handmade PARIS PATTERNS lingerie holds for every feminine heart?

**ASK FOR AUTHENTIC PARIS PATTERNS IN THESE STORES:**

**ARKANSAS**
*Little Rock*
The M. M. Cohn Co.
**CALIFORNIA**
*Fresno*
Radin and Kamp
*Hollywood*
B. H. Dyas Company
*Long Beach*
Buffums'
*Los Angeles*
B. H. Dyas Company
Walker's, Inc.
*Pasadena*
The Jordan Company
*San Francisco*
The Emporium
The White House
**COLORADO**
*Denver*
Joslin Dry Goods Company
**CONNECTICUT**
*Bridgeport*
D. M. Read Company
*Hartford*
Sage-Allen & Co., Inc.
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**
Woodward and Lothrop
**GEORGIA**
*Atlanta*
Chamberlin-Johnson-DuBose
**ILLINOIS**
*Chicago*
Boston Store
*Rockford*
The Charles V. Weise Co.
*Springfield*
R. F. Herndon Company
**INDIANA**
*Indianapolis*
L. S. Ayres and Company
**IOWA**
*Burlington*
John Boesch Co.
*Des Moines*
Younker Brothers
**KANSAS**
*Topeka*
Warren M. Crosby Co.
*Wichita*
Sanger Brothers
**KENTUCKY**
*Louisville*
Miles Silk & Dress Goods Shop, Inc.
**LOUISIANA**
*New Orleans*
D. H. Holmes Company
*Shreveport*
Feibleman's
**MAINE**
*Portland*
Eastman Bros. and Bancroft
**MARYLAND**
*Baltimore*
Hutzler Bros. Co.
**MASSACHUSETTS**
*Boston*
Chandler and Company
C. F. Hovey Company
R. H. Stearns Company
Thresher Brothers
R. H. White Company
*Lynn*
Spalding Dry Goods Co.
*New Bedford*
Steiger-DudgeonCompany
*Springfield*
Albert Steiger Company
*Worcester*
John C. MacInnes Co.
**MICHIGAN**
*Detroit*
Crowley, Milner and Co.
J. L. Hudson Co.
*Flint*
Herbert N. Bush, Inc.
*Grand Rapids*
Wurzburg Dry Goods Co.
*Lansing*
J. W. Knapp Co.
*Saginaw*
William Barie Dry Goods Co.
**MINNESOTA**
*Duluth*
Duluth Glass Block Store Co.
**MISSOURI**
*Kansas City*
John Taylor Dry Goods Co.
*St. Louis*
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
**MONTANA**
*Billings*
D. J. Cole Co.
**NEW JERSEY**
*Atlantic City*
M. E. Blatt Company
*Elizabeth*
Levy Brothers
*Newark*
L. Bamberger & Company
*Paterson*
Quackenbush Company
**NEW YORK**
*Binghamton*
Sisson Bros.-Weiden Co.
*Brooklyn*
The Namm Store
*Buffalo*
Adam, Meldrum and Anderson
*Hempstead, L. I.*
Franklin Shops
*Jamestown*
Macomber and Stuart
*New York City*
Lord and Taylor
R. H. Macy and Company
John Wanamaker
James A. Hearn & Son, Inc.
*Rochester*
Duffy-Powers Company
*Troy*
G. V. S. Quackenbush Co.
*Utica*
J. B. Wells and Son Co.
**OHIO**
*Toledo*
Lasalle and Koch Company
**OKLAHOMA**
*Oklahoma City*
Rorabaugh-Brown Dry Goods Co.
*Tulsa*
Brown-Dunkin Company
**PENNSYLVANIA**
*Allentown*
Hess Brothers
*Lancaster*
Watt and Shand
*Philadelphia*
John Wanamaker
Gimbel Brothers
*Pittsburgh*
Boggs and Buhl
Joseph Horne Company
*Williamsport*
L. L. Stearns and Sons
**TENNESSEE**
*Memphis*
Bry-Block Mercantile Co.
*Nashville*
Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum
**TEXAS**
*Dallas*
Sanger Brothers
*Fort Worth*
Sanger Brothers
*Galveston*
Eiband's
*Houston*
Levy Brothers Dry Goods Company
*Waco*
Sanger Brothers
**UTAH**
*Salt Lake City*
Auerbach Company
**VIRGINIA**
*Danville*
L. Herman
*Richmond*
Miller and Rhoads
**WASHINGTON**
*Seattle*
MacDougall-Southwick Co.
*Spokane*
Whitehouse Company
**WISCONSIN**
*Milwaukee*
Boston Store
Gimbel Brothers
**CANADA**
*Winnipeg, Manitoba*
Hudson's Bay Company
*London, Ontario*
Smallman and Ingram
*Ottawa, Ontario*
Bryson-Graham Ltd.
*Toronto, Ontario*
The T. Eaton Company
*Montreal, Quebec*
The T. Eaton Company

*or by mail, postage prepaid, from*

**Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau**
**261 Fifth Avenue New York City**


# Dressing for the Bridge Club

Chantal—No. 1580. Raglan sleeves, deep, pointed cuffs and a small collar of fur are features Paris is stressing for the winter, and this straight, slim coat of black broadcloth combines all three. Here, too, the left front forms a tab which comes through a slash to button over the right front in an interesting fashion. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Joseph Paquin—No. 1575. "Sans Souci" is as charming as its name; a one-piece dress having several clever little tucks at the waist, at each side, blousing it becomingly. Original of black-and-white jacquard marocain with soft georgette vestee crossing diagonally to pass through a straight band of the material on the left. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Lenief—No. 1584. "Ponillac," originally made in beige velvet, with collar and cuffs of white crêpe satin, is a specially good model for the dress-for-many-occasions. Its short, youthful peplum, belted snugly at the waist, flares at front and sides, but lies quite flat across the back, giving excellent lines. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Nicole Groult—No. 1582. "Chamois" is one of the new, very popular long-tunic frocks. Everyone will want at least one tunic dress in her wardrobe this winter, and this has many unusually good touches. The loose sleeve-pieces are graceful, and the high neckline, in one with the yoke, is smart. Originally made in brown toile de laine. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Schiaparelli—No. 1577. A wrap-around coat with the right side quite full, making a flare as it overlaps in front. A large patch pocket on the left is covered when the coat is closed. Original in gray, rag-rug monotone tweed. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 44.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 75 cents; Coats, one dollar.

THE qualities which combine to make a Fisher Body car superior in motoring comfort are so perfectly blended that you scarcely ever think of them individually.

Yet a moment's reflection will reveal them to you and strengthen your admiration for the art that conceals art in a Body by Fisher. Certainly the comfort of riding on unusually deep, form-fitting cushions is one of the principal qualities which comprise Fisher Body luxury. Another is the abiding sense of security which the sturdy Fisher wood-and-steel construction inspires. And a third is the subtle charm of convenience and refinement which characterizes every detail of interior appointment.

But there is still another Fisher Body quality which strikes a deeply responsive chord of feminine appreciation. Women who ride and drive in General Motors cars—the only cars with Body by Fisher—enjoy the admiration universally accorded to freshness and smartness of style, authentically expressed.

LOOK TO THE BODY!

BODY by FISHER

*The Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild offers 964 awards for craftsmanship, including four University scholarships of four years each, and each valued at $5,000 —trips to Detroit—and thousands of dollars in gold. Membership is open to every boy in the U. S. between the ages of 12 and 19, inclusive. To enroll and obtain details, see your nearest General Motors car dealer.*

*CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND*
*OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET*
GENERAL MOTORS

# Intimate Gifts are Welcome

6579 6581 6576

6577

No. 6577. There are times when a petticoat is the only type of underskirt that should be worn under a particular frock. The smoothly fitting yoke, which buttons flatly at the side, and the easy fullness of this design make it decidedly desirable. Designed for 26 to 34 inch waist measure.

No. 6579. For that friend or relative who adores "different" nightgowns, you might make this design of ninon, flat crêpe or charmeuse, with laces of two different widths to border it. It follows evening-frock details, with its tucked waist and full dipping skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

No. 6581. It is a joy to find lounging pajamas that have such sophisticated distinction as this design. Using a heavy satin for trousers and jacket, with crêpe de chine for the tuck-in blouse, gives your imagination free rein, with the color contrasts the design suggests. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

No. 6576. Any woman will find this slip a welcome addition to her supply of formal day or evening lingerie. She will enjoy its smooth-fitting lines through the waist and the fullness of the circular side sections. You might use embroidery or hemstitching instead of lace. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 44.

No. 6574. The step-in has become indispensable, for it is such a time saver in dressing. This design is practical, with its camisole top fitted at the waist and tied snugly and its moderately flaring panties. For a tailored type contrasting color might be used for the trimming. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

6574

6580 6575

No. 6580. It should not be difficult to coax one of the small feminine members of your family to bed in this edition of her grown-up sister's lounging pajamas, with its new round collar and full trousers; for practicality the waist buttons down the back. It would be attractive in one of the enchanting cottons printed especially for children. Designed for ages 4, 6 and 8.

No. 6575. The earliest teens would adore the sophisticated cut of these pajamas, with the tuck-in blouse, and the trousers with pointed yoke in front and elastic at back. You might make them of plain or printed Sudanette, of silk broadcloth or shirting, or of printed challis or viyella flannel. Designed for ages 8 to 14.

Patterns may be obtained from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 15 cents each, postpaid.

# You'll find special comfort in the lasting softness of this sanitary protection

**Kotex stays soft; it is cut to fit inconspicuously; it deodorizes; and it is marvelously absorbent.**

DURING busy hours at work; during crowded hours of play . . . women must feel safe. They must be sure of their sanitary protection. And Kotex gives just that needed sense of security.

It is soft not only at first but later, when ordinary protection is so apt to grow stiff and uncomfortable. It is rounded and gently tapered, to make the pad fit better. And though this improvement was introduced primarily for comfort, it offered a second advantage: Kotex is inconspicuous, even under snug, smooth-fitting gowns.

*Why Kotex absorbs so well*

The absorbent used in Kotex is Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. It takes up five times as much moisture as an equal weight of cotton. The moisture is distributed throughout the entire pad, leaving the surface soft and delicate. This, of course, means that Kotex protection is daintier as well as more effective.

Why is it so much more efficient? Because the absorbent is laid in many thin, air-cooled layers—each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself. These layers remove moisture quickly away from the surface.

Many hospitals, recognizing this superiority, demand Kotex for their patients. They find it an improvement over the finest surgical cotton. So will you, once you try it. No one thing has contributed more to women's comfort than this modern sanitary pad. Buy a box of Kotex today.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

## IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.

2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

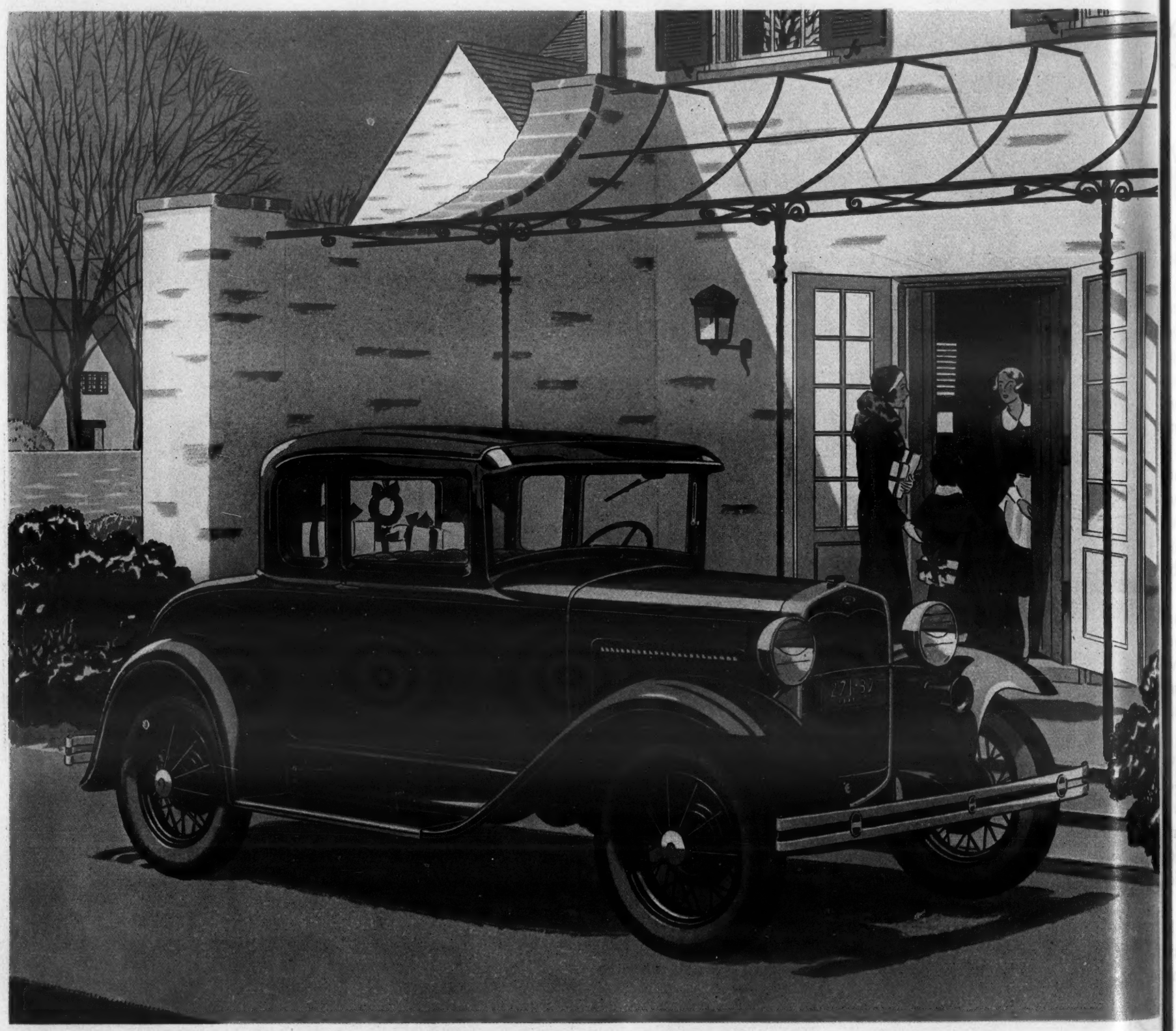
Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

# A Treasured *Gift* at Christmas Time



DREAMS will come true in many homes this Christmas. For there, among the holiday gifts, will be a gleaming new Ford. From Dad to Mother. Or from Mother and Dad to Son or Daughter.

Not a gift for the day only, but one that will be treasured through the year. A practical, useful gift that will bring countless happy hours and shorten the miles to friends and distant places.

Illustrated above is the new Ford Coupe. There are many other body types to select from, in a variety of beautiful colors. A choice of mohair or Bedford cord upholstery is offered in the Town Sedan, the De Luxe Sedan, and the De Luxe Coupe.

Ford

# Who Loves a Circus?

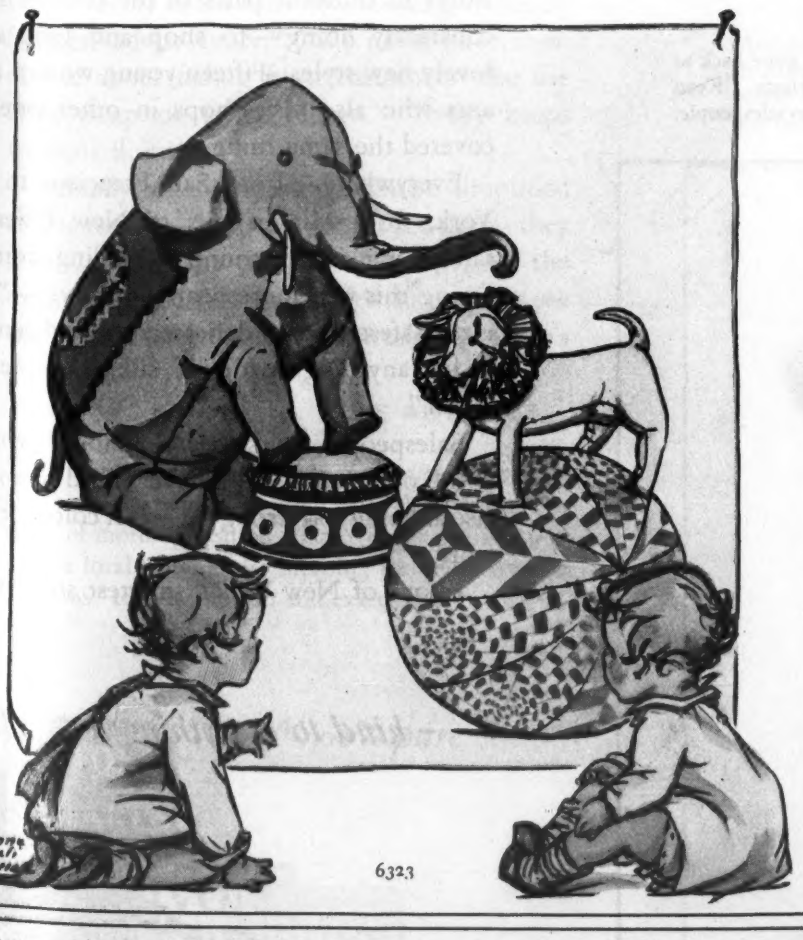
*Designed by* **ELIZABETH MARRIOTT KING**

6321. No circus is complete without at least one bareback rider and a clown—though, of course, the more of both the merrier.

This airy young dancer is made of soft, flesh-colored material, with her features either embroidered or painted. Her hair is brown brushed-wool jersey, appliquéd on, and her dress has a white silk top and three double layers of tarlatan skirts. Any little girl's eyes will shine over her possibilities in the circus game. As for the clown—he is at least half the circus in himself, with his gay spotted suit, his flaunting ruff and his funny painted face. And so easy to make!

6323. When you can add an elephant—or even two if you are *very* ambitious—the clown's beruffled dog and the harlequin ball for juggling feats, you have a full-fledged circus, and unlimited fun for Christmas.

The elephant is made of gray cotton duvetyn, with button eyes, floppy ears, and the gayest of circus blankets. The dog is white jersey cloth and sports a huge ruff. The ball may be of brightly patterned material, or of several plain colors pieced together.




Patterns may be obtained from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 15 cents each, postpaid.

*1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company*

From the kitchen cupboard came an old family friend *to boost Bobbie's weight*

BOBBIE'S family lived in an old New England cottage which had been built in the days of Bunker Hill. Almost since then, Baker's Cocoa had stood in the cupboard.

Great, great, great grandmother had thought cocoa about the best drink in the world for a child's health and had served it regularly to her youngsters. So had great, great grandmother — and, in turn, many who had come since. And now, Bobbie's mother, finding him five pounds underweight, was following the up-to-date advice of the young family doctor—so once again Baker's Cocoa came forth from the kitchen cupboard.

Then Bobbie's weight started to climb. Soon it had reached the healthy side of normal.

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is a unique food drink with benefits needed by *every* child, by *your* child. This fact seems quite understandable when you learn its ingredients — all the food values of milk, plus the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa itself. Each wonderfully flavored cupful contains a whole host of nutritious benefactors for the growing child — not only carbohydrates and proteins, but calcium, phosphorus — as well as vitamin A and vitamin B.

In a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said "Baker's Cocoa is best." It is roasted from the choicest cocoa beans that cargo ships bring across the ocean from the West Indies. Its blending is guided by matchless skill and knowledge which have taken 150 years to accumulate. That is why Baker's Cocoa is so delightfully rich in flavor. That is why its mellow, chocolaty goodness is just as much of a treat for grown-ups as for children.

*Write for 60-page illustrated Cocoa and Chocolate recipe book: Walter Baker & Co., Dept. A-12, Dorchester, Mass. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.*

BAKER'S

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COCOA

*A Product of General Foods Corporation*

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

*For the feminine trifles*

# say salespeople

## *"Ivory is safest for*

Pajamas (the bedtime kind or the lounging kind) have bell-like trousers, sailor-fashion. And lingerie has taken on slim princess lines like the frocks. "Ivory is safest for their colors," say salespeople in the country's finest shops.

So that these slim frocks really fit us, we have gone back to girdles—ingenious inventions of silk, satin, elastic. "Keep their life, tone and color with Ivory cleansings," say salespeople.

We have turned into ladies—there's no doub about it. We wear long skirts, we have waist lines, and we wear frilly blouses.

This is our chance to be as alluring and fem inine as we please. And that means exquisite and fastidious. Frills must be spotless and crisp Everything — the girdles we buy to make us look willowy, our slim-princess lingerie, our cobwebby stockings—all these things we want to be dazzlingly, fastidiously fresh—always.

Here's where the advice of salespeople can help. To keep these things fresh-colored and soul-satisfying, salespeople say they need fre quent cleansing with Ivory. "Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes will protect the colors and fab rics."

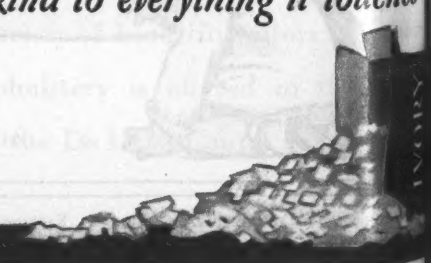
I discovered this fact when I went visiting stores in different parts of the country as I'm constantly doing — to shop and look at the lovely new styles. Fifteen young women assist ants who also visit shops in other cities dis covered the same thing.

Everywhere — from San Francisco to New York, from Minneapolis to New Orleans— salespeople in the country's leading stores are saying this year more firmly than ever—"Ivory is the safest soap for delicately colored garments —for anything made of silk, wool, elastic rayon."

Salespeople feel so *confident* about Ivory. It is the one soap I have never heard them criti cise as being too strong for pastel colors or filmy fabrics.

In one of New York's smartest stores where

***– kind to everything it touches***



*that need fastidious cleansing*

# "Use Ivory, everywhere

## *colors and fabrics"*

I was looking at a misty chiffon negligee, the saleswoman said, "Ivory Soap will launder this beautifully. Another soap *might* be all right, but we *know* that Ivory in cake or flake form is milder and won't fade the colors."

And in a famous Chicago store where I saw some fabulously expensive girdles guaranteed to produce a slim figure, the vivid French girl who was showing them said—"And so easy to keep immaculate, Madame! Ivory suds, a little brush—as often as you wish. Ivory protects the life of the elastic."

And stockings! Everywhere salespeople said, "Ivory." I'm sure you'll find in the fine shops of your own city that most salespeople recommend no other soap.

Salespeople give many reasons for preferring Ivory. "Ivory keeps silks new-looking." "Manufacturers advise Ivory." "We never have complaints about fading from customers who use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes." "Ivory keeps woolens fluffy."

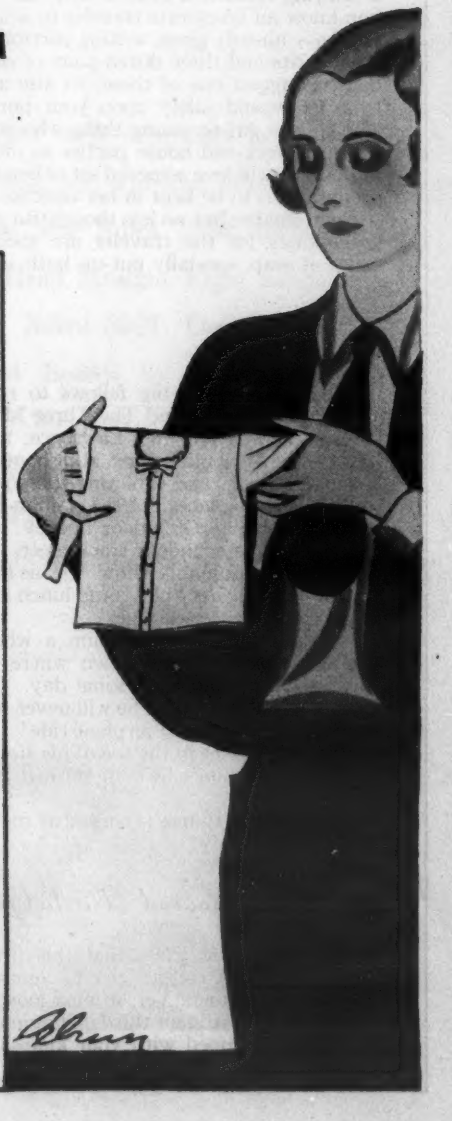
Actually all their reasons can be simplified to one reason—Ivory is *safer* for the things they *sell*—*safer* for the things you *buy* . . . All the dainty feminine, frivolous trifles that express *you* can be kept safely, fastidiously fresh with Ivory's gentle care.

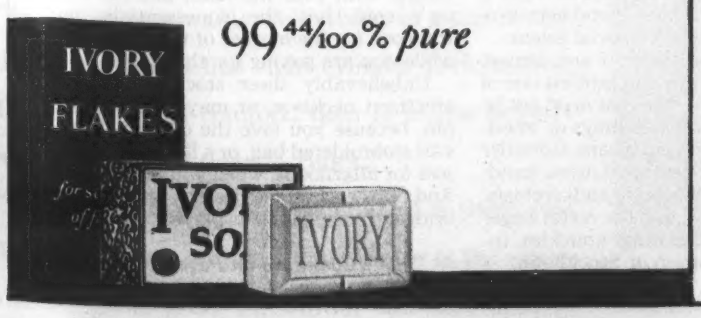
HOPE ANDREWS

"Fifth Avenue Fashions" *over the radio*—Procter & Gamble has arranged to have Miss Andrews give a series of morning fashion talks over the radio. Look in your local paper Friday morning for "Fifth Avenue Fashions" to learn station and exact time.

Stockings are more cobwebby than ever—probably to make up for the fact that long skirts show so little of them. "Use Ivory to keep their color fresh and make them wear longer," say salespeople. Most salespeople in the country's leading stores advise only Ivory for silk stockings.

And the "lingerie" that belongs to the Very Youngest—shirts, bands, and other trifles—simply cry for Ivory-cleansing! "Lukewarm Ivory suds keep baby-woolens soft and unshrunken," say salespeople everywhere.






99 44/100% *pure*

# The Patch Box

## Cosmetics May be Christmas Inspirations

By BARBARA STANWOOD

IF YOU have—and who hasn't at this season of the year?—one or more "problems" on your Christmas list, a friend who "has everything" or a gay young thing whom you like to remember but whose likes and dislikes are completely unknown quantities to you, I have a suggestion to offer. On your next shopping trip to your favorite department store—and at the beginning of the trip, when your mind is still open to suggestion, not at the bedazzled and weary end of it—linger for a few minutes over the cosmetic counter and consider those problem gifts.

For every feminine heart glittering bottles and delicious scents have a luxurious and irresistible lure. Every woman loves to try something new, even at the risk of removing the six top layers of her face, provided it is attractively put up and delicately perfumed. And it is the little added luxury, the excitement of something which doesn't fall into our laps every day, which "makes" a Christmas gift of the sort we'd all like to give if we only had the inspiration.

Not that an uncompromising pot of cold cream with a red ribbon around its porcelain middle is an inspired Christmas gift. But there are so many other possibilities. First and foremost, oldest perhaps in tradition and very, very certain to please, there is the gift of perfume. You may spend as little as a dollar, you may splurge with a hundred dollars or more, you may match a vivid personality with an equally arresting scent or select a bottle, in itself a work of art, appropriate to the period of the dressing table on which it will ultimately stand. Perfumes as gifts allow an almost unlimited range of choice.

Then in the field of actual cosmetics there are all the fascinating traveling kits, from very small ones in simple cardboard boxes designed to tuck into the corner of a week-end case to the handsome leather cases with crystal and enamel fittings which contain every imaginable gadget for the maintenance of beauty en route and seem fit to travel in nothing less than a drawing-room or a custom-built car. If you know an inveterate traveler to whom you have already given writing portfolios, sewing kits and three dozen pairs of shoe bags, I suggest one of these, its size and type to depend solely upon your purse. The college girl or young thing who goes away to week-end house parties as often as possible will love a special set of beauty preparations to be kept in her suitcase.

Even smaller but no less thoughtful gift possibilities for the traveler are special tubes of soap, specially put-up bath salts and bath powder. And speaking of bath salts I know of no more sure-to-be-appreciated gift, no matter for whom it is intended.

Soaps in gay colors and tempting shapes are another weakness of almost every woman. The friend who has an absolutely complete house and very decided views on the things which she wants in it will be delighted with half a dozen huge cakes of special bath soap, or with a box of tiny individual cakes of guest soap.

If your Christmas list has still a yawning blank after the name of someone whether friend or relative, who takes a special pride in lovely, well-groomed hands, one of the very smart manicure sets which are made now is sure to be a delight and a success. Or if her dressing table is already outfitted with one, a smaller one for traveling is a possibility which will probably be equally welcome.

Among inspired gifts for invalids—in addition to perfume and dusting powder—is eau de cologne, always gratefully refreshing to tired heads and available nowadays in the most decorative and cheering bottles.

Boxes of loose face powder have become so decorative now that they add still another possibility to the list of suggestions. And of course with a new and more fascinating compact appearing almost every week, it is possible to please the most fastidious woman with an accessory which will match her hand bag or her favorite color scheme. It is important to know complexion tints rather accurately in order to be sure that the compact gift is right of course; and also whether the recipient uses rouge and lipstick as well as powder. A compact nowadays is not just powder but may include rouge and lipstick, sometimes interchangeable lipsticks for day and evening.

A gift selected from the cosmetic department need not necessarily be an expensive one, but it can very easily show real thought and consideration in selection. And that is a Christmas compliment which is very hard to better.

Incidentally don't let Christmas parties and gayeties find you looking tired and strained, even though you feel that you can never look another bolt of red ribbon or roll of tissue paper in the face again without hysterics. Steal time somehow, no matter what else you have to skimp on, for some relaxing bath treatments with bath salts and body oil massage; give a few minutes extra to your facial massage or let a circulation cream stimulate the blood in the tired tissues and smooth out the wrinkles and tiny lines.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Barbara Stanwood will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding care of the skin or hair. The service is confidential and no charge is made for it. Letters should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp and addressed to Miss Stanwood in care of The Patch Box, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

### First Aid for Gift Trouble

SISTERS, cousins, aunts constitute a real problem when a man sits down face to face with his Christmas list. It will make his Christmas merrier and happier if you're able to make some helpful suggestions when tentatively approached. Some of these new and fascinating things I've just noticed, for instance:

A STUNNING LITTLE COMPACT, its gold-finished metal case striped in black. It comes in single or double form, and also with a matching lipstick. The powder, rouge and lipstick are famous.

A MANICURE SET, tiny but complete, which would be delightful as a traveling companion, or for use at home too.

A BATH SET, completely luxurious, containing among other feminine delights a new cream soap and a new oil for your bath.

A SMART BLACK LEATHER HATBOX, or what seems to be one until you lift the cover and find that the rose-moire-lined interior is filled with a complete assortment of cosmetics.

THE MOST ALLURING PERFUME, young and—no, not sophisticated; it's more modern than that—but utterly charming.

SOFT, DELICIOUS FACE CREAM, cleansing lotion, powder and soap, all with the same fresh scent, and in the most attractive box.

As turn about is fair play, he will like a special set of fragrant accessories for shaving. One particularly attractive set has no frills to bore a man and, though it is distinctly pleasant, is certainly not scented effeminately. Another, equally masculine, comes in a convenient leather case for traveling.

*If you can't find these suggestions in your favorite cosmetic department let me know and I'll be glad to send you more particulars.*

—BARBARA STANWOOD.

# Buy Buy Christmas

*(Continued from Page 17)*

Books! So many big fellows to read about. Moby Dick, and The Three Musketeers, and Byrd, and Lawrence, and Lindbergh. All about sailing, and shooting lions, and flying, and exploring the poles.

Tickets to go places. A ticket for a big basketball game. Or indoor hockey. Or the big midwinter indoor track meet. Or the radio or automobile show. Or his first real big-time mystery play. And lunch at a men's club, or a hotel, first.

Perhaps you could give him a whole week-end in the college town where he hopes to make his letter some day. Or, mother permitting, what he will never forget, the thrill of his first airplane ride! Let him find the ticket in the toe of his stocking, when he thinks he's all through till next Christmas.

Buying boys' things is almost as much fun as being a boy!

### The Sophisticated Little Gift

IT'S part of the game that this little gift from one college girl to another must not cost much. Yet, it must look as if you had gone student third on innumerable ships, tramped with your knapsack through Spanish mountain villages, haggled in the "thieves' market" of Riga, searched the shops of Montparnasse and the Rive Gauche, and returned triumphant, with this one amusing what-not.

Put a smooth, mauve-brown porcelain dog from Frankfort into her life. Or a tiny porcelain mouse. A Moroccan tooled-leather book cover with handles, for the novel she is reading. (Slip one of the marvelous new paper-cover dollar books into it.) A single handkerchief with a beautiful cutwork three-letter monogram. An initial clip-pin for her béret or her bag.

Find a beautiful hand-woven scarf or square, however small, for her table. Start a petit-point footstool for her, and give her the wools to finish it herself. Make her one of those fascinating black-and-white Japanese pictures, all in tiny cross-stitch.

Try tea things for her "lady of the manor" feeling—a copper teakettle, a pewter "skyscraper" tea set, some peasant pottery plates and cups. Make her little cheesecloth bags of her favorite tea, ready to drop into the pot. Go exploring for interesting food she may keep in her room, caviar, fat colored pots of Syrian or Russian honey, boxes of colored party sugar, tins of Italian almond paste.

What about the new sets of backgammon, the smart new-old game Newport revived last summer, and cunning folding chess sets, and checker boards, now that all the good old games are coming back?

But you say your allowance has no elastic to cover Christmas! Have an interesting snapshot enlarged, and frame it, or mount it in some amusing way, or make a little booklet of snapshots. Send her a box of the candy that is your special talent.

Design her a bookplate, if you almost went to art school. You can interest one of the minor printers, so the cost need not be great. Find some small etchings or woodcuts which are within your means. Consider the new metal belts, leather flowers, hand-rolled flower-colored pastel handkerchiefs, angora skating socks, and the metal finger rings, huge things like brass knuckles, inspired by the exposition at Stockholm.

Remember, it is the practical French who teach us that the little gift should be a luxury, foremost in its field. A single lipstick or a handkerchief which is new and smart and amusing is preferable to a mediocre motor car or an also-ran grand piano.

### Mother's Just You Grown Up!

SIT down tomorrow morning, when you have got the last child off to school. and play the new mother game, just like this: Write a letter to Santa Claus, with a list of all the things you sigh for in secret. Not the necessary things which you'll budget with your husband, like the winter's coal, but the nonessentials, too frivolous for the mother of three children, while you are paying for the house.

Unbelievably sheer stockings. A real amethyst necklace, or maybe a ring or a pin, because you love the color. A Beauvais embroidered bag, or a little velvet one just for afternoons, when you play bridge. And, oh, yes, some lessons in contract bridge. You haven't played since the

*(Continued on Page 48)*

# THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT

## It's pleasant to go shopping in a new Buick Eight

If you drive a new Buick Eight, you shop safely, smartly, reliably . . . If you don't own a Buick, you may decide to shop more carefully *for your next car* when you consider what these women say:

"A business woman thinks of a car in terms of investment, and so shops for the best for her money: dependability and performance both. I chose a new Buick Eight."

"Of course, one wants everything in a car in this day. First comes fine eight-cylinder performance, then safety, then comfort, then of course appearance. I find all of these in Buick."

"Women see beyond the glamour of a paint job. While that's important, a good motor is the essential thing. A good substantial car that delivers you safely is wanted. I much prefer Buick."

"I think first of dependability. The motor is most important; and you can usually take a lot for granted if dealing with the right company. I have every confidence in Buick."

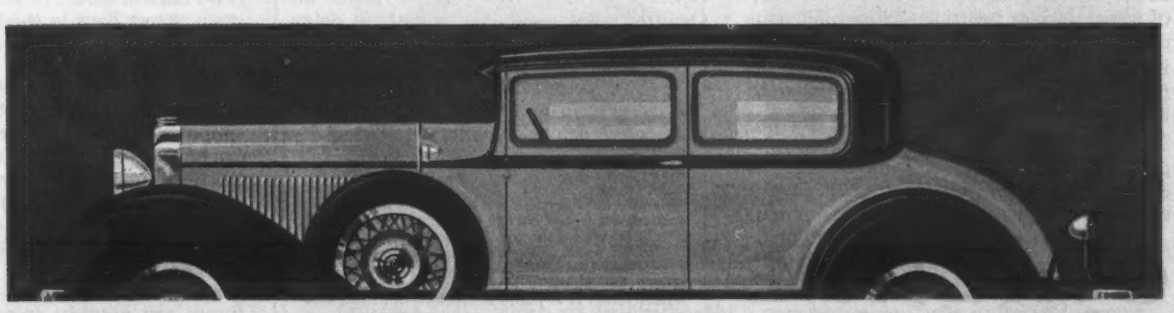
More than twice as many women are purchasing new Buick Eights as any other car of its price.

The reasons are well expressed here in their own words. And you will find other important reasons in the new Buick itself, including its new Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine, new Syncro-Mesh *Silent-Shift* Transmission, and new Insulated Bodies by Fisher.

Shop carefully for your next car. Very likely you, too, will decide to do *all* your shopping—as well as motoring—safely, smartly and reliably in a new Buick Straight Eight.

*Four series . . . twenty luxurious models . . . priced from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

# How To Get Restful Sleep

## at Night—*and Buoyant Days*

### *A New Discovery That Induces Sleep Without Drugs*

**The Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day.**

IF you have a hard time getting to sleep at night, we urge you to try this discovery of a noted European scientist. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous, sleep-starved people. Not only in the sleep they get, but in their energy and appearance all next day.

On doctor's advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. So the sleep it brings is sound, natural sleep. And it does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

*What It Is*

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get normal refreshing sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

Do you wonder, then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

*Try It Tonight*

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous underweight children. Thousands take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. *764*

**OVALTINE**

*The Swiss Food-Drink*

*Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula*

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a doubt.


*(Continued from Page 46)*

baby's been teething, but teething does not go on forever, like the brook.

The extravagantly long twelve-button black suéde gloves which everyone wrinkles over her sleeves. A new white beaded collar to wear with your last year's velvet. And a mysterious black negligee, with bright green on it, to make you look dashing, and a little wicked, and undomestic, as if you couldn't imagine how dishes are washed. And a nightgown of crêpe de chine and lace.

Things for the house go down next. Those amusing red polka-dot glasses, and the new salad knives that are cutting up, with Emily Post's approval. A low table to serve coffee in the living room after dinner, as Cousin Marie does in her penthouse. And a crisp lettuce-green ruffled organdie bedspread, and curtains to match.

Now, stop writing! Read the list over. And decide which of all these things you can afford to give your mother, or even your mother-in-law. For both these mothers are surprisingly like you. They have been seeing children through teething more years than you have, and sighing for stockings that were not sensible, for underwear that looked too frivolous for words, and for new things for the house, like the newest bride's.

Let yourself go a little for mother. Put your heart as well as your head, into your decision. And, if you must be sensible, buy her, in addition, one silly little gift she will love because she doesn't need it at all to keep warm and dry and comfortable.

### *For the Little Woman*

*(Stage Directions: This is designed to be discovered and read, oh! quite by accident, by a husband who finds the Journal, this page uppermost, on his favorite chair. Nothing in this section should be underlined, but little dots or smears may mark it here and there.)*

WHAT your wife wants is the same old stuff she wished for when she played London Bridge as a pigtailed child—a fur coat, a diamond watch, and a pink silk party dress. She no longer wishes for the gold piano, fortunately for you. She finds that at the movie theater.

"The Christmas you give her her fur coat" is apt to be next best to the Christmas of her first doll. And, happily enough, you husbands are often good pickers of furs. The coat you buy as a surprise, arranging that it may be exchanged the day after Christmas, often delights the wife. She shows it to the bridge club with as much pride in your good taste as in your generosity.

All women like diamonds. But there are thousands of things which cost less, and delight the wife nearly as much. Semiprecious jewelry, set in marcasite or silver, is in good taste, whether you buy a simple little carnelian ring, at five dollars, or an elaborate amethyst necklace and bracelet at five hundred. The daytime wrist watches women like right now are the modern sport styles in white gold, designed like modern architecture, very, very simple, worn on a narrow black cord.

Hand bags are safe buying for husbands. Evening bags of metal or brocade, afternoon bags of velvet or satin, with jeweled clasp, street bags in suède and dull-finish calf—and no woman need tell a man how to pick leather things!

A new evening dress for New Year's is a great thrill, and the dazzling thin black or simple white satin a man usually chooses for his wife is always a success. Or, the "little woman" who saved and scrimped to pay off the mortgage will love the white fur evening wrap she'd never indulge in herself, or the ruby velvet which makes her look like a far-away princess. Negligees, and beautiful underwear and perfumes are notably successful husband's gifts.

And the thing your wife wants most of all is not something to have and to hold at all, but a little jaunt somewhere with you. Let her find in her stocking the trip to Bermuda you could not manage for the honeymoon, glass-bottomed boats and dazzling skies, and all that. Or plan a week-end in New York or Chicago, three days of winter sports in Canada, a week in Florida.

If you always give her a check, put it in an embroidered purse, or a leather sewing basket, or a jewel box which will be a little gift in itself. Whatever you give, don't let it mean just so much substance.

### *Give the Boy Friend*

YOU didn't even know him last Christmas. And now, your every waking thought is, not how cute he is, with the earnest, wide-eyed look he gets about budgets, but what in the world can you give him for Christmas? How can you register the beatific look of the newly engaged, when mental anguish is what you feel!

You meet yourself up the weirdest alleys, looking for little shops with something different, when, all the time, you could give him anything at all, the way he feels about you. Well, almost anything. But not ties or shirts. They are his one chance to use his own color sense, to dress up for you. He likes to think that you approve his choice. You remember how he wears and wears the tie you say you like so much?

Give him leather things—a black ostrich cigarette case, or a thin, supple bill fold, or his first matched set, bill fold, lighter, cigarette case.

Now that he wears his "tux" so often to please you, what about an evening cigarette case, very thin, in white gold, with a really good monogram, and perhaps a touch of black enamel? Those imported "eggshell" cases are expensive enough to be rare, and yet they do not look at all material.

There are evening scarfs which convey the desirable impression of your superior finesse in their discovery, rather than of ready money.

Avoid large and heavy gifts which have to be hauled and tugged in before his amused family. And spend as much as you like, so long as the gift does not suggest a fat purse. Never try to outdo him in giving.

Everything is simple if he likes books. Buy him a set of Conrad in blue leather, or a beautifully illustrated Three Musketeers. Have his favorite book especially bound just for him. Send him books you will read together some day, sitting on the floor before your own fireplace (budget permitting more than a steam radiator).

Even the nonbookish man likes large, important books with glorious color plates of ships or dogs or wild animals, according to his interests.

Send him the most beautiful illuminated leather portfolio Italy can produce. Seek till you find it; be sure it is supple, not stiffened with boards, and don't be afraid of a little color. You will find leather things for his desk easy to buy.

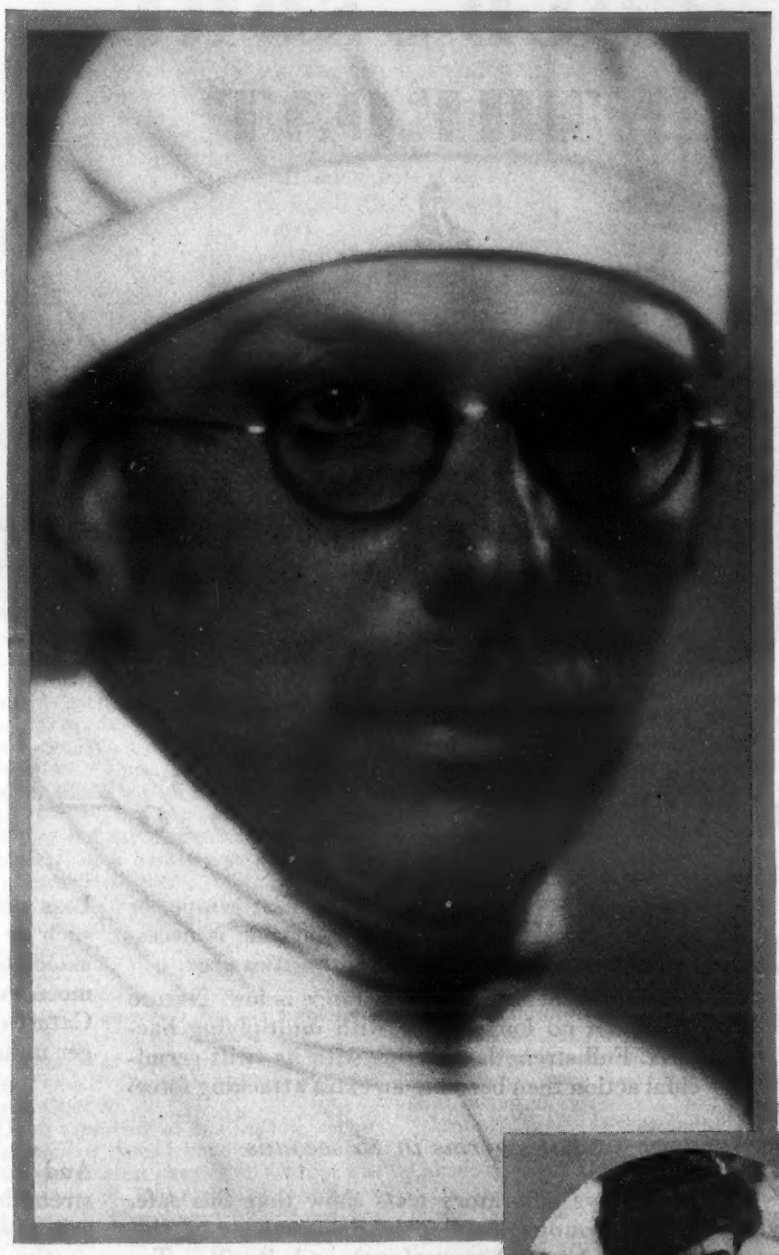
A pocket golf watch which clicks open and shut, with the face protected, is a favorite with men. There are leather cases and white gold. Bronze book-ends in animal or ship subjects, a wonderful little bronze figure for his desk, to be extravagant. A pair of framed woodcuts of the village where you went canoeing last spring. An amusing Swiss wood carving. A spirited etching of one of his heroes—D'Artagnan, perhaps. A framed print of a ship in full sail. A watch that fits on top of the gear shift of his car.

Give him, not big terrifying things, but things which will not overpower little you. Give him something which will last, for, after all, you two will never have another first Christmas!

# "For this trouble.. nothing excels yeast,"

X-ray shows poison-breeding wastes that accumulate when intestines are sluggish. Fresh yeast keeps intestines active, clean.

## ..Explains this FAMOUS VIENNA PHYSICIAN



**DR. ALBERT W. BAUER**

**... brilliant specialist of the Vienna General Hospital, is an outstanding leader of European medical thought. He was chief of a brigade, Medico-Sanitary Division, during the War. He has written many articles on intestinal disorders, on which he is an authority.**

**Read what Dr. Bauer says about "INTESTINAL FATIGUE" and the simple food that corrects it!**

THINK of being able to correct a lifelong health affliction with a simple food!

Think of being able to stop taking ever-increasing doses of weakening cathartics and laxative pills.

That is exactly what you can do—by the simple fresh yeast method that doctors all over the world are advising!

Just read what the noted Austrian physician and hospital authority, Dr. Albert W. Bauer, says about it.

"To correct constipation permanently," he says, "there is nothing better than yeast, which stimulates the digestive processes, decreases putrefaction and helps prevent a whole series of ailments.

"Yeast," he explains, "has a general tonic effect on the system."

Why is the eating of yeast so effective? The reason is that this remarkable food actually "tones up" and strengthens the "tired" intestinal muscles. Poison-breeding body wastes are softened and gently expelled. Secretion of gastric juices is stimulated, too. Healthier digestion naturally results. Keener appetite and fresh new energy are yours!

Won't you try it? Just eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* fresh Yeast every day—a cake before each meal, or between meals, and at bedtime. Eat it plain or in water (hot or cold), or any way you like.

Go to your nearest grocery, restaurant or soda fountain now, and get a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Every cake is rich in three vitamins indispensable to health—vitamins B and G and the "sunshine" vitamin D. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York.

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

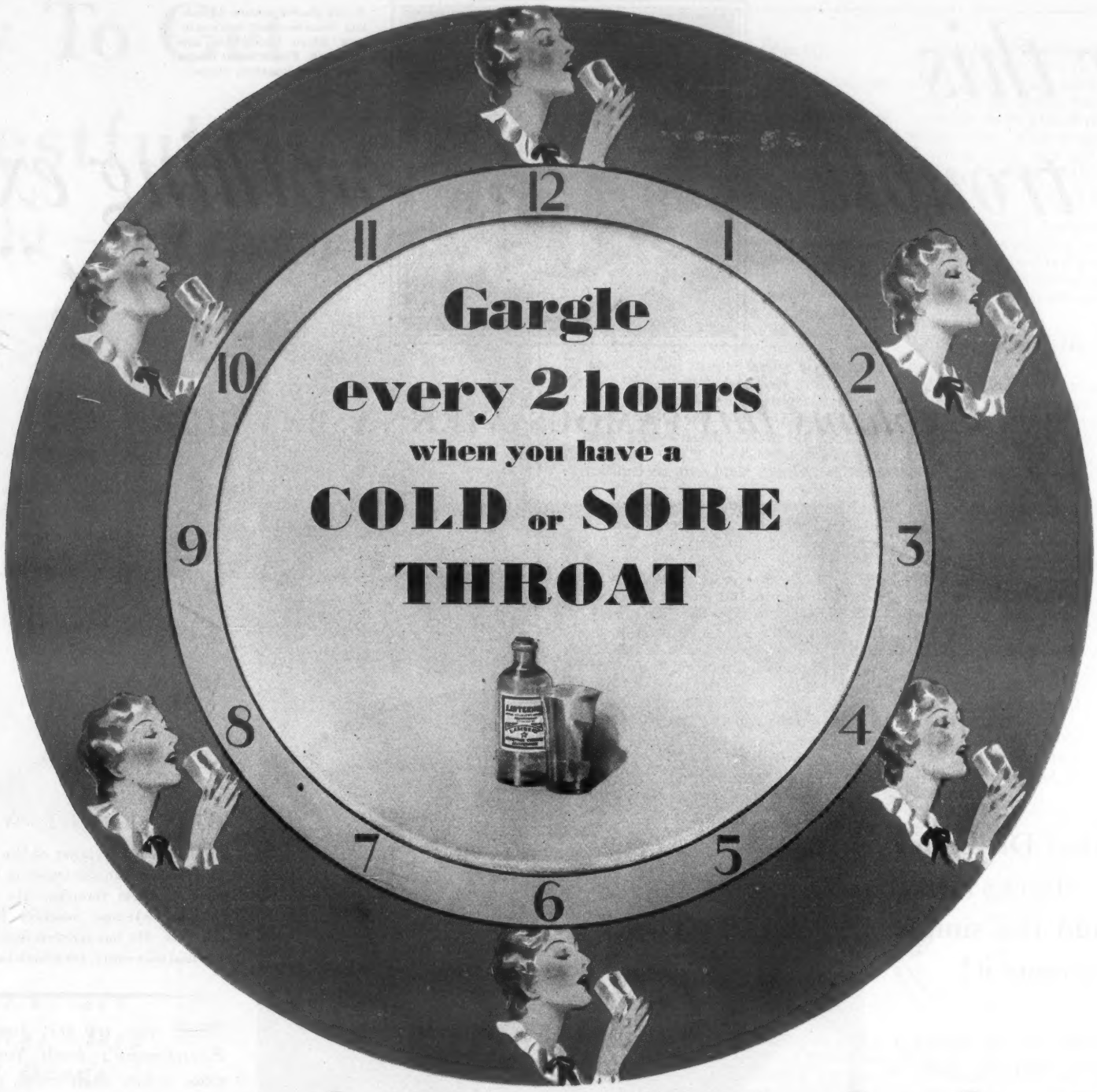
### *Read what Heads of World-famous Clinics say:*

PROF. DR. GUSTAV SINGER, of Vienna, noted hospital authority and physician to European royalty, declares: "We have long known that the eating of yeast is the best way to keep the intestines free from poisons. It corrects constipation and resulting skin disorders, stimulates the appetite . . . counteracts a run-down condition of health."

DR. GEORGES FAROY, Physician of the Hospitals of Paris, explains: "Fresh yeast is a living food. It stimulates normal intestinal action and aids the digestion and assimilation of food."

**"I felt run-down," *writes* Paul Page, *Worcester, Mass.* "My elimination was poor and I couldn't eat. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast, which my doctor thought would help me. It brought back normal intestinal action and appetite."**

**Miss Barbara A. Evans *of San Francisco* demonstrates how she eats yeast three times a day for health. "My digestion was very poor," she writes. "I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast and soon felt ever so much better."**




# Reduces mouth germs 98%—heals tissue

Your mouth is the open door to infection, the breeding place for millions of disease germs, the battle ground for the forces of health and disease.

Surely you realize the importance of using a safe antiseptic to maintain its cleanliness. Surely you welcome a pleasant germicide to aid in the prevention and attack of diseases that develop there. Listerine is both an antiseptic and germicide.

Under ordinary conditions of health, the usual morning and night gargle with full strength Listerine is deemed sufficient to assist nature in keeping dangerous disease micro-organisms under control.

*Gargle every 2 hours*

But when infection has actually started as is the case when you have a cold, influenza, grippe, or irritated throat, more frequent gargling is necessary. Once every two hours, authorities urge.

For in ill health body resistance is low. Nature alone can no longer cope with multiplying bacteria. Full strength Listerine with its swift germicidal action then becomes an extra attacking force.

*Kills germs in 15 seconds*

Exhaustive laboratory tests show that this safe, non-poisonous antiseptic destroys even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

Less resistant but no less dangerous pathogens such as the Streptococcus Hemolyticus (the germ associated with sore throat and cold), the Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh) are destroyed in much larger numbers.

*Reduces mouth germs 98%*

And in the mouth, further tests show that full strength Listerine reduces the bacterial count of saliva 98%. Think of it! In order to maintain a continuous reduction of bacteria, frequent gargling is absolutely necessary. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## *"No colds or sore throat in class," school-teacher says*

Lambert Pharmacal Company, Robinsonville, Miss.
Gentlemen:

It has occurred to me that you might like to hear of the experiences we have had this year with LISTERINE—"we" meaning our little one-room school here. Perhaps no other letters have come from an old-fashioned district school of all ages and all grades: and because of this, you may be more than ordinarily interested.

On our roll are the names of twenty-eight children, a larger number than at any time in the history of the school. We have made the best average daily attendance, however, that I have ever known—and I have been teacher here for the past nine years. The entire school has been *almost perfect* from a no-cold-no-sore-throat-no-cough-no-sniffle standpoint, and I attribute this condition to the daily use of pure Listerine. The children are taught the lesson of "watching the gateway of the mouth"—to quote their Hygiene text—and *this year, I urged the gargling of full-strength Listerine*, in addition to the toothbrush and other sanitary precautions. The weather was unusually severe this winter, and the old schoolhouse full of cracks and holes, but we have come through with flying colors. It has been a source of comment to many, and we give Listerine the credit. I am sure you will be pleased to know this.

Sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) Mrs. W. E. Cox
Principal, Robinsonville Rural School

LISTERINE

# The First Christmas

(Continued from Page 15)

*absorbed in his thoughts. The others take part in the conversation from time to time. They are all earnest, simple men. They all show reverence to* OBED, *their leader.*

OBED (*answering* NATHAN): I know not, Nathan. I only know that the heart stirs as though unwonted beauty brooded over all the hills tonight. All that ever was or ever shall be seems gathered in the rays of yonder new star in the East. Prophecies from olden times tug at the strings of the mind. Even the sheep are moved.

LEVI: The wolves ——

JOSIAH: But there were no wolves for all our fears.

OBED: No, there were no wolves except our fears, though we did right to pray lest indeed our fears prove true.

BENJAMIN: Think you that that priest, Melker, spake truly when he prophesied one comes tonight who may be King?

JOSIAH: Nay, said he not a soldier—a great Captain among the people?

LEVI: I would it were a king to throw off the Roman yoke and free our people.

OBED: Nay, Melker said that fourteen hundred years ago there was a prophecy which read: If Israel was faithful God would give us a Saviour to redeem us from our sins.

LABAN (*looking up for the first time*): Said he so?

[ARIEL, *who has been hiding behind the rock in view of the audience, hears* LABAN'S *voice and recognizes him. He gasps with sudden emotion—then presses close to the rock lest he betray himself.*

NATHAN (*without alarm*): What noise was that?

BENJAMIN: 'Twas David there who choked in his sleep.

DAVID (*half asleep, rouses himself*): What sayest thou? One called?

BENJAMIN: Nay, boy, go back to thy slumber.

OBED: David does well to sleep. Let others follow suit. I'll guard the flocks till morning dawns.

NATHAN: Then I will take thy place.

OBED: So be it. Sleep now. (*He stands with staff in hand.*) God's blessing over all!

[*Shepherds all stretch themselves in different positions on the ground to sleep.*

[*Together:*

NATHAN: Amen, say I.

ASAH: So be it.

JOSIAH: May thou see naught but good this watch, Obed.

BENJAMIN: Mind that newborn lamb, Obed.

LABAN (*with a heavy sigh*): God send sleep quickly.

OBED (*as he exits right*): Surely it will be a morning without clouds.

[*There is silence for a few moments as all fall quickly into slumber.* LABAN *moves twice restlessly. Then even he is still.* ARIEL *has listened alertly to all that has passed. He drinks it in wonderingly. When all are perfectly still he remembers a half-formed plan. He takes out his knife and caresses it.*

ARIEL (*whispering to himself*): Bekko! Thou'lt tell me where my dog Bekko is!

[*Then he begins to drag himself from behind the rock toward* LABAN, *who is down front right center—not far from the rock. There are no sleeping shepherds between the two brothers. Just as he gets halfway toward him,* LABAN *sighs in his sleep and moves.* ARIEL *drops face downward on the ground and remains absolutely still. Very far off and so softly as to be almost indistinguishable, a strain of music is heard. It dies out again. Then* ARIEL *rises on his elbow and begins to drag himself toward* LABAN *again with his knife in his hand.*

ARIEL (*murmuring to himself*): My dog! My Bekko! Dear God, make Laban give me back my dog!

[*Just as he reaches* LABAN *and rises on one knee with his knife uplifted as if preparing to strike* LABAN, *there is another distant strain of music, but this time a little louder, so* ARIEL *hears. He pauses transfixed for a moment. His face, which has been tense with excitement and madness, begins to soften. He drops his hand and the knife slides out of it onto the ground unnoticed. A soft light begins to flood the center of the stage from above. It comes very slowly as the music grows in volume. He forgets* LABAN.

ARIEL (*with clasped hands, face uplifted to the light, whispering to himself ecstatically*): Dear God! Dear God!

[*The shepherds begin to stir as the music grows and the light becomes more intense.* ARIEL *falls face on the ground again as if he cannot bear his happiness.* LABAN *stirs and sits up dazed by the light. They all sit up. A few stand in wonderment. Comes a voice of great beauty and joy.*

VOICE (*coming through the music*): Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. (*There is a glorious burst of music and the shepherds fall to their knees; then a whole chorus of voices singing.*)

VOICES: Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.

[*The music dies down gradually and the light fades out at the same time. There is a soft repetition of the line.*

VOICES: Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.

[*The shepherds remain on their knees.*

NATHAN (*in a low voice as he rises*): He has come! Our Saviour has come!

DAVID (*one of the young men, rises trembling*): What did the voices say? I couldn't hear the words. There was such a ringing in my ears. What did they say?

NATHAN: "Unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

LEVI (*rising and speaking in a whisper*): Did they not say in Bethlehem?

JOSIAH (*in a hushed voice as he rises*): Aye, 'twas Bethlehem.

BENJAMIN (*in a hushed voice*): In a manger, they said. Didst thou hear them say "in a manger"?

JOSIAH: Aye, that's what *I* heard. One said "in swaddling clothes."

ISHMAEL (*amazed*): He has come as a babe? A little babe?

NATHAN (*as* OBED *enters slowly from right*): Obed! Obed! Hast thou seen and heard, Obed?

OBED (*speaking as one walking on another plane*): Aye, I have both seen and heard the greatest glory of all life that was and is to come. This night have the heavens opened. The Voice of the Lord has spoken. We shall behold His Anointed.

LEVI (*wonderingly*): Didst thou hear the voice say it was a babe lying in a manger in Bethlehem? It is not a king, then, Obed?

OBED: A King, indeed, that will rule all nations.

[*Together:*

LEVI: What will Herod say?

JOSIAH: Will he be a great warrior?

BENJAMIN: Will he be called King of the Jews?

NATHAN: When will this happen?

THE REST: A King!

OBED: He shall not sit upon Herod's throne. He shall not carry a sword. He shall be called a Shepherd. (*They look at each other wonderingly.*) No one shall see the end of His Kingdom. The hosts that shall worship Him shall be more in number than the stars. The stars, themselves, the winds and waves, the mighty tempests shall obey Him.

DAVID (*in an awed whisper*): What shall His name be?

OBED: His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. (*Quoting from the prophet Isaiah.*)

NATHAN: Who hath told thee?

OBED: An angel. A message of love sent from God to men.

NATHAN: Did the angel tell thee His name?

OBED: Nay. He said no man might know His name as yet. It was the same that spake with our father Jacob and our father Abraham. It will speak to many millions of men yet unborn—more than the sands in number, until love reigns and all nations are become as one and learn war no longer. Many things would he have told me but I fell upon my face for the glory and the beauty of the vision and could bear no more.

LABAN (*with a husky voice*): It said He would blot out our iniquities?

OBED: Aye, till all sin has vanished away. But let us linger here no longer. Let each man go to his home and bring with him his wife and children and go to worship before the newborn babe. Let us meet again outside Bethlehem on the road that leads to the inn. Let each bring a gift, such as he hath, to lay at the feet of our Saviour.

SHEPHERDS (*softly*): Aye, near the inn, we shall meet. Aye, as quickly as possible.

[*The shepherds pass slowly out at left murmuring among themselves:* "Wonderful," "A Saviour," "The prophecy has come true," *and so on, until they are well off in the distance.* LABAN *follows behind to the edge of the scene and cannot go any farther. He stops and a great sob shakes him.*

LABAN (*lifting his hands to heaven and crying in agony*): Now, Lord! Now!

ARIEL (*who has risen to a sitting position as the shepherds exit, not noticing him in their excitement*): Laban!

LABAN (*startled, turns quickly. He stares in amazement and fear*): Thou! Thou!

ARIEL (*softly and kindly, with all the insanity fallen away from face and voice*): Nay, be not afraid.

LABAN (*thinking he is dreaming*): Thou!

ARIEL (*simply*): I am thy brother, Laban.

LABAN (*bursting into great sobs, throws himself abjectly face downward close to* ARIEL): My brother! My brother!

ARIEL (*looks at the man shaking with grief before him*): Thou art forgiven, Laban.

LABAN (*without looking up*): But thy wits, brother—I cannot restore thy wits.

ARIEL (*quietly*): They are restored, Laban. Look at me, Laban!

LABAN (*sits up slowly*): Restored?

ARIEL (*smiling*): Thou seest.

LABAN (*rises to feet and backs away in fear, whispering*): What hast done this thing?

ARIEL: Hast thou so soon forgotten what thou has seen and heard tonight?

[*He begins to rise slowly, both legs equally strong—which he does not at first realize until he sees* LABAN *staring at the one that was lame.*

LABAN: Thy leg!

[LABAN *falls on his knees and bows his head. A look of ecstatic gratitude passes over* ARIEL'S *face.*

ARIEL (*with closed eyes, softly*): Dear God! I am made whole!

[*The two remain silent while there is the sound of music very far away. It ceases.*

ARIEL (*slowly, with great love*): Come, rise! Thou, too, art cleansed. Let us go and kneel before His Anointed One.

[*He helps* LABAN *up.*

LABAN (*humbly*): Aye, I can go now. But we have no gifts.

ARIEL: A grateful heart is better than the blood of goats. Come, we shall go together.

[*As they start off left the distant music begins again, this time voices softly singing:* "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." *The music continues a moment after they have disappeared. Then it ceases and there is a very short pause.*

VOICE OF A MAN (*off stage, at the foot of the hill*): Halloa up there! Halloa!

[*There is no answer as the two brothers have passed out of hearing.*

VOICE (*coming nearer, panting a little*): I thought I saw two shepherds up here.

[MELCHIOR, *one of the Wise Men, enters quickly, followed by* GASPAR, *the second Wise Man. They are dressed in flowing garb of rich color. The flash of jewels on their headdresses and belts shows in the firelight. They speak with more rapidity than the shepherds, though with dignity.*

GASPAR (*panting a little also*): They are not here now, surely.

MELCHIOR: But there was someone here for their fire is still freshly burning.

GASPAR: An auspicious omen!

MELCHIOR: Let us call Belthazar to warm himself before we proceed on our journey. (*He goes quickly to stage right and calls down the hill*): Belthazar! A fire is here to warm thee.

BELTHAZAR (*in the distance*): I come!

MELCHIOR (*turning to* GASPAR, *who is warming himself by the fire*): I may not be at one with all the teachings of Zoroaster, but a good fire is a good fire on a cold night.

GASPAR (*laughs gently*): Aye. But thou hast agreed on the battle of good and evil. Also in the reading of the stars. Great the empyrean of heaven, wherein we read the fate of men!

BELTHAZAR (*enters right, panting a little*): Our long journey hath somewhat worn my strength, which at my age is fragile as an old garment. But a fire is a goodly sight on a cold night like this. Where are the shepherd lads?

MELCHIOR (*leading him to the fire, as he is a much older man than the two others*): Gone to tend some wandering sheep mayhap.

GASPAR (*as they approach the fire*): It matters naught. Lo! what a clear view we have from this hilltop of the heavens and the countryside! We do not need shepherds to guide us now. See the star there—how low it hangs o'er a small village. Is that not a village yonder, Melchior?

MELCHIOR (*with excitement*): Aye, so it is. The star seems to have come to rest. According to our calculations, then, that is the spot where we shall find the child.

GASPAR: And this the very hour.

BELTHAZAR: Our prophecy's to be fulfilled!

MELCHIOR (*as they warm their hands by the fire*): And is it not strange, my friends, to think that thou, Belthazar, and thou, Gaspar, and I, Melchior—three Magi from the East—should be the only ones in all this countryside who know of the import of this night!

BELTHAZAR: Aye! Judea sleeps!

GASPAR: Poor shepherds mostly—who can know naught of the wisdom of the great world. How little do they dream that in their midst tonight is born one who will be the greatest scholar of all time.

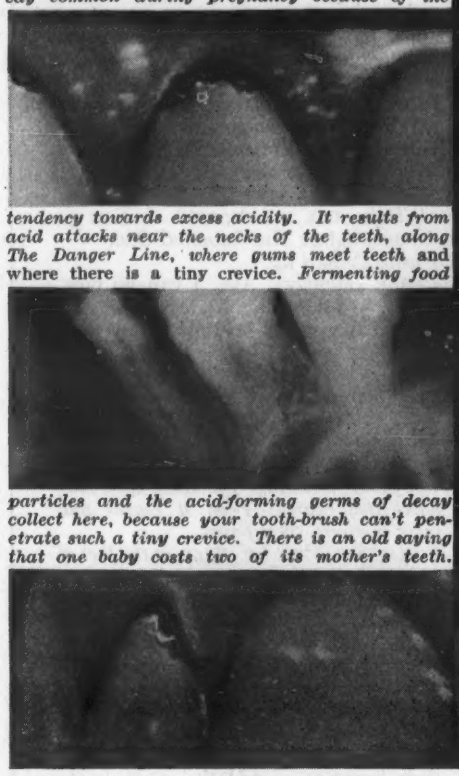
BELTHAZAR: Scholar and King!

MELCHIOR: Methinks, as we stand here on this hilltop, the gods have smiled upon us. Is it not then a holy place!

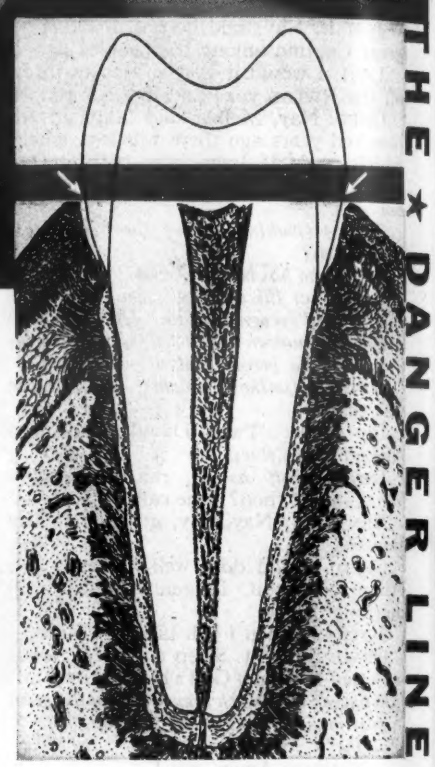
(Continued on Page 53)

THE JOURNAL readers may obtain permission for an amateur production of The First Christmas by Mrs. Don Marquis, during this Christmas season, without the usual royalty charges, by writing to the Editor of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

If admission is to be charged, the proceeds must be devoted to church, charitable or community purposes.



The dreaded gingival third decay, *a form of decay common during pregnancy because of the tendency towards excess acidity. It results from acid attacks near the necks of the teeth, along The Danger Line, where gums meet teeth* and where there is a tiny crevice. *Fermenting food particles and the acid-forming germs of decay collect here, because your tooth-brush can't penetrate such a tiny crevice. There is an old saying that one baby costs two of its mother's teeth.*




* *The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this thin edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. Nor will tooth decay spread beneath it and attack the sensitive neck of the tooth. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection. Never let this happen.*

# THE EXPECTANT MOTHER

## SHOULD, BY ALL MEANS, KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

**for it is the only type of dentifrice that brings these special benefits to protect the teeth of motherhood**

MANY a woman emerges from the trying period of pregnancy with her teeth and gums in bad condition—sometimes she loses one or more teeth. But this certainly need not happen.

During pregnancy, a woman's teeth are unusually susceptible to decay—due, first, to the demands upon the lime stores of her body and, second, to the presence of germ acids in the mouth. Correct food, including the necessary vitamins and mineral salts, and the regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream, will aid in combating decay.

Years ago, physicians and dentists began to advise expectant mothers to use Milk of Magnesia as a mouth wash to combat germ acids. How natural then that today an increasing number of both professions consider Squibb's Dental Cream a valuable aid during pregnancy—far beyond the powers of other types of dentifrices.

It is 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Each time you brush your teeth with Squibb's *you combat germ acids.* You force countless particles of Milk of Magnesia into the crevices and fissures of the teeth and render these acids harmless even where your tooth-brush fails to reach.

One of the most vital parts of the mouth is the thin margin of tissue where the gums join the teeth. It is called The Danger Line because it is a real point of danger for everybody. Here pyorrhea starts. Here, also, occurs the dreaded gingival third decay—so prevalent during pregnancy.

Squibb's affords the delicate gum margin wonderful protection. It definitely soothes irritation and helps keep your gums firm and sound. Protects against pyorrhea—for as long as The Danger Line is healthy, pyorrhea will not begin.

How beautifully Squibb's cleans the teeth—and so safely. It contains no grit, no astringents, nothing which might injure the delicate gum edge. Use Squibb's every day. Your teeth will keep so much more attractive and healthy. For you'll be giving your gums the safest of care and your teeth the finest possible protection against decay.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

*(Continued from Page 51)*

GASPAR: Great is the wisdom of our Zoroaster!

BELTHAZAR: Great the knowledge of the stars!

MELCHIOR: Great the Unknown God! *(Then in a hushed voice):* I sometimes wonder, Gaspar, if there is not more to know than all the wise men or even Zoroaster dreamed of. Perhaps this child ——

GASPAR *(interrupting):* Blaspheme not, Melchior! Can there be a greater than our Zoroaster? Hath he not clearly shown us how to fight the great battle of good and evil? Hath he not given us our symbol of all life—even the fire at our feet?

MELCHIOR: But tonight does not the future seem to promise something? What think you, Belthazar?

BELTHAZAR *(quietly):* Much hath the past taught us. Therefore much doth the future hold likewise.

MELCHIOR: Thinkest thou it will unfold in our day?

BELTHAZAR: Is it not enough that we should construe the birth of this child from our knowledge of the stars?

GASPAR: Aye, we must press on. After bestowing our gifts we must fulfill our promise made to Herod.

BELTHAZAR: Nay, friends, I have had a dream. I have not spoken of it before. In my dream I saw a vision. The vision spake to me. It saith, "Go not back to Herod, but depart to thine own homes."

GASPAR: Think you Herod means ill to the child?

BELTHAZAR: I know not.

MELCHIOR: Let us press on. Our hour has come.

BELTHAZAR: Within a few short leagues lies the end of our pilgrimage. How many nights have we followed that star, carried forward by a hope that grew like the star more luminous as we drew nearer to our quest. Soon 'twill be fulfilled. Mine heart seeketh rest and peace. Let us away!

[*They all descend the hill—there is a slight pause, and then from far away comes the strain of music again.*

VOICES *(in the distance):* Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men!

CURTAIN

[*Strains of Handel's Messiah to be played during the change of scene.*

## SCENE II

[PLACE—*Interior of stable.*

[TIME—*Two hours later.*

[DESCRIPTION OF SCENE—*The "Nativity" painted by Botticelli is a realistic, quaint picture which is a good model for a set, as well as for giving details of costumes. The first scene has been on a bleak hilltop with a great expanse of sky. In contrast to which, this scene must express joy and light and coziness, even though it is a stable.*

[MARY *is seated on a cushion of hay beside an improvised cradle in which a strong light is used to indicate the presence of the Christ child.*

[JOSEPH *stands to her right and with him are several women and some of the shepherds. There are groups of shepherds, women and children on either side of the stage, all kneeling and facing* MARY. MARY *wears a blue robe thrown around her, one end of which is over her head. It is the blue worn by the Madonna in the painting by Andrea del Sarto. She is singing a lullaby as the curtain rises.*

[*The shepherds join in the last refrain of the song. As the song ceases* MARY *continues to hum and gaze tenderly into the cradle.*

FIRST CHILD *(in a low tone to her mother):* May I give him my gift now, mother?

MOTHER *(in a low voice):* See thou goest quietly so thou wilt not disturb the babe.

[*The child tiptoes toward* MARY *very softly with her hands outstretched bearing the gift.*

FIRST CHILD *(kneeling by* MARY): Here is my white dove. I would like to give it to the sweet little babe.

MARY *(caressing the head of the dove):* Be not frightened, little dove. The father of all watches over thee too. *(To the little girl):* Shall we let it go free?

[*The child opens its hands and the dove flies up and roosts on some of the scenery. Four of the other small children draw near in the center of the stage to look up at it.*

THIRD CHILD: Now she can't get it.

MARY: I think my son would like best to set it free.

FOURTH CHILD *(to* MARY): May I look at the little babe?

## *Christmas Night Piece*

By CHARLES DALMON

WHILE you lie snug and warm
Between your soft white sheets,
A worthier one than you
May have to walk the streets.

Under a freezing sky,
Or through the sleet and snow,
A worthier one than you
May wander to and fro.

Do you deserve to be
Well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed?
A worthier one than you
May search dustbins for bread.

While you lie snug and warm,
While you forget the poor,
Christ, in His mother's arms,
May be outside your door.

MARY: Stand thou here by my side, so thou canst see him better.

[THIRD CHILD *moves to her left side.* MARY *puts her arm around her and smiles into cradle. The three other children draw shyly around to* MARY'S *right. The* FIRST CHILD *is still kneeling at her feet.*

MARY *(to all of them):* Dost see how sweetly he lies there? He knows that he hath loving friends.

THIRD CHILD: I should like to give him this shell I found by the sandy shore. Thou canst drink water from it—so. *(She pretends to drink from it.)*

MARY: Aye, 'tis a useful gift.

FOURTH CHILD: I have a white polished stone from the hillside. See how it shines! *(She kneels at* MARY'S *right to show it.)*

MARY: 'Tis very pretty.

FOURTH CHILD: Wilt keep it for him till he can play with it?

MARY *(smiling at them):* Wouldst thou give up thy treasures to please my son?

FIFTH CHILD: I have a lily I plucked in the field for him.

MARY *(taking it tenderly):* A lily of the field. Truly a lesson we may learn from these kingly flowers. *(She lays the little gifts above the cradle.)* Now all are safe and cared for—gifts of love to my beloved son.

FIRST CHILD *(looking up at her lovingly):* Thou art such a pretty mother.

FOURTH CHILD *(touching her robe shyly):* Pretty!

MARY *(kisses* FIRST CHILD *on the brow and gives each one a loving pat):* Verily, my son shall love little children.

FIRST CHILD: He will not be like other great men who push us away because they have no time?

MARY *(gently to* FIRST CHILD): Nay. Verily he shall love those with childlike hearts, apt to learn and humble of mind, whether they be big or little. See thou be not wise in thine own conceit, little one.

[*There is a noise outside the door on the right. The sound of men's voices rouses all people within to alertness.* OBED, NATHAN, JOSIAH, BENJAMIN *and* JACOB *rise to their feet. Shepherds and women whisper together* "Who is there?" "Who can it be?" "Mayhap the Romans," *and so on.*

VOICE OF MELCHIOR *(outside):* Art thou sure they are here?

VOICE OF MAN: Aye, sir, the mother and child are within, sir.

GASPAR: 'Tis strange—in a stable!

VOICE OF MAN: The inn was full, sir. *(Strong knock at the door.)*

OBED *(opens the door and stands in it, filling it so they cannot enter. With great dignity):* Who knocks?

VOICE OF MAN *(still outside):* Three Magi from the East.

MELCHIOR: We would see the mother and the child which hath been born this night.

OBED: Thou meanest well by the child?

MELCHIOR: Aye, we come to worship for our stars have prophesied great things for the babe. I prithee let us enter in peace. Long and earnestly have we sought the child.

OBED: They who seek earnestly shall find. Enter in peace.

[*He steps aside and the three Magi enter majestically, looking very regal in these humble surroundings,* MELCHIOR *leading,* GASPAR *following, helping* BELTHAZAR *by the arm. The shepherds are dumfounded at the sight. They fall back in groups and whisper among themselves.*

MELCHIOR: I and my friends greet you.

SECOND CHILD *(to her mother):* Is it a king, mother?

FOURTH CHILD *(to her mother):* Are they all kings?

FIFTH CHILD *(to her mother):* Lo! the jewels!

FIRST MOTHER *(to* FIRST CHILD): Hush, dear.

FOURTH MOTHER *(to* FOURTH CHILD): They are priests, dear.

FIFTH MOTHER *(to* FIFTH CHILD): They said that they were Magi from the East.

MELCHIOR *(striding forward toward* MARY, *kneels):* Oh, blessed mother of the child of prophecy, I salute thee!

[*The shepherds are obviously relieved when they hear these reverent words.*

MARY *(with friendly dignity):* Thou speakest truly. I am greatly blessed. Who art thou, sir? And thy two friends?

MELCHIOR: Melchior is my name, fair lady. Gaspar and Belthazar are my two friends.

MARY: Why camest thou hither? How didst know the birthplace of my babe?

MELCHIOR: The stars have prophesied that a babe should be born in Judea this night who will be King of the Jews. *(The shepherds and women whisper excitedly among themselves.)* We desired to kneel before him. We have followed a new star which appeared to guide us. Thus we were led to find thee in this stable.

MARY *(explaining):* There was no room at the inn.

MELCHIOR: Later shall your child come into a kingly state. I have brought a gift which signifies he shall be King of Kings. (MELCHIOR *hands* MARY *a box which she opens and looks into.)*

MARY *(in sweet wonderment):* It is gold!

MELCHIOR: A king I might be in mine own country, but a beggar am I before the one to be the wisest of wise men.

GASPAR *(kneeling):* I am named Gaspar. I, too, have brought a gift, dear lady. (MARY *takes the box from him, opens and smells it.)*

MARY: It hath a goodly odor.

GASPAR: Frankincense, we call it. It signifieth the sweet savor of holiness and joy which shall fill thy life and thy beloved son's.

MARY: I thank thee.

BELTHAZAR: I salute thee, O Blessed Mother; thou who art to be esteemed higher than all other women! I, too, have brought a gift. In my country it is valued highly though it hath a bitter flavor. It is named myrrh. It standeth for the highest quality of all with which thy son shall be endowed. A quality least understood, but without which there is no vision, no true inspiration, no eternal building. It is called purity.

MARY *(gazes at him wonderingly as though reading the future. Then softly):* Purity! Aye, it lieth under all.

GASPAR: May the stars protect and guide thee and thy son!

MARY *(with gentle rebuke):* God who holdeth the heavens in his hands, protects and guides the stars, the earth and all men. *(Quoting from Psalm C):* "It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves. We are his people and the sheep of his pasture."

BELTHAZAR: Thy speech falleth gently as the small rain upon the tender herb.

MARY: I thank thee, Wise Men of the East. I thank thee, shepherds and little children for the homage paid to my dear son. Wilt greet each other? *(The Magi arise.)* I am sure that he would have these friends, shepherds and kings, Wise Men and little children.

MELCHIOR *(to the shepherds, women and children):* In his name we do greet thee all.

OBED: In his name we salute thee.

[*The children creep out from their mothers' skirts. The Wise Men and the shepherds bow to one another, a soft knock comes on the door.*

MARY *(calls):* Enter.

[*The door opens slowly and distant music is heard. It continues to the end.* LABAN *and* ARIEL *enter with faces full of wonder and joy.*

FOURTH CHILD *(to her* MOTHER): 'Tis Ariel, the boy who had a devil! Lo, he walketh!

MOTHER *(to her husband):* Ariel walketh!

NATHAN *(to* OBED): Behold Laban! The blackness hath gone from his face. It shineth as the early morning.

[*Others whisper among themselves in astonishment as the two brothers walk toward* MARY *without haste, but with a fixed purpose, looking neither to right nor left, as if drawn by a golden cord. As they kneel and bow their heads the music grows to full tone and* MARY *smiles upon them. The music becomes soft again so the following speeches may be heard:*

MARY *(with great love):* My friends!

LABAN: We had no gifts to bring.

ARIEL: We offer up grateful hearts.

MARY *(softly):* The Psalmist saith: "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise."

LABAN: Much praise! For this night I have been cleansed of hatred for my brother.

ARIEL: Much thanksgiving. For my body hath been made whole this night. I am made whole to serve him.

[*The crowd listens awestruck.*

LABAN: Is there aught that we can do for him or thee?

ARIEL: Aye, we would both serve him.

MARY: Hath thou not already served him? Each hath loved his brother as himself. On this hangeth the law which my son hath come to teach.

[*The music swells loud again and voices take up the melody with the words of First Corinthians, Chapter xiii: "Love never faileth." As the curtain falls slowly the crowd on the stage join in the singing, which lasts several minutes after the curtain is down. This should be a full chorus and the climax of all the music.*

CURTAIN

# "It's a General Electric!"

***Why hesitate to suggest to your husband the gift you long for most? It is true economy to own the Refrigerator with the money-saving Monitor Top.***

THE refrigerator with the Monitor Top—as distinguished in its modern beauty as in its splendid record of economical performance—what a glorious gift for *any* woman to receive! And how very easy now—with our convenient time payment plan—for any man to give.

The refrigerator with the Monitor Top—so dependable, so extraordinarily efficient, that it operates at a cost of but a few cents a day—that is the kind of *economical* present that a man's good judgment tells him he can well afford.

Three hundred and sixty-five days a year, this gleaming white refrigerator will keep your food fresh, safe and wholesome—eliminating spoilage and waste—simplifying your marketing problems—saving you steps—and time—and money. What more welcome gift, what more useful gift—what more *economical* gift could you suggest this Christmas than the General Electric Refrigerator—the refrigerator with the money-saving Monitor Top!

*Easy time payment plan*—Wherever General Electric Refrigerators are on display they can be purchased on the easy down payment plan with small monthly installments to take care of the balance. Why not drop around—you and your husband—at the most convenient showroom, or write us for an illustrated booklet, terms and prices. Address Section J-12, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., 1400 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

REFRIGERATOR

"SILENT AS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

# Suggestions for Home Decorators

GIFTS, too, may be made to take their place in the decorative plan. For the friend who has a black lacquer end table, there is the crystal ash tray, designed by a well-known designer, which is both ornamental and practical.

And nearly everyone has at least one friend who could use a handsome box for cigarettes. These come in endless varieties, one of the most attractive being of eggshell enamel.

Match-box holders are of modern cloisonne, inexpensive and colorful, with decoration on a red ground or on black.

If you wish to give a more impressive present, there are such things as etched mirrors—scarcely anyone but finds another mirror a welcome addition to some room or other; a nest of tables takes up but little space, and is useful at tea or Sunday-evening suppertime, besides being a handsome gift.

And do you know any lady under ninety who wouldn't adore a little boudoir chair? If she happens not to have a chair for her dressing table, or even if she has, there is the new-type swivel chair, as easy to move around in as an office chair, yet looking as pretty and innocent in its feminine covering as if it had never a thought for practicality.

—LOIS PALMER.

## Upholstery Fabrics

IF MATERIAL is upholstered on furniture with the warp (up-and-down) threads running from front to back and bottom to top of the piece upholstered, the material will wear longer; as the warp threads are the stronger. Crosswise upholstery is never economical, therefore, but is necessary with haircloth which is narrow.

## Formula for a Color Scheme

THE ensemble way of thinking about our homes makes it necessary for us to turn our attention to reasons for harmony, that our assembled room may be a true ensemble and not a miscellaneous collection of furnishings. In Pippa Passes we read, "Purpose holds the features up together," and that is true of rooms as it is of human beings—a room should express its purpose, invite use.

The average comfortable living room should have a davenport or sofa, a large lounging chair, a smaller comfort chair, and from one to four occasional chairs. This depends, of course, upon the size of the room and the amount of wall space, but that at least is a workable group. It is possible to have these pieces all covered in different fabrics, producing an interesting ensemble, but the covers must be very carefully harmonized so there will be no question of the result.

Following is a workable formula for a color scheme:

1. Establish the color of the davenport.
2. Repeat that color—with a different fabric—on the large lounging chair.
3. Use the complement of this color on the smaller comfort chair. On the four occasional chairs we have a choice—

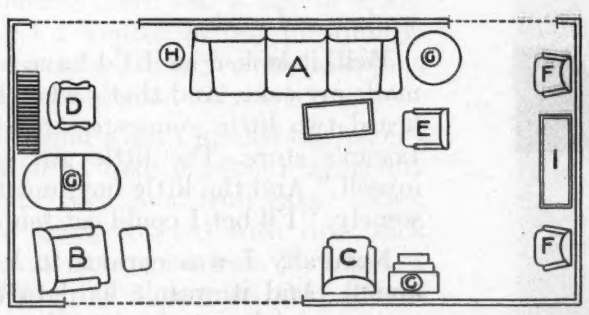
(a) Repeat one of the two originals.
(b) Use a neutral gold or wood tone.
(c) Use a patterned fabric, such as tapestry which uses both originals and introduces others for variety and accent.

The fabrics on the larger pieces may or may not be patterned, if we remember that too much figure is confusing and ineffective and that the wall, draperies and floor covering must be consulted when deciding just how much and where the pattern should be.

The accompanying diagram shows a room worked out by the formula given.

In this room the walls are green, draperies a brilliant floral cretonne with rusty red predominating in the design; the carpet is dark and neutral raisin.

*A.* Davenport covered in blue-green antique velour.
*B.* Lounge chair and footstool covered in green tapestry sprawling design of lighter greens and a small amount of red and gold.
*C.* Smaller comfort chair in rust damask.
*D.* Occasional chair in rust velour.
*E.* Chair in gold damask.
*F.* Pair of chairs in small-patterned tapestry, conventional design of brilliant colors on neutral ground. Colors include green and rust and many others.
*G.* Table lamps.
*H.* Bridge lamp.
*I.* Secretary.




In any many-hued scheme, one color should predominate, to keep the result from looking too miscellaneous. In this room green easily dominates and makes a pleasing foil for the other colors.

The gold of the damask chair is repeated in the parchment lamp shades, sofa pillow, yellow pottery bowl, and brass accessories on tables. The rust "travel line" is pleasantly established in the cretonne draperies, the chairs C and D, and a small area in the tapestries on B and F.

—HELEN ARMS.

*Director, Home Furnishings Advisory Bureau, Showers Brothers Co., Bloomington, Indiana.*

## Mistakes in Decoration

ONE of the most prevalent errors is a lamp too large or too small for a small table, and this gives a top-heavy effect. Select a lower lamp, not too low, if for reading, but in proportion to the table.

An ornament with a handle, like a pewter pot, should be placed in a niche or elsewhere with its handle to the right, the reason being that that is the natural position for taking hold of it. A position to the left is, therefore, awkward and incorrect, obviously, but nevertheless too frequently seen arranged that way.

A clock should not be put upon a mantel when the chimney breast is mirrored, because it not only covers over the mirror and lessens its use but reveals the works in the back.

—CHARLOTTE LILIENTHAL.

## Home Decoration Booklets

WHY not make yourself a Christmas present of a colorful, newly decorated room?

USING COLOR IN DECORATION, by Lois Palmer, tells you what colors look best with light from north, east, south or west, and how to use them to the best advantage. Illustrated. Price, 20 cents.

SLIP-COVER MAKING, by Lewis R. Hastings, shows every step in the making of a slip cover, tells how to measure, seam and trim. Illustrated. Price, 5 cents.

Other illustrated booklets of practical use to the home decorator are: FOR YOUR WINDOWS—GLASS CURTAINS AND HANGINGS; PERIOD FURNITURE FOR MODERN HOMES; THE SELECTION AND ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE, all by Lois Palmer. Price, 5 cents each.

These booklets will be sent upon receipt of the required amount in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped envelopes. Address the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Why not have springs finest vegetable delicacy*

**NOW?**

Think of it—you may have one of the most prized of California's springtime vegetable delicacies, asparagus, for today's crisp-weather meal.

What wonderful variety—what delicious goodness—and what ease of preparation, with asparagus. A tasty omelet, an enticing salad, an appetizing cocktail, or a piping-hot vegetable dish—always, asparagus deserves its welcome on your table.

And you may eat all the asparagus you want—it's a non-fattening food. It fits any diet! It fits *every* appetite.

Why not have your grocer deliver half a dozen cans today, both tips and long spears? Remember, it's ready for use right from the can, and you *serve every ounce* you buy. Supply your pantry shelf and you may spruce up your everyday meals or guest menus—even on short notice.

"This Business of Tempting Appetites"—our newest free book—gives you the latest tested recipes for this favorite food delicacy. Mail the coupon now, and you'll have the book in just a few days!

CALIFORNIA CANNED *Asparagus*

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 179, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.

Please send me, free of charge, the new recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

# How I found two glorious

LAST year things happened faster in my home than a puppy can wag his tail. First Jimmy had the measles, and when that was over a houseful of relatives arrived. And before I knew it, posters were everywhere staring at me and saying "shop early."

You know, I felt as if I couldn't catch up . . . November was nearly over and I hadn't even made my holiday fruit cake. That meant the best part of a day chopping and cutting and slicing the nuts and raisins and citron . . . And then, the making and steaming and baking meant another day—fast a worker as I am!

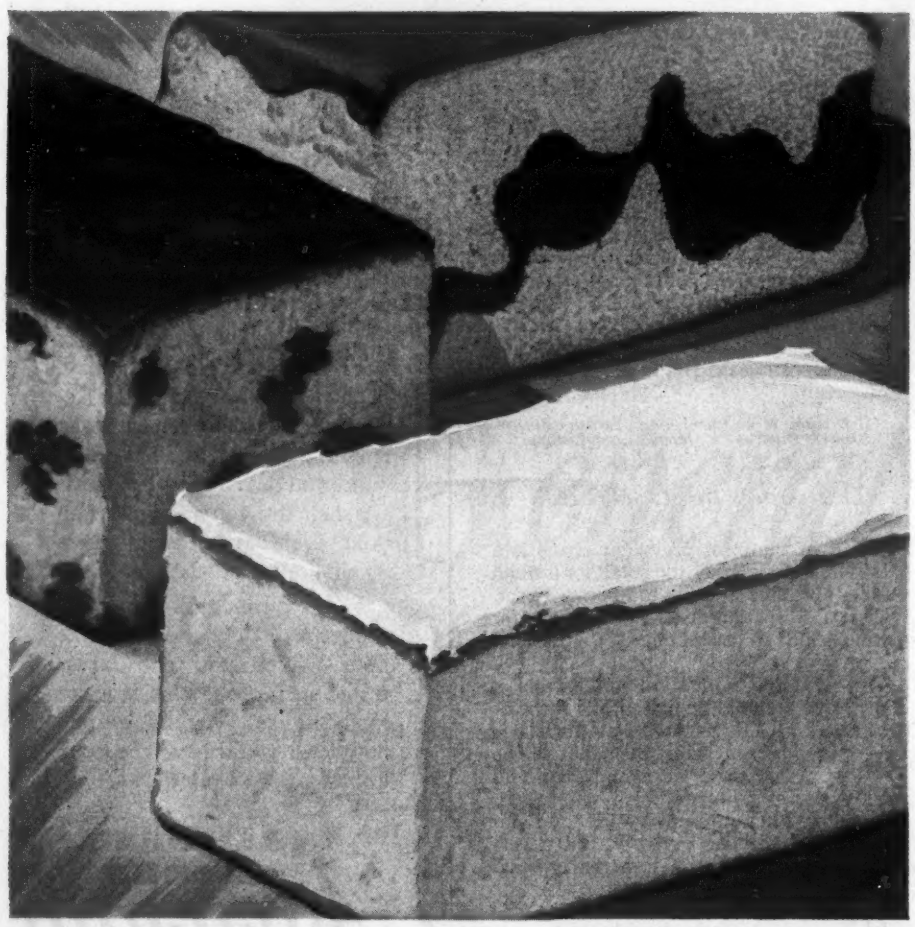
Well, it looked as if I'd have to put off the shopping until I made my cake. And that's what I would have done, if I hadn't heard two little youngsters talking just as I was going into Logan's store. The little girl said, "I could eat it all by myself." And the little boy, not to be outdone, retorted handsomely, "I'll bet I could eat ten of them!"

Naturally I was curious to know what they were talking about. And it wasn't hard to find out, because their little noses were almost glued to the window pane. There, in great state, lay a gorgeous fruit cake. Its rich brown glaze was bumpy with nuts and cherries and raisins. At 9:30 in the morning I wanted a piece of it myself!

Don't ask me how I happened to break a custom of 12 years, but one minute later I was asking the clerk all kinds of questions about that cake. And I found out that it was made

## *As a suggestion*—try these popular cakes

**Good bakers make them just as you would yourself**



### Silver Bar

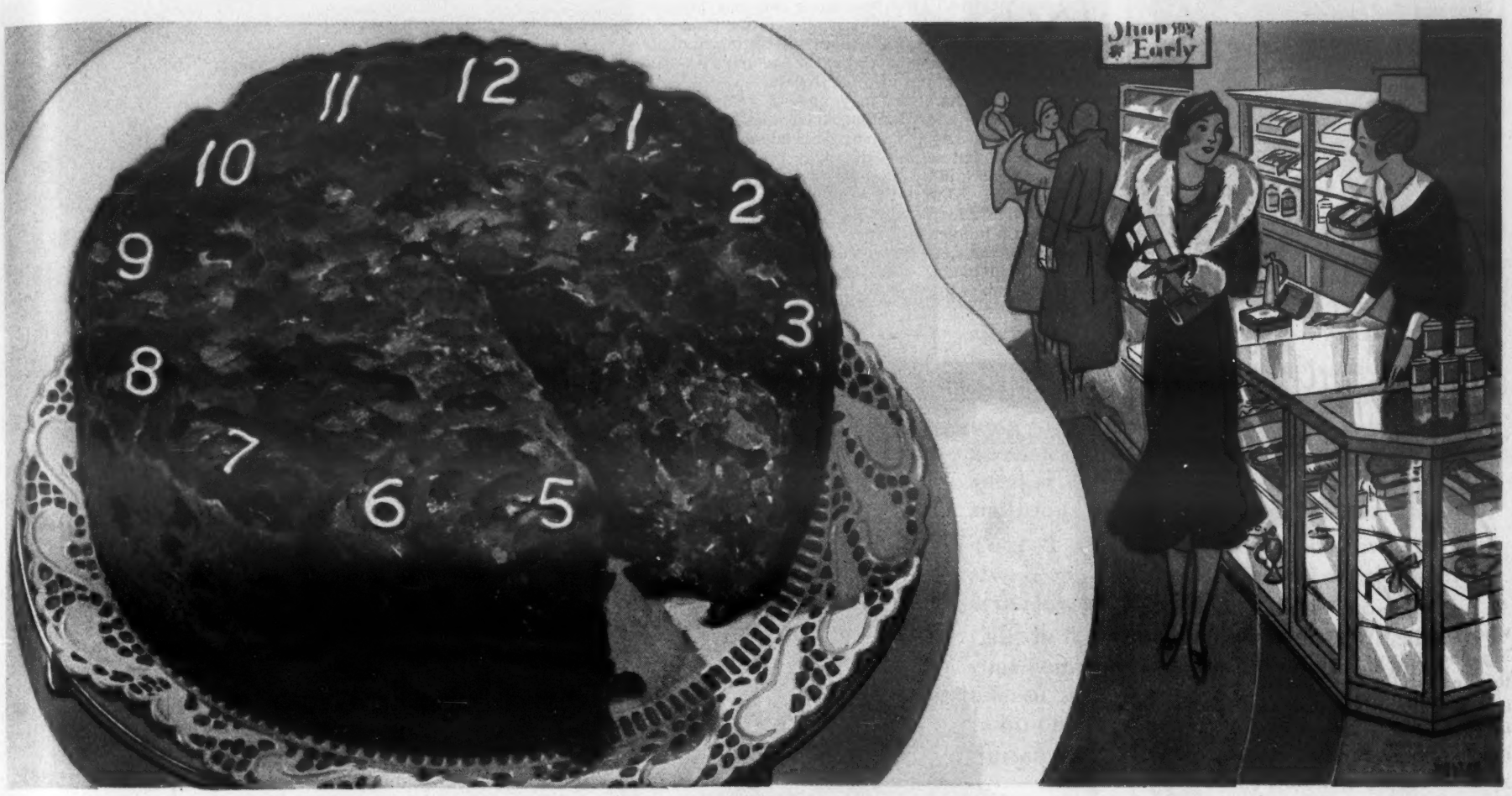
½ cup Crisco, 1¼ cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 2¾ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6 egg whites. Baked in oblong loaves—and topped with a boiled frosting. A simple cake—rich enough but not too rich—that satisfies that craving for "something sweet."

But even the simplest cake, you know, takes time and trouble—let the baker cut you a slice of spare time by doing your baking.

### Pound Cake—in variety

Good bakers are baking old-fashioned pound cake for you in many different forms: rich, golden yellow French pound cake; plain pound cake; raisin, cherry, nut, marble, pineapple. Choose your favorite.

# "shop early" days in a fruit cake




by a good old-fashioned home recipe with the very best ingredients . . . selected California raisins and walnuts and candied cherries . . . citron and glacéd pineapple . . . and choice eggs . . . and the very finest kind of shortening—butter and the very same pure, white, sweet-tasting Crisco that I use in my tender moist cakes and my flaky, crisp pie-crust.

And that glorious cake cost no more than my home-made cake does, counting the materials and time and trouble!

Suddenly I felt the weight of a huge fruit cake sliding off my shoulders. And I remembered there was a sale of scooters at M——'s, just the thing I'd wanted to buy for Jimmy! So I really helped Santa's reputation that year by shopping early and getting some wonderful bargains.

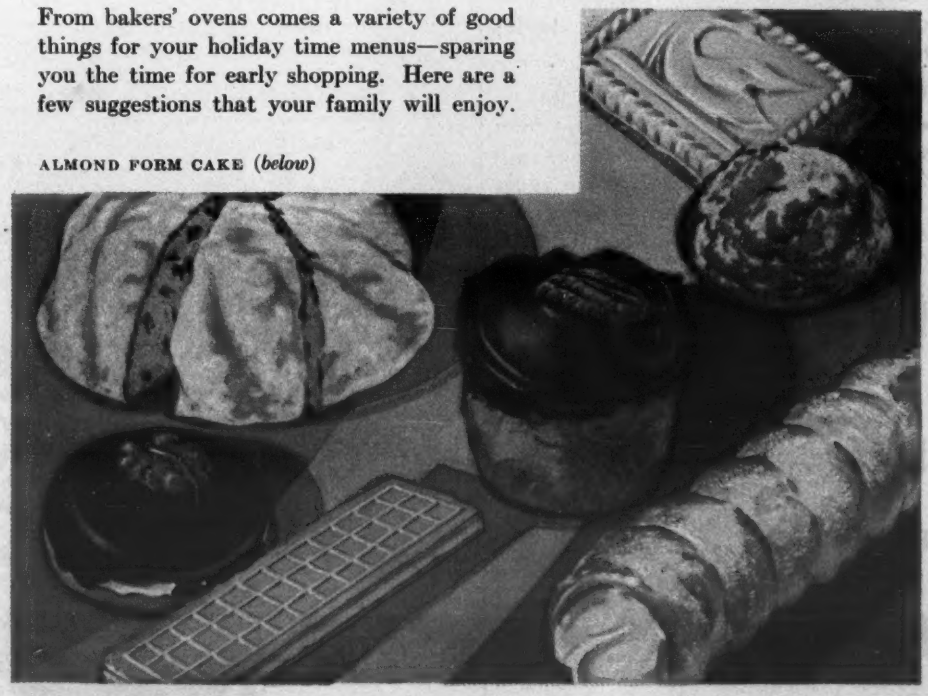
Since then, times have come again when I needed the baker's help. And I've never hesitated to take it after hearing my family say that I'd never made such good fruit cake! Often now I buy a chocolate cake that's covered with rich thick creamy icing . . . or a cocoanut cake good from its topmost flake to its creamy lemon filling. I've learned that bakers everywhere are using Crisco—and I know that they must use fine flavorings and eggs and fruits if they're willing to pay for a superior shortening like Crisco.

So I hope you will try the good things the bakers are making today. Whenever you want to slice off for yourself a wedge of leisure or "shop early" time, I'm sure that your baker can help you to find it! ELIZABETH RITCHIE

## Let the baker cut you "a slice of spare time" by doing your baking

From bakers' ovens comes a variety of good things for your holiday time menus—sparing you the time for early shopping. Here are a few suggestions that your family will enjoy.

ALMOND FORM CAKE (*below*)



COOKIES topped with marshmallow and chocolate.

SUGAR WAFERS

SPRINGELE and PFEFFERNUSS —two German holiday cakes (*shown at top*)

CUP CAKES CREAM HORNS

This is the Year for Practical Gifts . . .

HOW FORTUNATE the woman who receives a White Rotary Electric Sewing Machine this Christmas! For this beautiful piece of furniture is not only in keeping with the trend for practical gifts—it actually pays for itself in one year! And with this sensible gift comes free instruction in the White School of Costume Art.

THE WOMAN with a limited income learns to make dresses just as smart, just as strikingly modern as the first showings in the better dress shops. And, not only does she learn how to make new frocks, but how to easily and quickly remodel her last year's clothes to meet the new mode.

We would like you to attend a lesson, as our guest. It will prove, better than words, how this unique Christmas gift can make 1931, and the years to come, money-saving years for you and your family. White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

© 1930, W. S. M. Co.

White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines

FREE!

"NEW METHOD" COSTUME ART SCHOOLS - c/o White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me illustrated booklet showing how to have More Clothes for Less Money, together with Certificate entitling me to one free lesson in your nearest White "New Method" Costume Art School.

Name_____

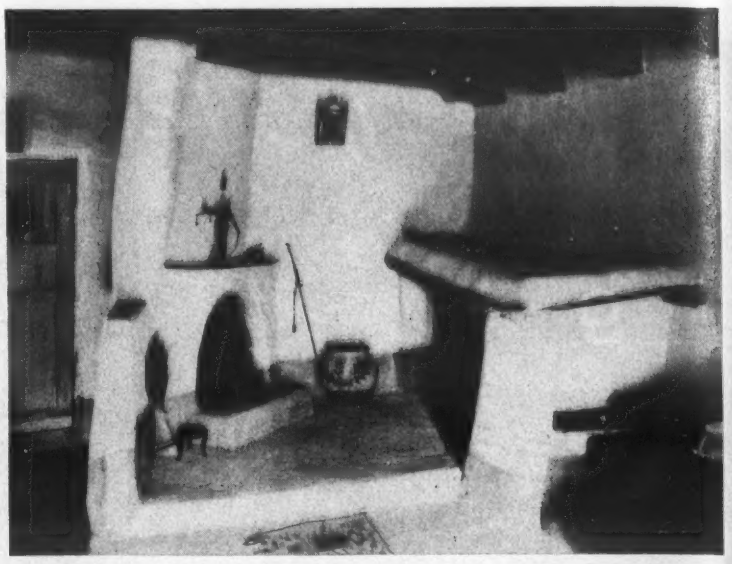
Street_____ City_____


# Southwestern American Colonial Interiors and Fabrics

NO MATTER how much one may like Colonial-style furnishings of the Eastern States, it is both interesting and refreshing to turn to the Colonial fashions of our own Southwest.

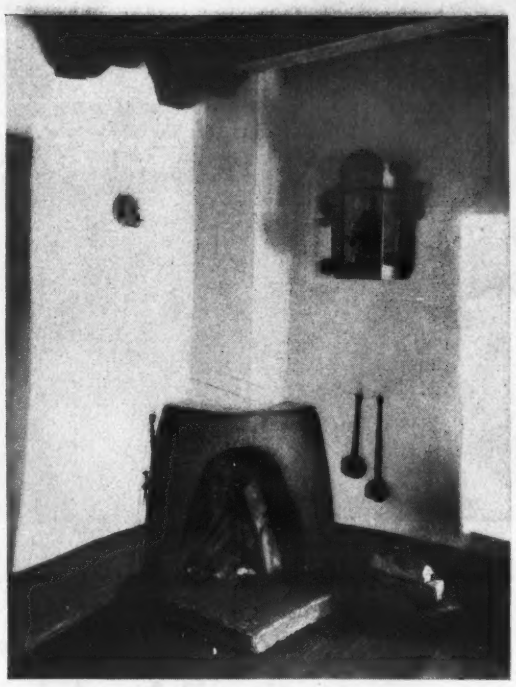
Spanish in character, they have a delightful simplicity and effectiveness which make them seem very modern; and many descendants of the Spanish Colonial settlers are today producing as interesting work in textiles and embroideries as did their forbears. Most of their art may be described as pre-Renaissance Spanish, showing an unmistakable Moorish influence.

Reproductions employ yarns dyed with coal-tar dyes but matching the old vegetable dyes so closely that they can scarcely be distinguished from original models.

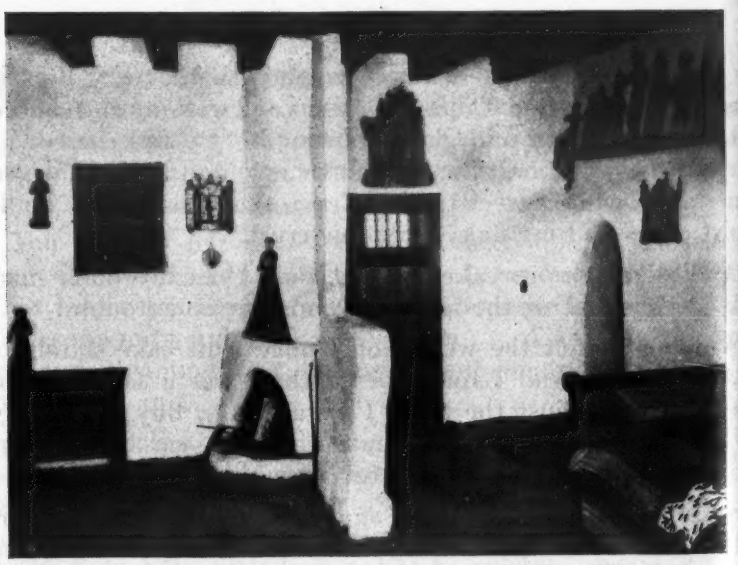


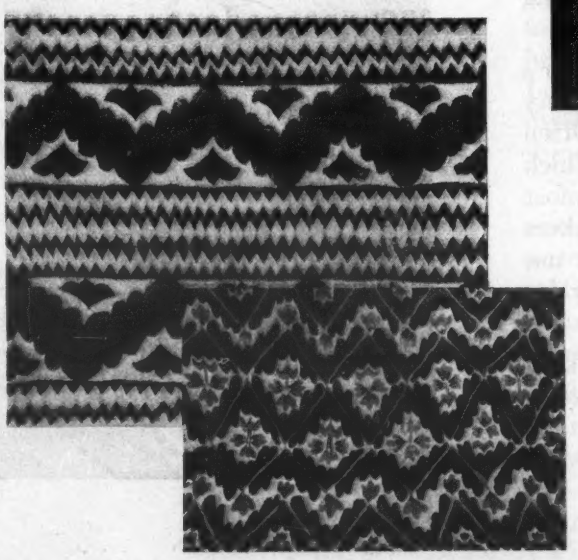
*The affair in the corner is an old adobe bed. The children were placed on blankets and tanned skins below, while the father and mother slept above. There are few of these old beds left in New Mexico; this one is in an old ranch house, built about two hundred years ago, standing at the outer edge of the city of Santa Fé.*

*Below—The adobe wall shield jutting from the fireplace is to prevent drafts when the door is opened. As in other countries and other sections of America in early Colonial days the chest was the most important piece of furniture in a Spanish Colonial home. Note the little arched doorway; it is rare in adobe houses.*



*Corner of another old Colonial home in Santa Fé, showing Pueblo-style fireplace, iron spoons, poker and spit. In the tin nicho is an old carved wooden saint. On the left-hand wall is a candle sconce. The interiors of the old Spanish Colonial and Pueblo Indian houses have most features in common and the materials used are the same.*





*At left, above—Spanish Colonial textiles and embroideries show the same effective simplicity as do the houses of our Southwest; this is a particularly good example of a Colcha, or colored wool bedspread, embroidered by hand on hand-woven cloth.*

*At left, below—This shows the design of another Colcha, which, when not used as a counterpane, was sometimes employed by the housewife as a tablecloth; it, too, is made of homespun wool cloth and was embroidered by hand in vegetable-dyed, hand-spun yarn.*

# What other gift could possibly bring so much of lasting pleasure!

In performance the new General Motors Radio provides everything that advanced design and precision manufacture can contribute to complete radio enjoyment

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

**No gift can surpass the modern radio as a source of lasting pleasure. And now the new General Motors Radio enables you to give the best at moderate price.**

**There are five different period styles of these exceptional radios and radio-phonographs. All are equipped with the Visual Tone Selector, a distinctive new feature with which you can actually "tune" reception to please your ear!**

**Choose from among these splendid new instruments and you will make your gift one long to be remembered—for the cabinets are *permanent* furniture. Any future chassis or speaker will be so designed as to permit installation in the cabinets of the present models.**

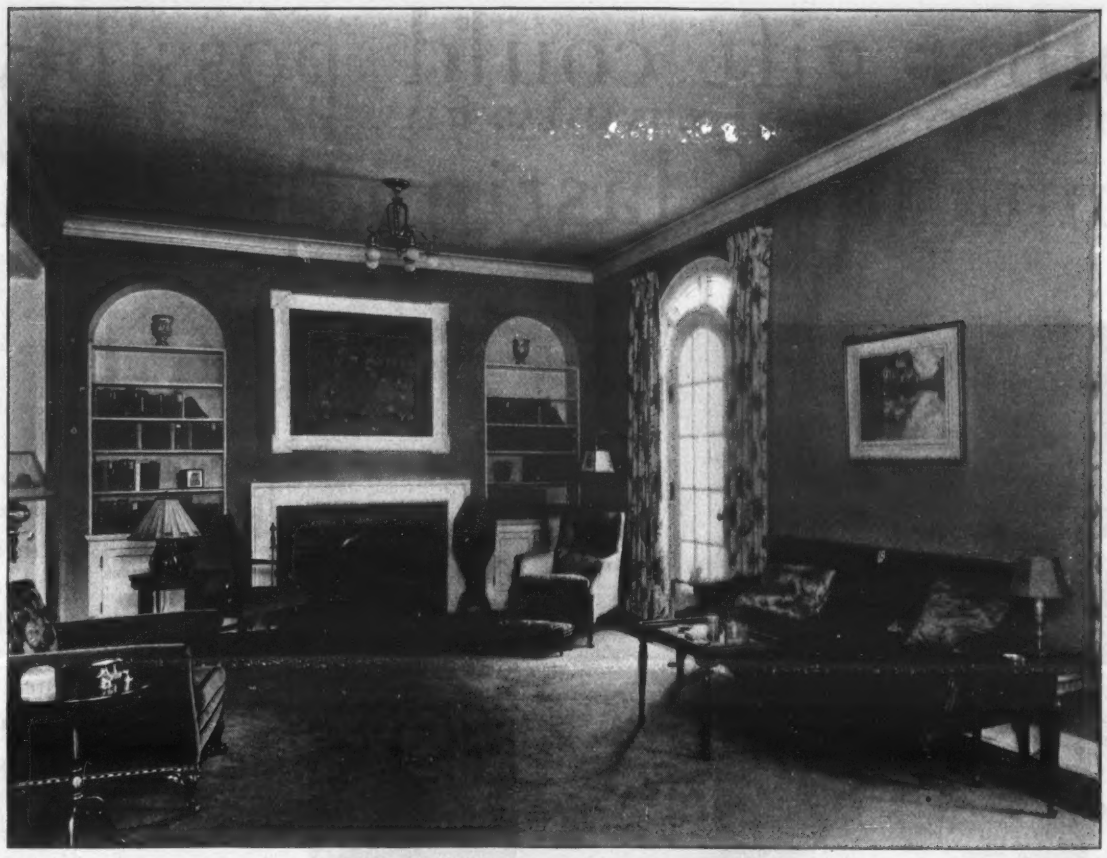
**Thus, a General Motors Radio owner can always enjoy the latest technical developments at the lowest possible cost.**

**Call on the General Motors Radio dealer in your community. See and hear how much is offered in these admirable new radios and radio-phonographs.**

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

*Illustrated above is the handsome Queen Anne radio-phonograph, a fine combination instrument representing a remarkable value—$198, less tubes. Prices of other models (less tubes), the Hepplewhite $136, the Sheraton $152, the Late Italian $172, and the Georgian radio-phonograph $270. Any model may be purchased on the liberal GMAC plan of convenient monthly payments.*

# GENERAL MOTORS RADIO
## WITH VISUAL TONE SELECTOR



*The end of the living room, showing the sofa and picture treatment between the French doors.*

# A New Home From an Old House

By PAUL J. RICHARDT

*Interior Decorator, L. S. Ayres & Company, Indianapolis, Indiana*

MY CLIENTS, in this instance, were a family of three living in Anderson, Indiana. Prior to the purchase of this old house they had occupied an apartment which I had helped them to furnish, and when they decided to move into larger quarters, they asked me to help them fit all their old furnishings into the decorating scheme of the new home as economically as possible. We wanted to create a Colonial atmosphere, and although we added many new things, there was nothing which we had to discard.

The woodwork was one of the worst features of the house—a glaring yellow pine. This was easily corrected by a coat of white paint, over which we used an umber glaze to produce an antique finish with all the mellow charm of age. Our choice of color had to be guided by the furniture which we had on hand. Since the rugs—which were made from soft gray-green carpet—necessarily set the tone of our background, we chose a wall paper in a soft harmonizing tone of green. We had no trouble in matching the carpet with extra lengths, part of which we used on the simple stairway which rose from one end of the living room.

As the structure of the curved French doors made it impossible to hang window shades, we had to use long draw curtains to secure privacy from the outside world. This called for a large amount of yardage, and we had to be careful in our selection so as not to cut too deeply into our budget. Fortunately we found just what we wanted in a warp print at $2.50 a yard. The background of the print was an oyster white which blended perfectly with the white woodwork. A small diagonal design added interest to the weave, and the pattern displayed large urns of flowers in subdued tones of terra cotta, green and purple. These lovely colors blended with the furniture which my clients owned, thus establishing the desired harmony.

Next we planned the overmantel treatment, striving for simplicity and charm. A portion of the chimney wall was covered with canvas on which an artist was engaged to paint a delightful duplicate of the graceful urn of flowers in the curtains.

*The little girl's room combines old and new.*

## Colonial

THEN we permanently framed this wall picture with a white molding which matched the woodwork. The hearth and facing were of terra-cotta-colored tile, one of the contrasting color notes often repeated in other parts of the room. All the fireplace accessories—tools, screen and andirons—were of bronze, to carry out the Colonial idea.

With the exception of three chairs, one table and several lamps, no new furniture had to be supplied for our room—a definite help in keeping down the expense. For the right side of the fireplace nearest the French doors, we bought a Georgian wing chair, upholstered in green antique satin, and placed a tilt-top table beside it, with an interesting bridge lamp to give light for reading.

On the opposite side we used a Chippendale occasional chair covered in a brilliant terra-cotta brocatelle. Within convenient reach, was a small octagonal table lacquered in brilliant terra cotta to match the chair color. It held a new lamp with a deep-violet-colored base, and a shade made up of interlaced shantung ribbons in a neutral putty shade. These two groups, which contrasted green with terra cotta, were chosen for use and decorative value combined.

One of the most attractive spots in our new living room was a sofa-and-picture group which we arranged between the French doors to form the center of interest. We had an interesting imported sofa of the Louis XVI period, covered in tête de nègre mohair. For additional comfort and beauty we used two carelessly placed cushions—one covered in gold satin with wool embroidery, and the other in toile finished with purple welt. On the wall back of the sofa an etching brought from the former home echoed the colors of the room. At one end of the sofa we placed a small Sheraton table with an inlaid top of pear wood to hold smoking accessories, as well as a small lamp with crystal-and-gold-plated base with green toile shade. A mahogany coffee table with pie-crust top stood hospitably before the ensemble.

Across the room from the sofa group we arranged another cozy reading nook with a green mohair lounge chair, a table and a bridge lamp. My client's radio set found its place in the end of the room opposite the fireplace, between a window and the door into the entrance hall. The light from the window fell on a Sheraton drop-leaf table holding a fine lamp with a Tiffany base of metal in dull tones of gold and green, surmounted by a shade of écru parchment banded in black. A lounge chair, covered in terra-cotta checked frieze, invited readers to enjoy its comfort. The wall space on the other side of the door accommodated a tall narrow cabinet with a vase on top for a finishing touch.

In order to balance this group we chose a chair for the opposite side of the room, heavy enough for our purpose, but light enough to be drawn into a potential circle of guests. This chair had graceful carved cabriole legs and was covered in wool tapestry, with the now familiar tête ground. The fabric was decorated by an urn design displaying multicolored flowers in subdued tones related to the draperies. The effect of the completed room was a mass of green, with oyster-white woodwork melting into the background of the draperies, and each livable furniture group repeating the green or its contrasting colors, tête de nègre and terra cotta.

## A Bedroom

MUCH ingenuity was shown in the room which belonged to the small daughter of the family. We planned it to suit her age and taste, and to express her childish aspirations. Therefore, there had to be plenty of room for toys. For this purpose we utilized an unsightly space between the flue and its opposite wall and built in a group of bookshelves above a cabinet with ample storage space for doll equipment. We chose a white wall paper, polka dotted in robin's-egg blue. The outsides of the built-in shelves were painted white to match the woodwork and the wall-paper background and the inside was done in robin's-egg blue to catch up the color of the polka dots. The service window shades were pulled halfway down, and concealed with other shades made of cretonne and trimmed with ball fringe and tassel. The cretonne had a beige background with modernistic flowers in orange, apricot, robin's-egg blue and magenta. Over this colored voile curtains of a glowing peach color were hung, trimmed with more of the quaint ball fringe. The curtains were tied daintily back with band loops, fringed.

In order to match our chosen colors, we selected unpainted furniture, and had it done in a delicate peach color with robin's-egg blue edges. To strike a new note and appeal to the child's imagination, we had the small bed made to order, with the head and foot designed to give the feeling of morning-glory petals opening to the sun. It also was peach color with robin's-egg blue edges. The other unpainted pieces were a small chest and a dressing table attractively draped in cretonne like the window shades.

A small boudoir chair wore a slip cover which matched the dressing-table draperies and shades, and will be bordered in ball fringe. A small bridge lamp by the chair had a pewter base and parchment shade with quaint quilted design. An English hand-tufted rug caught up the room colors in its modernistic pattern against a beige background. Small deft

*(Continued on Page 106)*

*Another part of the living room.*

This product is acceptable to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
25c
The price is important—but the quality—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE announces the acceptance of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

Be guided in your choice of a toothpaste by the acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics.

•

Use Colgate's—not only the largest-selling toothpaste in the world—but a toothpaste recommended by dentists for more than a quarter of a century.

Colgate's cleans teeth safely; it contains only safe cleansing agents. It leaves the teeth clean; the mouth refreshed and pleasant-tasting.

Colgate's is used by more people than any other dentifrice.

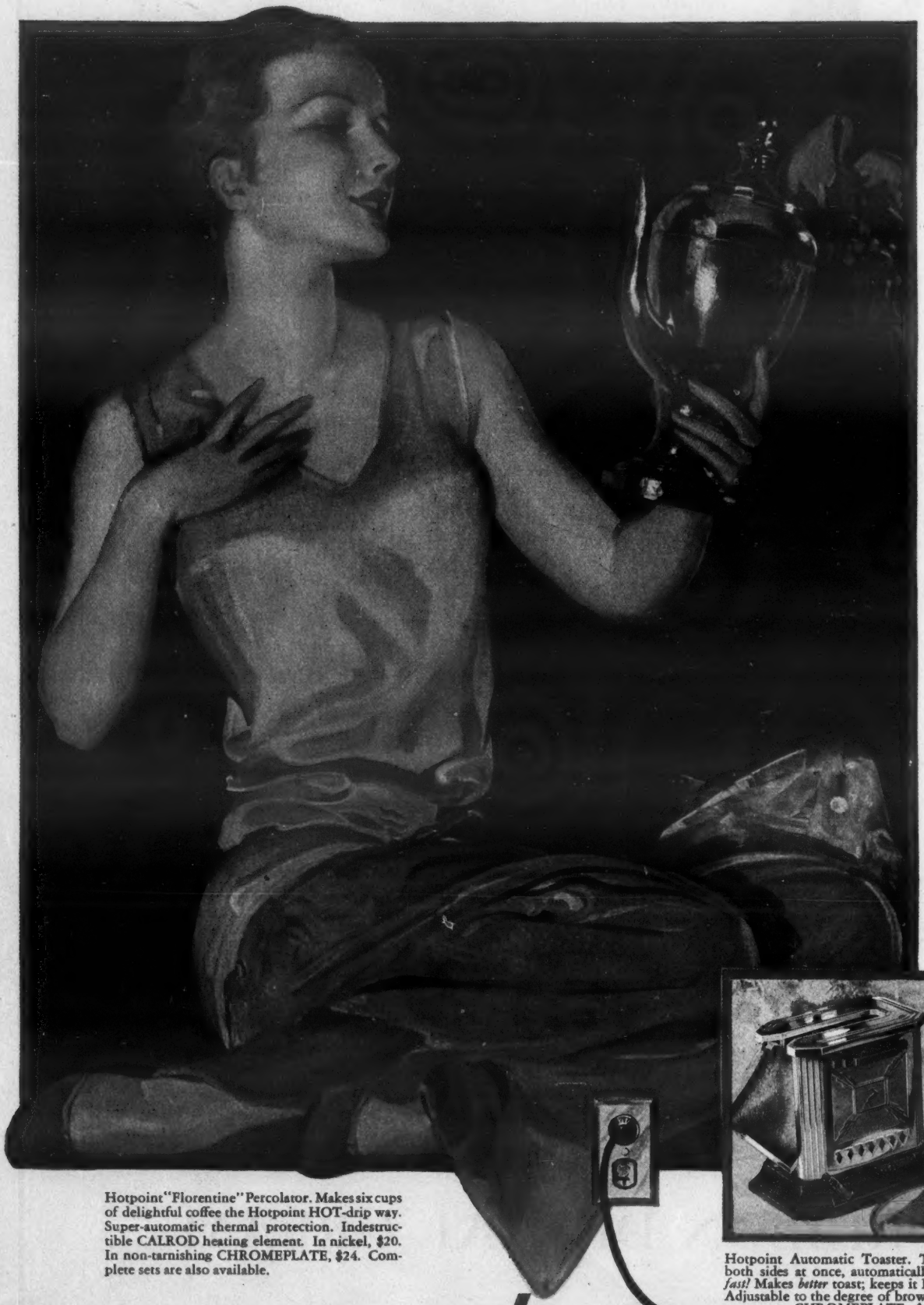
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

6237

# To *bring most* Happiness...

# Gifts long remembered

## ...Ones you'd choose for yourself!

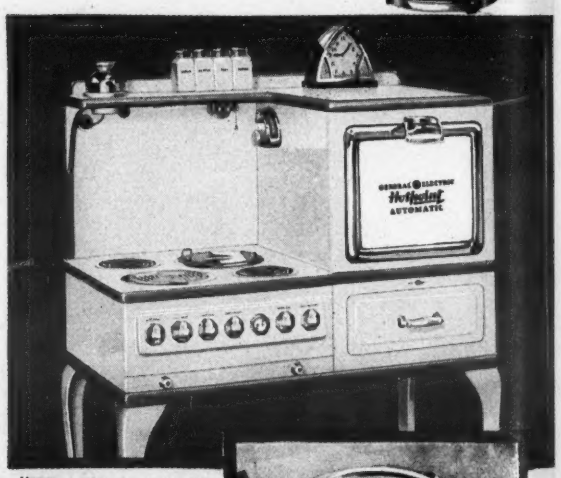


HERE are gifts of enduring beauty . . . gifts that will bring most joy and happiness to a woman's heart . . . ones she'll use every day and cherish with pride for long years to come.

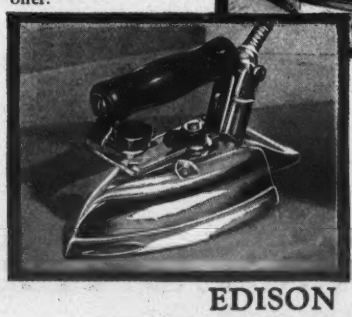
If you wish your gifts to live—and to keep the memory of your affection fresh for life—then choose Hotpoint electric gifts. Gifts bearing this treasured name are built to an ideal of fine craftsmanship, for lasting service and ever-youthful beauty through the years.

Yet Hotpoint gifts may be purchased for as little as $2.50. Your electric company or dealer will gladly show you a wide selection from which to choose.

Hotpoint "Bordeaux" Percolator, for six cups of fragrant, satisfying coffee. CHROMEPLATE. Indestructible CALROD heating element, $13. Other models from $8.95; also urns and complete sets for almost any amount you wish to pay.



"What Mother Really Wants." 1931 model. Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range. Telechron timer-clock cooks while you are away. HI-SPEED CALROD heating element. Surprisingly economical. Ask your electric company about special Christmas offer.



Hotpoint "Ambassador" Waffle Iron. *Automatic.* CHROMEPLATE, CALROD elements. $20. Others from $8.95.

Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron. Set for *any* heat. Fastest, most economical iron made. Button Nook; Thumb Rest; CHROMEPLATE; CALROD element. $8.80. Others from $3.50.

Hotpoint Automatic Toaster. Toasts both sides at once, automatically . . . *fast!* Makes *better* toast; keeps it HOT. Adjustable to the degree of brownness you want. CHROMEPLATE. $12.50. Other Hotpoint toasters, from $3.95.

Hotpoint "Florentine" Percolator. Makes six cups of delightful coffee the Hotpoint HOT-drip way. Super-automatic thermal protection. Indestructible CALROD heating element. In nickel, $20. In non-tarnishing CHROMEPLATE, $24. Complete sets are also available.

EDISON
GENERAL ELECTRIC
APPLIANCE COMPANY INC.
5600 West Taylor St., Chicago

# Hotpoint Electric Gifts

© 1930, E. G. E. A. Co., Inc.

# The Spirit of Christmas

(Continued from Page 21)

"My dear, if a manufacturer could advertise soap as society advertises marriageable girls, he would make billions. Business men are children at the game of publicity."

"The papers do write about us almost as much as they do about gunmen—and I don't think we're nearly so interesting," Madeleine said.

The mouse woman paused. "Of course," she said slangily, "you're not going to take this and like it!"

"You mean about Gretchen Van Buren?" Her face assumed an expression of droll gravity. "I wonder if Gretchen really cares about being Catharine de' Medici?"

"No more than I do about my right eye."

"Isn't it sad," Madeleine said, "that Mrs. Norton's daughter hasn't a nicer complexion!"

"Thank heaven my daughter is plain and popular and has a sensible mother," said the little brown woman. "I don't have to go in for social politics. But you aren't going to let the Norton coterie oust you and put this Van Buren girl in your place?"

"SOMETIMES," said Madeleine, "I think possibly Gretchen wouldn't be the best president in the world."

"I guess," the little woman said with twinkling eyes, "you can be trusted to attend to the matter efficiently."

"If I remember," Madeleine said pensively, "Catharine de' Medici had a most panicky lot of trouble. And now good-by, because I think I shall go down and bother papa. He likes to have me bother him. Wouldn't it be just too surprising if Gretchen decided she didn't want to be president or anything!"

"It would be—to Mrs. Norton," said the mouse woman contentedly.

Madeleine came presently to her father's office, where she seated herself on a cushion of important documents and mussed his hair and called him strange names.

Mr. Jewett narrowed his eyes and grinned at her with complete understanding. "Shoot the piece," he said. "I know when I'm licked."

"Daddy, you've got simply a hectic amount of pull, haven't you? I mean here and there. You know ambassadors and things by their first names?"

"Every morning an ambassador comes in to eat out of my hand," said Mr. Jewett.

"And after all, Cousin Amelia married that riot of a marquis, so we're almost nobility."

"Not out for a title are you, honey?"

"Nope. But what I mean to say is: almost always there's one traveling around, isn't there?"

"One what?"

"Duke or something."

"They are positively ubiquitous."

"I'd prefer an Italian one."

"Aha. And for what?"

"PRIVATE purposes," said his daughter. "Now what you are to do is to find out if there won't be a perfectly scintillating young nobleman in this country in about four weeks. Italian preferred."

"And then?"

"Then comes the pull. He must be young and beautiful, and not the least bit shopworn, and he must come and stay at our house for a week."

"What's the big idea?"

"I'm really doing this for Bangs White. News is so scarce at this time of the year, and he would cry with joy if a duke came for him to write about in his paper."

"If," said Mr. Jewett, "you will be so good as to get out of my office, I'll see what samples the embassies are offering."

Three days later Mr. Jewett showed his daughter a wire from Washington. It contained the information that the young Duca di Trentino was about to arrive in the country for an extended tour with especial reference to the textile industry in which he was much interested. He was a close connection of the Royal House of Savoy, unmarried, and reputed to be one of the richest young men in all Italy.

"Will he answer the purpose?" Mr. Jewett asked.

"He'll be absolutely a riot in the part," Madeleine said. "Can you wangle it?"

"The invitation has been extended," said Mr. Jewett with pretense of formality. "He will accept and spend some days in Newtown studying our textile mills—of which, you may have heard vaguely, I am the chief owner."

"Oh, too lovely," said Madeleine. "And now you must put a hook and eye on your lip. Let your little daughter attend to the rest. If interviewed you know nothing."

A second meeting of the committee was held that afternoon following an expensive luncheon which was charged against general expenses. Miss Van Buren, trying to appear modest as a new member, was present, and, as usual, Madeleine Jewett was late. But she arrived finally.

"I suppose all the important business is over," she said. "It always is. Am I to know about it?"

"We have pretty well settled on things," said Mrs. Norton.

"Do tell me who is to be what, and what booths are to be had by whom," Madeleine said, and listened with undisturbed face as the lists were read which distributed all the plums to members of the little conspiracy. "And," said Mrs. Norton, "we have saved a perfectly dear character for you ——"

"Oh," exclaimed Madeleine, "didn't I tell you? Oh, I must have told you. I positively am desolate and everything, but I just pestilentially can't do anything. Of course I'll help, and I'll be there, but this year you'll have to excuse me because I can't take any part at all—not even preside over a booth."

"You—what?" feebly gasped Mrs. Norton.

"Oh, I shall be there, of course, and it will be frightfully sweet if you'll set aside a nice box for me."

"Perhaps Miss Jewett doesn't ride," suggested Miss Van Buren with satisfaction.

"Anyhow," said Madeleine, "I don't think I shall. I'm just going to sit with papa and mamma and watch."

"This—this is astonishing!" exclaimed Mrs. Norton. "You really mean it?"

"This time I can do nothing but sit in a box."

"Then, my dear, we must give you your choice of boxes."

"That's sweet of you. I'll let you know about it later; and now if there isn't anything I can do I'll be running along."

When she was gone the committee sat silent. "It can't be true! Why, she's eliminated herself," said Mrs. Norton.

"It makes things very simple," said Miss Van Buren. "Probably she is avoiding comparison."

"Yes, of course," said the little brown woman meditatively, "that's probably it."

Madeleine drove directly to the building where Mr. Bangs White published his newspaper, and made her way to his desk. He looked up and scowled darkly.

"I've some news for you," she said. "Editors like to have news, don't they?"

"It depends on the news."

"The Duca di Trentino, a near relative of the King of Italy, is coming over here. He's grand. He's young and perfectly ravishing, and awfully rich."

"I'm devastated," said Bangs.

"The foot goes on the brakes," said Madeleine. "He is coming to Newtown!"

"That," said Bangs, "is more like it."

"But," said Madeleine, "you mustn't mention that till you've worked up to it."

"Ah."

"It's like this: Everybody loves to read about dukes and things, so just his coming to America is a story, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"But if there have been pieces in the paper about him for a week, telling how marvelous he is, and better than the Prince of Wales, and how hostesses are fighting to entertain him, and all, why, he gets to be better news, doesn't he?"

"Build him up, you mean?"

"Exactly. And then, when he's all built up and folks are excited, you can say he is coming to Newtown to visit our textile mills. So our hostesses here will commence pulling wires to entertain him."

"Right the very first time," said Mr. White.

"And then," Madeleine said placidly, "you can break it to the world that he is going to be the guest of the Jewetts."

"Good enough. But what does all this lead up to?"

"It leads up to Christmas," said Madeleine, "and Santa Claus, and stockings and what not."

"Pictures?" asked Mr. White.

"They're on their way from the embassy. Pictures in uniform, pictures with the King, pictures on a horse—for he rates the finest horseman in Italy."

"You aren't by any chance planning to marry this personage?"

"Not," said Madeleine colloquially, "by a jugful."

"Then I'll go you," said Bangs. "Times are dull. By the way, the Junior Assembly ruckus is coming along, isn't it?"

"We couldn't let Christmas go by without doing something for charity."

"As usual you will be the queen bee, I take it."

"Not this time. I'm hardly in it at all. Gretchen Van Buren is to be Catharine de' Medici and everything."

"While you occupy the background?"

"Everyone seemed to want Gretchen," Madeleine said plaintively.

"Poor Gretchen!" said Bangs.

"I've not the least idea what you mean," said Madeleine.

"A Merry Christmas to you, my dear, and a Happy New Year, and many joyous returns," Bangs said ironically. "Go away now while I confer with our foreign nobility department."

WITHIN a couple of days there appeared in Mr. Bangs White's paper a piece about the young Duca di Trentino who was about to set foot on our democratic shores. The next day was further mention of the duke and the next. By this time other newspaper editors were curious.

"Bangs White don't puff this guy so much just for fun," one of them said. Whereupon he wired his Washington correspondent to find out. But Mr. White beat the town to the news that the duke was about to visit Newtown.

From that instant he was news indeed. His every step from his landing in New York was watched and chronicled. But the date of his arrival in Newtown had not, apparently, been settled upon.

"If," said Mrs. Norton prayerfully, "the duke only would come in time for the horse show. He might be persuaded to ride. Think of it. It would put Newtown on the social map."

"I've been thinking," replied Gretchen Van Buren. "He cannot be allowed to go to the hotel. Indeed not! Someone must entertain him."

"My dear! Of course. And if you could manage it we wouldn't have a thing to worry about."

"I guess," Gretchen agreed, "it would be all over but the shouting. But there's one thing I don't understand, Mrs. Norton. Madeleine Jewett isn't doing a thing. She has just stepped out of the picture. Why, she acts as if she wanted me to take her place."

"I shouldn't be surprised if she actually didn't realize what is going on," Mrs. Norton said.

"No girl," Gretchen answered, "could be as dumb as that."

"Or possibly she realized that her reign is over and that she has no chance."

"EVEN so I can't imagine a girl who has been what she has been in this town just sitting in a box and watching." She narrowed her eyes. "Papa is pretty important in Washington. I wonder if he can't find some way to make this duke come to us."

"I certainly would move heaven and earth," said Mrs. Norton.

Gretchen did move heaven and earth, but the results were noncommittal. However matters were progressing nicely at home. The journals printed columns about the new young society leader, and other columns about the Christmas Horse Show whose earnings were to bring seasonal cheer into so many homes which otherwise would be cheerless.

Then, a week before the Bazaar and Horse Show, it was announced that the prince would arrive on the following evening, and society was in a turmoil.

"It is unthinkable that he should go to a hotel," Mrs. Norton said frantically. "Can't something be done about it!

(Continued on Page 66)

## The Cloister

By EDNA A. COLLAMORE

HER house, so clean, so fragrant, and so small,
Her garden, bright with blossoms, stirred by wings,
Made all the tragedies the newsboys call
Seem meaningless, remote, indifferent things.
Though murders, shipwrecks, wars, could not prevail
Against her cloistered peace, yet life brought pain,
Through grief for elm trees crippled by the gale,
And opening roses battered by the rain.

# *Which* will women prefer and

## $10 each for the 250 most interesting letters which help to

**If you had been at this bridge game, which of these two women would you have agreed with?**

THE following conversation was reported to me by a friend who played recently in a neighborhood bridge game. (I have changed the names but the conversation is as accurate as my friend's memory allowed.)

The discussion started when one of the two younger women—we'll call her Molly Warner—said, "I feel as though someone had given me a present! You know how I hate to wash dishes. Well, I've discovered these new Chipso Granules and they're wonderful. I just zip through my dishwashing now. Have you tried them?"

Her neighbor, Mrs. Baldwin, smiled affectionately. "Another one of your enthusiasms, Molly? Well, I think I'll keep on with Chipso Flakes."

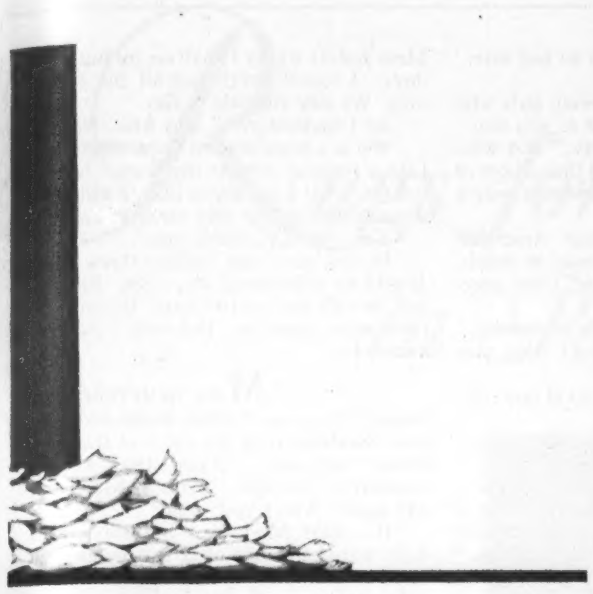
"But my dear," said Molly, "the Granules are *marvelous*—nice little white bits of soap that foam up into gorgeous suds—even in lukewarm water. I use them for everything these days and you should see my clothesline—it's something to be proud of."

"Molly, my dear," said Elizabeth Baldwin firmly, "my clothesline is something to be proud of too. It always has been since I've used Chipso. And I've tried enough of these new soaps to know that Chipso Flakes are the best thing I've ever used. Most of the other soaps I've tried give wishy-washy suds that fall down the minute I put in my clothes."

"But Elizabeth," protested Molly, "the Granules give the same *suds* that Chipso Flakes do—my grocer said so. The Granules are just a new form of Chipso—they're really Chipso suds in steam-dried form—that's why they dissolve faster. Before long you'll be using the Granules yourself."

Elizabeth Baldwin shook her head. "I don't believe it. I'm used to the Flakes. I know just how much to use for any size wash, I *know* they take the dirt out more quickly than any soap I've ever used, and my clothes look wonderful, if I do say it myself. Even Johnny's rompers come out speckless without much work. Why *should* I change?"

## *Important!* Chipso now comes in



# *why?*

## answer this question

## What is *your* opinion?

### Which form of Chipso do you think will be more popular—Flakes or Granules?

**$10 each for the 250 most interesting letters from Chipso users**

This is not a contest in the ordinary sense. I really don't want letters from professional authors. I just want help from you if you are a Chipso user.

And there are two ways you can help me. First, you can help me with your opinion. Which form of Chipso will most women prefer? You see, Chipso Flakes are the most popular packaged soap in the world. Now these new Granules are marvelous, too, I know—but will they ever be as popular as the Flakes? I'd like your opinion on this. What do *you think?*

Then, the second way you can help me is by telling me how Chipso has helped *you*. I'd like you to tell me about your washday and dishwashing problems. Are they especially troublesome? If you hate dishwashing, tell me that. If your children seem to get their clothes dirtier than other people's children, tell me that. I want just the kind of letter you might write to a personal friend.

And for the 250 letters they consider most interesting, Procter & Gamble will pay $10 each.

If you are a Chipso user, you have as good a chance as anyone else to get $10 for your letter. So won't you sit down today and write me a letter in two parts?

1. Tell me which of the two forms of Chipso you think most women will prefer. And tell me why.

2. Then tell me about your own personal experience with Chipso—with Flakes, or Granules, or *both*.

In case you have used only one form of Chipso and want to know about the other form—read the descriptions I have given below.

*Chipso Flakes*—You probably know about Chipso Flakes—the most popular packaged soap in the world. They are thin, white flakes that give marvelous suds. These suds don't "fall down" when you put in clothes or dishes, like the suds of so many soaps you may have tried. Here are suds you can't seem to wear out. They *soak* dirt out of clothes and grease off dishes—and they *last* until you are ready to rinse.

*Chipso Granules*—These little Granules are the new Chipso—and they give the same rich, lasting suds that the Flakes do. Only these suds come from tiny little soap particles that look almost like a powder. They are not a powder, however, but rich, lasting Chipso suds in steam-dried form. They foam up instantly into rich suds—even in lukewarm water.

Now do let me have your Chipso letter!

RUTH TURNER

### CONDITIONS *for writing a* CHIPSO *letter*

1. Letters, to be considered for prizes, must tell about your experience with Chipso prior to the date of this announcement (November 16, 1930). Each letter will be carefully read and judged by competent judges, among them the writer of this announcement, and prizes awarded for the most interesting letters.

2. Letters must be mailed before June 30, 1931. Address Mrs. Ruth Turner, % Procter & Gamble, Department CJ-120, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3. Procter & Gamble shall have permission of contestants to publish letters and names of prize-winners in Procter & Gamble advertising.

### Chipso Ballot

| I think most women will prefer | Check here |
|---|---|
| CHIPSO FLAKES | |
| CHIPSO GRANULES | |

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY, STATE_____

This ballot, if used, should be accompanied by a letter, (1) giving reason for your opinion and (2) telling about your personal experiences with Chipso. Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Ruth Turner, Procter & Gamble, Department CJ-120, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# 2 Forms - *Flakes* and *Granules*

NET CONTENTS 12 CUBES
"A CUBE MAKES A CUP"
SIMPLY ADD BOILING WATER
"STEERO" BOUILLON CUBES
PAT. OCT. 11, 1921
Do open before Christmas

. . . your box of

# Steero Cubes

DON'T wait for some special occasion to add Steero, the magic flavor note, to your cooking. These concentrated cubes of beef extract, fresh vegetables and fine spices make a special occasion of any meal. With Steero, the simplest dishes take on the flavor of fine French cooking.

For Steero cubes combine in compact form for *you* the very things French chefs use to give flavor interest to *their* food. Each Steero cube an exact measure of seasoning — simpler to use than salt and pepper. Many foods — meats, vegetables, eggs, gravies, dressings, can be improved with Steero.

For instance: Remove hot baked potatoes from their shells. Mash with butter and sufficient hot water in which you've already dissolved 1 or 2 Steero cubes. Put mixture back into shells. Sprinkle with grated cheese and reheat in oven till cheese melts. Um Um! They're good!

We'll send you samples of cubes FREE and you may have Bertha M. Becker's booklet, "101 New Dishes," for 10¢. Then you can try the unusual recipes this famous food specialist has originated for you. See coupon below.

**Steero is more than a flavor.** *It's the easiest hot drink anyone can prepare. A cube, a cup, boiling water. That's all you need. Steero is sold everywhere in three sizes—12, 50 and 100 cubes—by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.*

STEERO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CUBES

American Kitchen Products Co. L. H. J-12
281 Water Street, New York, N. Y.

I would like to try Steero cubes. Please send sample of cubes free. (If you want the cookbook, "101 New Dishes," enclose 10¢.)

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE_____

*This offer not good in Canada*


*(Continued from Page 63)*

Gretchen, you must do something. Your house is suitable for entertaining a duke."

"The only answer papa has been able to get is that the duke's plans are made and cannot be changed," said Gretchen.

Then, on the following day, the blow fell. On the first page of every paper in Newtown appeared a photograph of Madeleine Jewett, and under it a caption to the effect that here was the young Newtown society girl who would be hostess to the Duca di Trentino. Also there was a piece which, somewhat vaguely it is true, connected the Jewett family with that of the duke. He was, it appeared a sort of second cousin by marriage. Consternation fell upon the opposition forces.

"Somehow," Mrs. Norton exclaimed frantically, "we must steal him."

Mrs. Hooker-Stokes was approached and her suggestion was that a committee be appointed to wait upon the duke and to invite him to appear in the pageant in Renaissance costume.

Mrs. Norton was quick to see the value of this. "We'll do it. As soon as he arrives we will wait on him. He cannot refuse when we point out that the affair is given for charity. And naturally he would head the pageant with you, Gretchen. It would be a triumph. Why, even the news reels would make pictures of it. That would be a Christmas present worth having."

"BUT isn't it maddening! That this should happen now! Every paper is full of Madeleine Jewett, and nobody else can get mention or have a picture printed. It's horrible bad luck."

"Never mind, honey. She won't know how to take advantage of it."

The young duke arrived. He was a charming young man of twenty-six, handsome, boyish, interested as a child in this country he had come to visit. And when he was presented to the young woman who was to be his hostess his eyes lighted.

"I like your city ver' much," he said, "and you will show it all to me, is it not so? Ever since I get down from the motor and see you, Mees Jewett, I am so glad I have come to this place."

"You're going to like me," said Madeleine, "because I'm going to be the one girl you meet who won't be hoping to marry you. We'll start with that, so you may feel safe."

"I am not so sure I wish to feel safe," he said with a twinkle.

"You will meet lots of lovely girls who will make you feel as unsafe as you like," she said in a businesslike way. "But with me you can just have a good time. Lots of things are going on with Christmas only a few days off."

"I shall like to see your American Christmas of which I have hear' so much. Thees Santa Claus, eh? And trees upon which hang the presents."

"We'll have a Santa Claus and a tree," Madeleine said. And then, "I hope you didn't forget your costume."

"I forget nothing. I am good boy, eh? Always I do as I am told."

"And," said Madeleine a trifle grimly, "you're going to be told plenty."

Which, indeed, was the case.

"I theenk," he said, "you should be a statesman, eh? It is ver' good. I shall have fine time and enjoy thees things."

Madeleine had arranged for a box at the horse show, and because the matter seemed of slight importance, she had been given her selection. It was a large box located, as she expressed it, on the fifty-yard line, and she planned and supervised its decorations. Which, as events turned out, became a matter of importance.

On the day following the duke's arrival he received a committee from the Junior Assembly who came to invite him to participate in that fête.

"You are ver' kind," he said. "I like ver' much to go and I theenk it is planned by thees lovely hostess of mine. Yes. Oh, by all means, we shall be at thees event."

"But," said Mrs. Norton, "we are hoping for more than your mere presence. We have heard such stories of your horsemanship. And, you understand, this is for charity. It is a noble cause. And it was our hope that you would ride in the pageant, and perhaps give an exhibition of your skill during the evening."

"No. I sit in the box with Mees Jewett. I like that much better. Of course if Mees Jewett ride in thees pageant and tell me I must ride with her, then I ride, eh? You understand. But I do not like to be stare at. No. So I just sit and watch."

"Oh! Oh! We are so disappointed. Can't we induce you to change your mind? We do not ask for ourselves, of course, but for all the poor children we are working so hard to benefit."

"I like to do much for theese poor children," he said, "but I like also to be weeth Mees Jewett whom I shall see for but a few days. I spend weeth her all the time I may. We ride together today."

"So I understand," said Mrs. Norton. "She is a horsewoman most admirable! Like a centaur she sits the horse. Now, I tell you what I do, if you like. I will come down from this box and make to ride."

"Yes, yes. Oh, thank you."

"If you also can induce thees Mees Jewett to ride weeth me. See. Side by side we ride and do the feats. Because she rides most beautiful. But only if you can induce her."

MRS. NORTON swallowed. The ground shook under her. Her eyes wandered over the faces of the committee helplessly. "That—that will be wonderful," she said. "I'm sure Madeleine will agree. Won't you, dear?"

"If," said Madeleine impishly, "the duke wants to show off I suppose I shall have to abet him."

Presently the committee took itself away slowly, dazed, wondering what had happened to it and why.

"Oh, this is dreadful. That man! Can you imagine it! He has undone everything. To insist upon Madeleine riding with him in an exhibition. Never have I heard of such luck. What shall we do?"

The mouse woman lifted her pert face. "Take it and like it," she said slangily.

"But Gretchen, and all our plans!"

"You'd better break the news to Gretchen," said the little brown woman. "She may wish to do something about it."

Gretchen received the news tearfully. "Oh, and she will sit in a regular royal box with him by her side, and we will be riding along in a silly pageant as if to do her honor! We'll be playing second fiddle."

"But ——"

"I'm awfully tired. I don't feel a bit well. I'm afraid I am going to be ill. I know I am going to be ill. You will have to get somebody else. I just can't face it. I haven't the strength. I'm going right to bed and stay there, and you can notify the committee that someone else will have to take my place. I'm not going to be made a fool of."

"It will cost you the election."

"I'm not going to be humiliated for any election," said Gretchen tremulously. "I never heard of such abominable luck."

"I have," said the mouse woman. "It almost always comes to people who meddle with Madeleine Jewett."

# A Sermon on the Stork

*(Continued from Page 6)*

to understand him? Everybody has to begin, silly. These babies are pretty tough, fortunately; they have to be. Go right ahead and give him what you can—angels can do no more. That was all the basis Mother Mary had, and she made a palace out of a stable and turned a carpenter shop into a cathedral. The theologians have argued a long time about the Trinity, child, and maybe they understand; but the trinity for the man at his work, the girl at her dreams and the child at its play is that Holy Family we all understand with no effort at all—Mary riding to safety on the patient donkey, her baby in her arms, her husband walking beside with his staff. It was a young mother that handed Christianity to the world and carried it through two thousand years, my dear, and Joseph trudged beside her and protected her weakness—and that was chivalry. And she wondered at the marvel of her baby and taught Him all she knew—and that was education. And He grew up and taught her all she could learn, and the end of that lesson was to watch Him die for his faith—and that was character. And no family can do any more.

"Now take this baby," says the stork, "and remember that your home, as it is, and your life, as it is, are the best home and life for it, if you can't make them any better. If you can, of course you will. If your child has any message for the world he can send it from his home—your home."

And of course the stork is right. The greatest Teacher the world has seen learned to carve crosses in the tiny town of Nazareth long before He died on one in the city of Jerusalem. And in that simple, narrow life He breathed the homely atmosphere and absorbed the homely images that flowered into the greatest stories, at once the most mystical and the most practical that have ever satisfied the child who loves a story and baffled the philosopher who loves a problem.

Sin. What is it? Is there any such thing? Whether it is what the psychoanalyst calls it today or what the Sunday-school teacher called it day before yesterday; whether it is pure cussedness and needs to be damned, or a lack of adaptation to environment and going to be educated, who knows?

But we all know what we must do with the sinner. The psychologists have just about found out, but mothers have always known, and their instinctive judgment was ratified long ago by that carpenter's Son who told the old Pharisees about it.

"What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

And when the greatest story of all is told, best loved, most quoted, the story that has earned more tears and smiles than any other and won more converts to its Founder's faith than any one gesture of Christianity, what was it about?

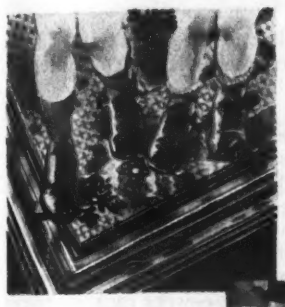
A naughty boy that ran away from home! Today we say that he was unable to sublimate his repressed emotions; that he found himself temperamentally unfitted to his environment; that the complete expression of his personality suffered from inhibitions. These are long words.

What it works out to is that he was a naughty boy and ran away from home.

"And when he had spent all . . . he began to be in want. . . . And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat. . . . And when he came to himself he said . . . I will arise and go to my father. . . . But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him . . ."

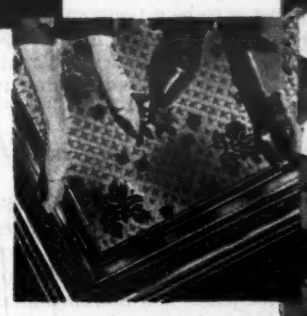
Myself, I cannot feel that we shall ever lose the family. For if it has failed in every other way, it must be there still when the Prodigal Son comes Home!

# *Rugs for* DOUBLE-DUTY *in Patterns that are NEW*



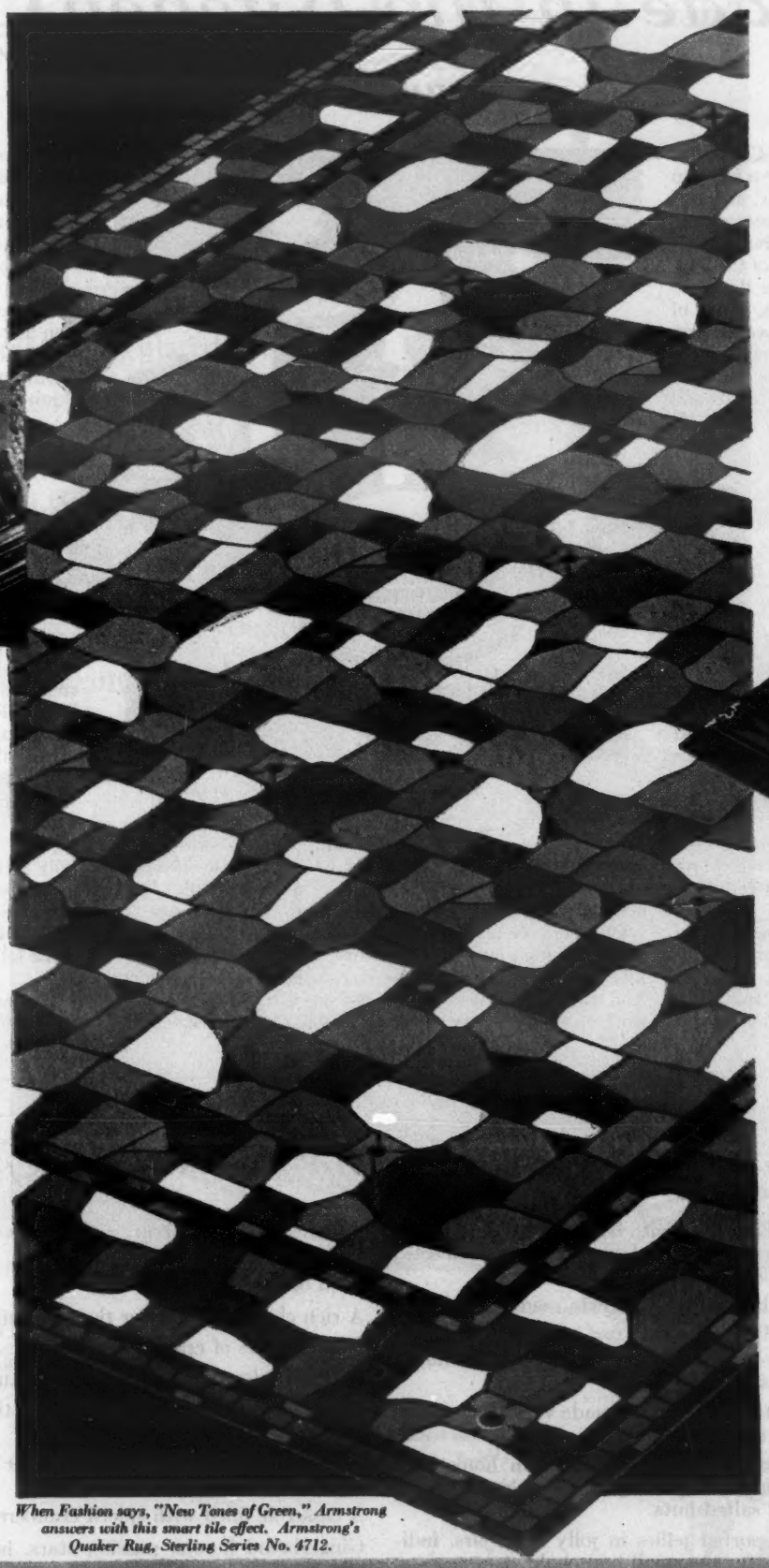
**ALL DAY LONG**

*In homes where there are children, dirt and mud are bound to be tracked in. But don't worry—let the youngsters enjoy themselves.*



**IN THE EVENING**

*If the rug is an Armstrong's Quaker Rug, all dirt and stains wipe right off. And the rug is bright and smiling again for visitors.*



*When Fashion says, "New Tones of Green," Armstrong answers with this smart tile effect. Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4712.*

OF course, it's only in story books that you make a wish, wave a wand—and have the wish come true.

But there is *almost* as much magic in these pretty Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. When children drop the jelly, spill the milk, or track in mud—don't worry. Reach for the "magic wand"—your mop. Just a stroke or two and every sign of muss is gone.

The Accolac-Processed surface makes it easy to clean these rugs jiffy-quick. For the surface is *sealed* against dirt and stains. That's where the double-duty comes in: a play rug by day, a company rug by night.

And when visitors do drop in and see the bright new pattern you have selected, they too will want to know more about these rich-looking rugs that cost so little. For even a room-size Armstrong's Quaker Rug costs but a very few dollars.

Your friends will be glad to know, too, that these satin-smooth rugs may be had in their own local furniture, department, and floor covering stores.

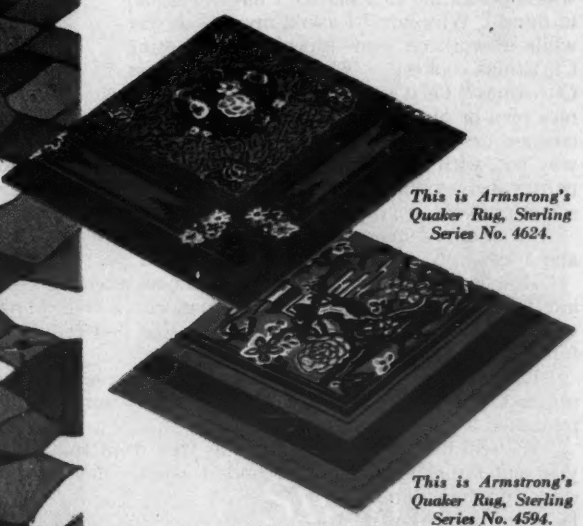
### *See all the New Patterns*

Send now for the handy folder, "Style-Setting Beauty in Work-Saving Rugs." It shows all the Armstrong's Quaker Rug patterns in actual colors just as they will look on your floor. Write the Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 3012 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa.

### *On Your Radio*

Hear the Armstrong Quakers every Friday night, 10 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. Tune into this entertainment on the WJZ coast-to-coast network.

*Armstrong's* (A) *Product*



*This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4624.*

*This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4594.*

### Look for this label if you want a soil-proof rug

*You can identify an Armstrong's Quaker Rug in any store by this Quaker Girl label pasted on the face of each rug. It is your written promise of full value and service in soil-proof rugs.*

*If you prefer to cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2, 3, and 3¼ yard widths.*

# *Armstrong's Quaker Rugs*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

# The Modern Homemaker

A DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD ADMINISTRATION—DIRECTED BY LITA BANE

# Made-in-the-Kitchen Gifts

*By* CAROLINE B. KING

DECEMBER—snow and stars and Christmas spirit! At least that's what we have a right to expect of this last month of the year; and if it happens that snow and stars are absent, as they so often are just when we want them most, then it is up to us as individuals to see that none of the holiday merriment and good times, none of the nice things to eat, or the tinsel ribbons and glittering wrappings, or any of the other paraphernalia that help to give the beloved season its exciting glamour are lacking. Everybody down in the bottom of his heart loves Christmas; even the most skeptical old Scrooge, I wager, secretly adores untying the cords and breaking the seals on a Christmas package, and finds quite as much fun as the rest of the world in the mystery, the good fellowship of the holiday season.

Yes, indeed, Christmas is the time of merry-making and hospitality, of giving and good eating, of carols and cakes and conviviality—which brings me to a matter I have long had in mind. "Why not," I asked myself one day while at work on some especially fascinating Christmas cookery—"why not give cakes for Christmas? Or if not cakes, then pies, extra-nice pies, or plum puddings, the best that can be made, or cookies, or salad dressings, or marmalade, or—well, in fact, why not, with a kitchen as cozy as mine, with well-stocked pantry shelves, with time to spend—why not give my friends something very, very nice to eat, a made-in-the-kitchen gift?"

And it proved an excellent plan. I've followed it for years, and I find my presents are long remembered.

"How about that cake house you sent us when we were kids?" asked an all-grown-up young man with a home of his very own the other day. "I never forgot that house and the fun we had eating its icing roof."

"Remember those cunning glasses of jelly you sent me for my first Christmas in New York? My, they were good!" remarked a young business woman.

"We still have the little Christmas tree from that cake you sent father years ago. He hadn't eaten a hickory-nut cake since he was a boy. How he did enjoy it!" This from a grandmother of my acquaintance.

And so on—until I've come to the conclusion that any woman who can make good cakes, or pickles, or cookies, or conserves has solved the whole Christmas problem in the most agreeable, delightful way possible.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

*Gifts have added personality when uniquely wrapped.*

## Dainties

PACK a hamper of goodies of your own making for the friend who has little time for nice cookery and watch her rapture as she opens it. Rifle your store closet of a few choice jars of jellies or conserves for the friend with a sweet tooth. Most people buy their plum puddings nowadays, but if yours are different or notable in some way or other, they will make tempting gifts, wrapped and tinseled and garnished in Christmas fashion. Make a whole menagerie of pink-sugared gingerbread animals for the kiddies in the neighborhood and pack them in red tarlatan stockings.

Oh, there are just dozens of delightful Christmas things to be done with foods, and each one, I'll warrant, will prove just the gift that makes the day perfect for the recipient. And the best of this kind of Christmas is that you may begin work on the gifts very early in the month, for mincemeat and plum puddings and fruit cakes are all the better for being allowed a little time to become mellow and rich before they are eaten.

It's a nice idea to select containers for these made-in-the-kitchen gifts which will be useful or ornamental or worth keeping in themselves; a casserole filled with mincemeat or spiced cranberries will delight a housewife. Jars and cans may be packed in attractive baskets or bags. Once I sent an assortment of dainties to a young business woman in a very alluring hat box, which she is still using. Or, if the container is to be a temporary affair, it may be dressed up quite fetchingly; coffee or baking-powder cans, lacquered and decorated with Christmas seals, make ideal holders for spiced or salted nuts or stuffed dates.

## Cakes and Preserves

POPCORN balls wrapped separately in gayly hued Cellophane, then arranged half a dozen or so in a box, will delight the heart of any child, especially if one of the popcorn balls contains a surprise. Jars for jellies and marmalades may have the tops brilliantly lacquered and embellished with a seal or a stenciled design. A pewter bowl will be a doubly welcome gift if it is filled with Christmas nuggets or other tiny cakes, and a quaint basket that just holds a loaf of the giver's famous nut bread will be found useful long after the bread has been eaten and forgotten.

The first thing is to decide what to give and whom to give it to. If the preserve closet has been well filled during the summer, it is well to begin operations by looking it over carefully and selecting from its shelves some of the most attractive jars and bottles. They will be needed when packing hampers and baskets. If the stock is not large, there is still plenty of time to make several varieties of dainties which the home folks will enjoy also.

PINEAPPLE MINT CONSERVE is new and very appealing; its charming color also recommends it. Use the canned crushed pineapple for making it—two cupfuls of the fruit with the juice, three and a half cupfuls of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of commercial pectin, one-half to three-quarters of a teaspoonful of mint flavoring and enough green vegetable coloring to produce the desired tint. Mix the fruit and sugar and bring to the boiling point, stir well and cook hard for half a minute and add the coloring; remove from the fire and add the pectin. Skim well and let cool a few moments, stirring frequently; add the flavoring and pour into little clear-glass jars.

## Suggestions for Made-in-the-Kitchen Gifts

HAMPERS filled with homemade cakes, jellies, relishes, cookies and confections—all tinseled and ribboned.

Plum puddings in tins or bowls, ready to reheat—holly-decorated.

Christmas cakes with Christmas decorations in gay tin boxes.

A dozen little fancy cakes made very Christmasy with icing and ornaments.

Gigantic stocking of net filled with homemade cookies, tin jars of jams, jellies, relishes, boxes of spiced and salted nuts.

A dozen assorted jellies in jolly little jars, individual size, for the small household.

Half a dozen small jars of salad dressings, all dressed up for various festive occasions.

A Christmas relish in Christmas colors.

A Christmas-cake house for the children.

Colorfully wrapped surprise pop-corn balls.

A mince pie with a real Christmas touch.

A hickory-nut cake for the man who mourns the good old days.

A rich chocolate cake for the modern man.

Cunning jars of cranberry conserve.

Attractive boxes of spiced nuts and stuffed raisins.

A pewter bowl filled with tutti-frutti Christmas balls for the business girl.

A loaf of superior orange bread for the family which has everything.

A casserole filled with spiced cranberries.

Gingerbread horses, pussies, stars, holly leaves, and so forth, of the old-fashioned kind for the kiddies next door.

A Christmas angel fruit cake for the newest bride and groom.

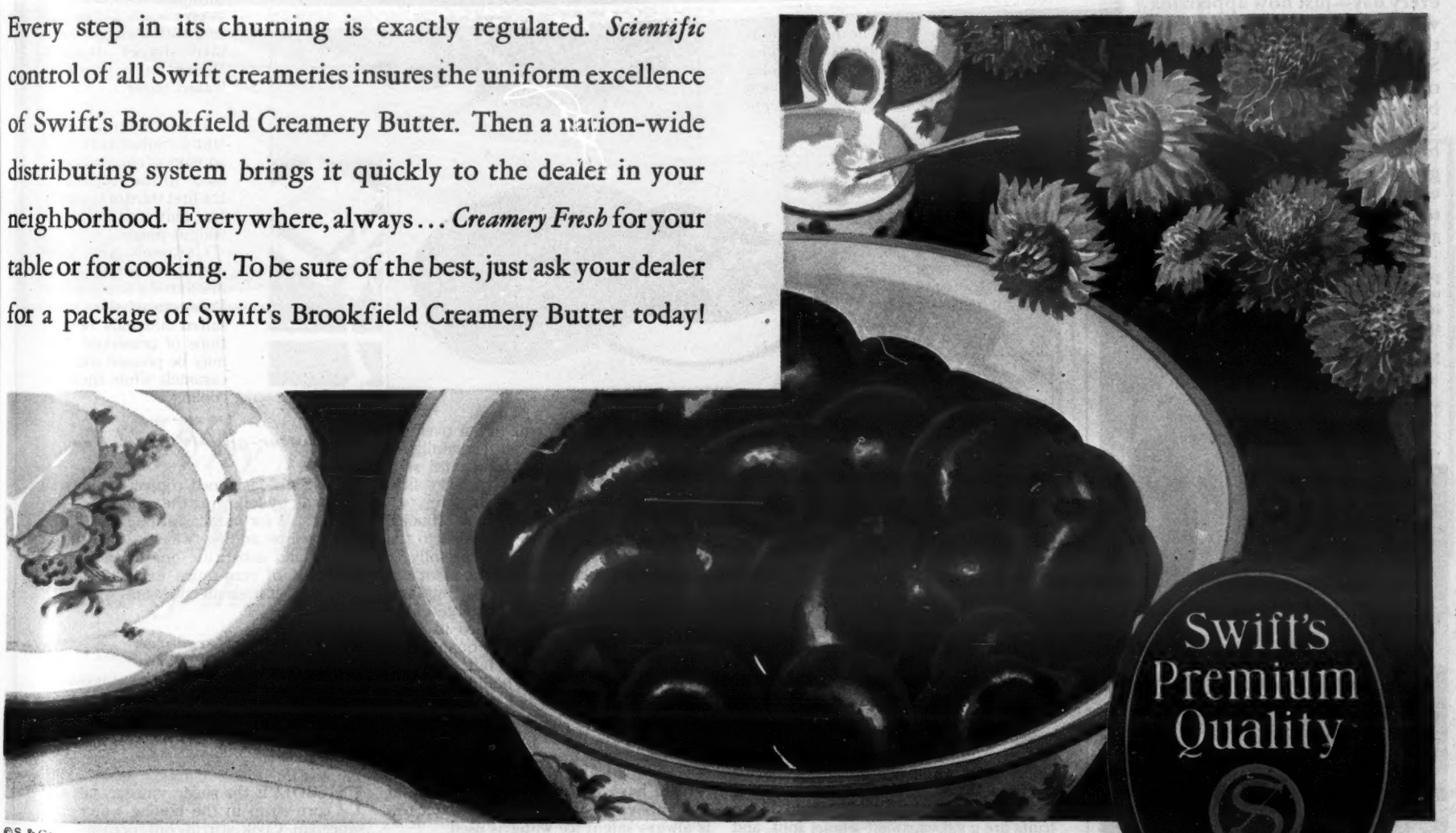
Generous jar of homemade mincemeat.

A cider pie for someone's grandpa.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Additional recipes for suggested Made-in-the-Kitchen Gifts will be sent upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address Service Bureau, The Modern Homemaker, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

# New-churned this dependable BUTTER

FROM spotless creameries in 24 states... always the same sweet butter, with the same *fresh* flavor you like so well! Every step in its churning is exactly regulated. *Scientific* control of all Swift creameries insures the uniform excellence of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. Then a nation-wide distributing system brings it quickly to the dealer in your neighborhood. Everywhere, always... *Creamery Fresh* for your table or for cooking. To be sure of the best, just ask your dealer for a package of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter today!




©S. & Co.

*Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to products of unvarying excellence.*

*Swift's Brookfield Cheese has the distinctive mellow flavor produced by careful curing and blending. Like Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Butter, it is sold by dealers in your town or city.*

# Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS
BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

# Minutes are so precious these days!

WHAT good news it is that that old-time favorite, mince pie, is now as quick to prepare as it is delicious to eat—when you use None Such, of course! For None Such is all ready for you. No disappointing quest for the rare ingredients that give None Such its distinctive flavor—no fuss of preparation—no more hours spent in a hot and steaming kitchen. Now, with None Such, the minute-hand tells the story—ticks off what the whole family will call the most tempting dessert they ever tasted!

Thousands of women know—and others are discovering every day—just how appetizing, wholesome and easily digested this rapidly-prepared None Such mince pie can be. Made of rare spices and blended fruits by a 40-year-old formula, None Such has occupied a post of honor on the pantry shelves of good home cooks for three generations. It's earned the right to be on yours, too—the year around.

Your grocer has the familiar red package. 'Phone him to-day. Bake up a None Such mince pie and serve it hot or cold. The recipe is on the package.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, INC.
350 Madison Ave., New York

Merrell-Soule Co., Inc.
350 Madison Ave., N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Please send me my free copy of "None Such Recipes"—half a hundred delightful ways to serve a time-tried favorite.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....


# From Our Own Kitchen

## Festival Candies Ensemble

By VIOLA M. BELL

TO HAVE one's especially favorite candy remembered by the donor in the packing of the "made in the kitchen" gift is always appreciated. And for this to be a dainty ensemble, as exquisite to the eye as the confections are delicate to the palate, shows finesse indeed on the part of the giver. This artistry includes discriminating choice of the many lovely wrapping materials. To have a single idea carried as a keynote throughout its packaging makes an appeal to the recipient which is never forgotten. The shape of the box, the design and color of its paper covering, serve the imagination in planning just what shall be the center of interest of the contents.

Each piece wrapped separately gives distinction to the box. The different foils or papers chosen identify the various flavors and also make it easier to form certain designs. Covered, too, as soon as they are made, flavor and aroma are both retained in the candies.

A confection popular the world around is marzipan paste, marchpane or *massepain*. Some of it may be colored, perhaps with chocolate or spice, and flavored by fruits and nuts. Lilliputian apples with red cheeks and potatoes dusted with cinnamon are quickly formed and well worth the effort in the joy they afford. The addition of rose or orange-flower water characterizes the flavor of the diminutive fruits and flowers. Grated lemon and orange peel lend a delicious note. Dried fruits are good when left whole, split, and stuffed with marzipan, or chopped and rolled in the paste. Half-inch balls may be tossed in ground pistachio nuts, or perfect nut-meat halves may be pressed against each side. Coffee infusion, too, may be substituted for the water which is cooked with the sugar in the paste recipe.

*There is bound to be a personal touch in a gift of homemade candy, and when it is given color by the wrapping of each piece individually in decorative paper, and when it is made artistic by its arrangement, another asset is added—holiday glamour.*

PHOTOS. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

### Marzipan

| | |
|---|---|
| ½ Pound of Shelled Almonds | 2 Tablespoonfuls of White Corn Sirup |
| 10 Bitter Almonds or Prune Kernels | ⅔ Cupful of Boiling Water |
| 1¼ Cupfuls of Granulated Sugar | ½ Teaspoonful of Vanilla Extract |

GRIND the almonds and the prune kernels very, very fine, and force through a fine sieve, having the mixture very smooth. Dissolve the sugar and corn sirup in the boiling water, and cook without stirring to 238° F.—until sirup holds together in a soft ball. Pour over the almond paste and stir until crystallized. Add the vanilla and knead until soft, pliable and smooth. If a very firm marzipan is desired cook the sirup to a higher temperature. This is done if thick fruit pulp is to be added to the marzipan. Knead color in carefully.

Soft caramels or toffee, rich in fat and flavor, are firm, but do not crystallize. To prevent crystallization large quantities of corn sirup are used in some recipes; in others a large quantity of milk; and in still others, butter. After the candy has stopped boiling it should be stirred or handled as little as possible until cooled. The hardness of the candy is tested by the use of the thermometer or the "cold-water test." The thermometer is very practical and dependable if one is sure to have the mixture a half inch, at least, above the bulb. The cold-water test is always safe if ice water is used.

These candies retain their flavor and are even improved by a week's storage if wrapped shortly after being made.

### Black-Walnut Caramels

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 Cupfuls of Sugar | 3 Tablespoonfuls of Butter |
| 1 Cupful of White Corn Sirup | 1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla |
| 3 Cupfuls of Rich Milk | ¾ Cupful of Black-Walnut Meats |
| ½ Teaspoonful of Salt | |

DISSOLVE sugar and corn sirup in one-third of the milk and cook down to a firm-ball test in cold water—245° F.—stirring only to prevent scorching. Add one-half of the remaining milk very slowly and cook again to a firm ball. Add the salt and butter with the final third of milk and cook to the firm-ball test—250° F. Quickly add the broken nut meats and vanilla, pour into a shallow well-greased tin to one-half-inch depth. Do not scrape sides of kettle. Let stand twelve hours before cutting with shears or knife into shapes desired. Wrap each piece in waxed paper.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS. Substitute four squares of chipped chocolate to the recipe with the first third of the milk. One may omit the black-walnut meats.

Caramels are more readily cut with a sawing motion of a heavy knife. Pecan-meat halves, small salted almonds or sections of preserved fruit may be pressed into the caramels while they are cooling.

### Butter-and-Rum Toffee

THIS old-fashioned confection may be made by following the general proportions listed for vanilla caramels. Use the above recipe, adding twice the quantity of butter, and substitute one to two tablespoonfuls of rum-sauce extract for the vanilla. Cut in small cubes and wrap each one well.

### Butterscotch

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Cupful of Granulated Sugar *or* 1 Cupful of Light Brown Sugar (Packed Tightly) | ¼ Cupful of Boiling Water |
| ¼ Cupful of Light Corn Sirup | 2 Tablespoonfuls of Vinegar |
| | ½ Teaspoonful of Salt |
| | ¼ Cupful of Butter |

DISSOLVE the sugar, vinegar, salt and corn sirup in the boiling water in a saucepan. Cook, stirring only occasionally, to firmness desired, adding the butter just before removing the kettle from the stove. The candy may be poured into very shallow slightly buttered tins, and marked in squares or cut in one-inch rounds when slightly cooled. If one works rapidly the mixture may be dropped from the kettle into tiny rounds. For soft, chewy butterscotch, cook the mixture to a firm-ball test—250° F. For a brittle, hard butterscotch, cook to a higher temperature—280° F. or 290° F.—crack test in cold water. For an Oriental butterscotch, cook one-half tablespoonful of powdered ginger with the sugar and sirup.

*Del Monte Corn*
Sweet, tender kernels. Two styles, Cream and Whole Kernel. Four delicious varieties—Golden Bantam, Crosby, Country Gentleman, Tiny Kernel.

*Early Garden Sugar Peas*
The finest garden peas. Graded for size, then the best sizes *blended*, for natural flavor.

*Del Monte Asparagus*
Tender spears and tips. Packed in four convenient sizes of cans and several different sizes of spears.

Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and only one quality—no matter where you buy.

# *Why not get*
# REAL ENJOYMENT
## *out of the foods your menus need?*

SPINACH, for instance. What a difference it makes—the *kind* of spinach you serve, and the *way* you serve it.

When it's DEL MONTE, you start with all the freshness and flavor of the finest spinach grown—picked at exactly the right moment to bring you all its tender goodness—washed absolutely clean and free from sand or grit.

Heat, season and serve. Then garnish with strips of bacon. Or with segments of grapefruit. Bake it with eggs. Or serve a spinach ring with veal or chicken. You'll find a score of ways to make it not only a dish your menu needs but a treat the family specially likes.

If you're looking for real healthfulness, variety and freshness in the vegetables you serve, don't overlook spinach. Serve it often. But equally important, make sure it's DEL MONTE. For years, by far the largest-selling brand of spinach. And deservedly so. A guarantee of quality—uniform, dependable, always the same—no matter where you buy.

Why not order half a dozen cans—today? And let us send you the DEL MONTE Spinach folder, and 8 other DEL MONTE recipe books—all free. Simply write to Dept. 148, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

# *Just be sure you get*
# DEL MONTE

# Household Management

## Conveniences That Make Homemaking Gracious and Comfortable

SCIENCE has made a comparison of the blankets that keep us warm in winter with the shiny fur coat of the Alaskan seal, and points these facts to guide the homemaker when she goes blanket shopping:

1. The warmth of a blanket is dependent upon the textile fiber used, the fineness of the cloth, the construction itself, the degree to which it has been napped, and the thickness.

2. Since the warmth of a blanket depends upon the percentage of the body warmth it will retain and the cold it will shed, the ground should be closely woven and it should be napped in a way to shed the cold just as the silken hair of the sealskin sheds the cold.

3. A blanket with a hard surface has little warmth.

4. Wool is warmer—weight for weight—than cotton. Yet it is an interesting fact that one can start with one fiber that hasn't the insulating value of another and make it into a cloth, the superior construction of which will make it a warmer fabric.

5. One blanket of superior quality is warmer than two loosely woven blankets of lighter weight.

6. If one blanket has a certain degree of warmth it does not follow that two blankets of the same quality will be twice as warm. The additional blanket gives approximately 25 per cent greater warmth.

7. Price does not always determine the warmth of a blanket. For example: In these experiments a two-toned blanket in pastel shades ranked in warmth with a white blanket, yet cost just twice as much.

8. A good blanket is a little warmer after it has been washed than it is when brand-new. This is due to the closer matting together of the wool fiber. This does not, of course, apply to careless methods in washing that might shrink and stiffen a blanket.

9. Thickness does not always disclose the warmth of the blanket, nor does weight. A blanket of medium weight with a closely woven ground to hold the warmth, and a long fine staple to shed the cold, is warmer than a more cumbersome blanket that is loosely woven and of inferior wool.

10. The warmest blanket tested in these experiments ranked as high as 97 per cent as compared with sealskin.

—ANNA COYLE.

*(Based upon Experiments by The Bureau of Standards, R. H. Macy & Company, Inc.)*

## Clean Hands

BACTERIA are transferred from the hands to the towel in surprisingly large numbers even when the hands are washed with soap and water in the usual manner, report Pease and Himebaugh in the American Journal of Public Health. When the same towel is used repeatedly the numbers of bacteria on it are increased and some of them in turn may be restored to the hands of the user.

In the series of bacteriological studies which brought out these facts it was also found that Turkish towels were more effective than huck or paper towels in removing from the skin the dirt and bacteria not carried away by the soap and water. For drying the face, hands, or entire body, the use of single-service towels of the Turkish type is recommended.

## Ten Points on Washing Woolens

AT THIS season we are thinking of the care of woolen articles. When we launder woolens we have to consider not only color but also a fabric that is sensitive to heat, to strong alkalies, and to friction. Yet, with a few simple facts in mind, woolen materials may be laundered beautifully and retain their proper size and downy softness. Ten points to remember are:

1. Use soft water. Soften if necessary with a little borax or other mild water softener.

2. Retain the same low temperature throughout the washing and rinsing. Wrist temperature—98.6° F.—is recommended. Shrinkage is caused by water that is too hot and by a marked change in temperature.

3. Use only neutral soap and make a generous supply of rich suds before putting the article in to be washed. Use a second suds for badly soiled garments.

4. Wash as quickly as possible. Do not rub or twist. The principle of cleansing is to squeeze the suds through the material gently.

5. Rinse thoroughly in two or more clear waters at wrist temperature.

6. Squeeze out the excess moisture. If a wringer is used it should be loosely set.

7. Dry in a current of air, not in the direct sunlight or near a radiator. Never allow woolens to freeze.

8. Press on the wrong side with a moderate iron.

9. Knitted garments should be stretched to measurements and dried on a flat surface well padded with absorbent cloth to take up the excess moisture.

10. Blankets should be hung on the line to dry, with the weight evenly distributed on each side and with the hems parallel to the line. They should be stretched into shape occasionally and the ends squeezed to remove the moisture as it runs down. After they are dry a soft brush will help to fluff up the nap.

—ANNA COYLE.

## Efficiency—and Happiness

A FRIEND of mine recently remarked, "I can't sleep well at night if I know there is an unwashed dish in the house." It seems to me that indicates a warped scale of values. I believe that if our homes are to be comfortable places, we can't afford to worry ourselves and everybody else by insisting that home life be dominated always by the machinery of housekeeping.

I like much better the household-efficiency plan that permits another family to respond to the suggestion, "Let's turn on the music and dance"—leaving the table to be cleared later. Their ideal is happy family life, even if they have to cut housekeeping corners a little.

It is easy to become so much involved in the details of housekeeping as to forget that we need play as well as work—and that the home is an excellent place for fun. "I was raised to the tune of a broom and dustpan. I'm resolved never to allow myself to become a good housekeeper," is the reaction of one woman.

Nevertheless, a certain amount of order and of efficient management is necessary if the household is to function satisfactorily. Consequently, we are introducing this Household Management page, which will appear from time to time and which we hope will help you no matter what your efficiency standards may be. If you have suggestions that you would like to pass on, will you be so good as to send them to us?

—LITA BANE.

## Preventing Budget Blowouts

MOST people who suffer from budget failure in times of family financial strain get into difficulty because their budgets use every cent of income for clearly foreseen expenses. To avoid such difficulties the family budget builder must include a reserve adequate to any ordinary emergency the family may be called upon to face.

How large should this reserve be? Each case must be according to individual judgment, providing adequately for unforeseen contingencies likely to develop. Ten per cent of the income has been suggested as a suitable amount for this primary reserve. A family with uncertain income from irregular employment, and no savings to fall back on, may need double this amount. A well-established family, with all its members in good health, a regular income and ample savings and investments, will need no more than two or three per cent.

Will not adequate provision for all possible emergencies limit unduly a family's living standard? No more than they are actually limited whenever these unforeseen expenditures do arise. If you set aside an unneeded reserve in your budget it will remain ready for use next year. Or if you prefer you can transfer it to your permanent savings account, or spend it for some of the nice but less necessary items this year's budget could not provide.

—HOWARD F. BIGELOW.

*(Economist, Western State Teachers College, Michigan.)*

## A Perfect Gas Flame

WHEN a gas range isn't acting properly—that is, when the flame it gives off is too high, too low, is sputtering or yellow tipped—it is burning good fuel without giving proper service. Such a condition doesn't mean, however, that there is anything radically wrong with the gas range, but merely that a simple adjustment is necessary. This type of adjustment is generally so simple that anyone can do it.

A well-adjusted flame will not smoke. It will burn with a clear, soft blue flame about one and a half inches in height without hissing or flaring, and just touching the bottom of the kettle. This kind of short flame is very hot and cooks rapidly, yet uses a minimum of gas.

The adjustments for the various burner faults are made on the air mixer, which connects the gas cock. The two parts necessary to know about are shown on the sketch of the air mixer. The small six-sided nut regulates the flow of gas. The small set screw loosens the air shutter and enables an increase or reduction in the amount of air entering the mixing chamber. Before starting any adjustment the burner should be lighted and kept lighted.

If the burner produces a very high blue flame, rising two or three inches above the top of the stove grids when the gas cock is fully open, there is a wastage of fuel, and no doubt kettles are being blackened. Reduce the flow of gas by turning the six-sided nut until the flame is only about one and a half inches high. Then loosen the set screw holding the air shutter and turn it to the right or left until a clear blue flame is obtained.

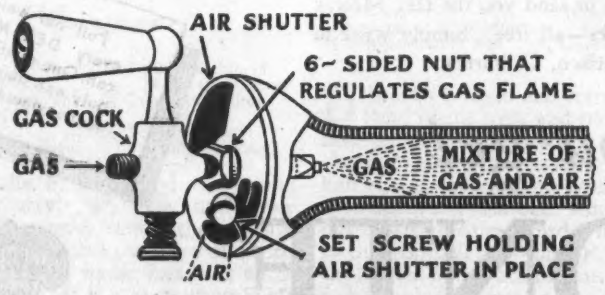
To correct a very small blue flame, which gives off too little flame or heat, increase the gas by turning the six-sided nut until the flame burns up about one and a half inches.

A sputtering blue flame contains too much air. To correct this condition the air shutter should be closed just enough to bring the flame down so that it stays in place on the burner.

A yellow-tipped flame indicates that there is not enough air. Such a flame will blacken kettles. To remedy this condition adjust the air shutter, turning it to left or right until a clear blue flame is obtained.

When the gas burns with a clear, soft, blue flame, without hissing or flaring and just touching the bottom of the cooking vehicle, it is properly adjusted. Frequently a reddish tinge will appear in the flame, but this does not necessarily indicate inefficient heating or poor adjustment, nor will such a flame blacken kettles. This condition is often due to very fine dust particles carried by gas.

—MARIE HULSER.




AIR MIXER

## Clean Cookbooks

TO KEEP a cookbook or a recipe clipping from becoming soiled, obtain two small inconspicuous brass hooks, such as are fastened with nails set at an angle, and two large file clips. Place these hooks inside or outside a closet door, preferably over the mixing table. The clips will hold clippings or a small book and can be removed if desired when not in use.

—MRS. EDGAR W. GREEN.

# When He leans forward do you draw back?

*perhaps "Faulty Desquamation," ruinous to beauty, is veiling the peach-bloom complexion you should have... Let this famous Facial Treatment help you.*

THERE are times when women are acutely, and unhappily, conscious of that veil of dead cells, hiding the true natural beauty of the skin . . . "Faulty Desquamation," the skin specialists call this condition.

And you will never be as lovely as you *can* be until you find the way to "Normal Desquamation," nature's own way of discarding dead tissue, and bringing your real, hidden beauty to light.

Woodbury's Facial Soap will promote "Normal Desquamation" in a way impossible to toilet soaps. It assists nature. And it gives you the loveliness, the rare and attractive charm of a truly beautiful skin. Of course you will use it regularly, every day, to keep the new skin fresh and clear . . . And free from impurities that cause blackheads and pore-enlargement. Woodbury's Facial Soap costs a trifle more than toilet soaps. But it is really a practical economy. For it actually lasts longer.

Start today . . . And continue to use the modern magic of this scientific treatment . . . You'll find, and keep, "The skin you love to touch" . . . with Woodbury's.

RESULTS IN 10 DAYS

*Woodbury's rejuvenates your skin in a way impossible to toilet soaps*

Ordinary toilet soaps may cleanse your skin, but Woodbury's, in addition, *treats* your skin as no toilet soap can. Its costly ingredients are scientifically chosen and combined. They create healthful changes in the skin structure, aiding nature in the vital process of desquamation . . . It is simple to use Woodbury's properly. Bathe your face with warm water. Rub up in your hands a creamy lather. Massage gently into the skin—*upward*. Rinse with warm water. Then plenty of cold water. Pat with soft towel until dry. Do this regularly. And your skin will charm and delight you with its freshness, its clarity, its clear glow of beauty.

For a Man . . . *from a clever giver!*

Every man uses the articles in the Woodbury Gift Box, *daily*. How pleasant to get them all together, handsomely packed, in this Christmas box! Woodbury's Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream, and Jergen's Lotion (or Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion). A special value for one dollar. At your drug store or toilet goods counter.

© John H. Woodbury, Inc., 1930

# 31 Easy Fruit Desserts and Salads

## Enjoy one tonight. List them all in your recipe file. A handy reference in planning meals for every day in the month . . . . . .

Desserts and salads—you know how they are. Dozens of them at your finger tips, and then when you actually get down to planning a meal, nothing that seems to have quite the right touch of distinction—of newness—of taste-appeal. Yes, keeping desserts and salads interesting and attractive is a problem. But it isn't half so much of a problem when your pantry is well-stocked with Del Monte Peaches, particularly Del Monte Sliced Peaches ready for instant use.

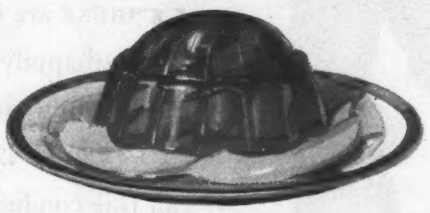
For there are mighty few other fruits which lend themselves to such an enticing array of salads and desserts. Take *hot* desserts, for instance. Here's one that will bring three rousing cheers from the family some cold winter day when a fruit dessert—especially a *hot* fruit dessert—has its greatest appeal. Simply spread 2½ cups of Del Monte Sliced Peaches over the bottom of a baking pan, sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, add 2 cups of soft, stale bread crumbs, pour 1 cup water over, and bake in a hot oven. Then to add a touch of perfection to something that already seems perfect, serve it with sauce made from the peach syrup.

*Sliced Peaches with leftover cake*

And here's another hot dessert, equally good—Peach Souffle. Brown a half cup of bread crumbs in melted butter, add a cup of peach syrup, sweetened, and cook 20 minutes in a double boiler. Then add chopped Del Monte Peaches, beat the yolks of three eggs into the mixture, fold in the beaten whites, bake in individual molds, and serve with hard sauce. Or for another dish—Peach Rice Pudding. Make it with 1¾ cups of cooked rice and a cup of Del Monte Sliced Peaches, placed in alternate layers, peach syrup added, baked in a hot oven for eight minutes, and served with cream.

These aren't even a start, however, into the list of hot peach desserts. You can use Sliced Peaches as a shortcake filling with buttered baking powder biscuits, or leftover cake. You can serve them in pastry shells, topped with a fluffy mound of whipped cream or with butterscotch sauce. You can insert them in the center of baked apples, or place a layer on your gingerbread before it goes into the oven, or bake them in individual tartlets, covered with crispy, delicately-browned meringue.

As for *cold* desserts—what's easier than Del Monte Peaches frozen right in the can? What more pleasing to the eye and the appetite than Peach Frangipane? Make a sauce of ⅓ cup of sugar, 3 tablespoons cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, and 2 beaten eggs. Add 1½ cups scalded milk and cook over hot water until thick. Remove from fire, add 1 cup cake crumbs, and 1 teaspoon orange extract. Cool, pour over the peaches and chill.



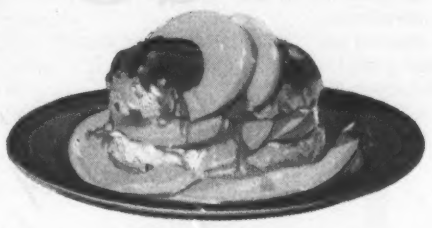
*Sliced Peach gelatine*

Then there's Butterscotch Peach Tapioca. You add to the cooked tapioca brown sugar melted in butter and stirred into milk, then two beaten eggs, and a cup of Del Monte Sliced Peaches. Fold into the mixture the sweetened and beaten whites of 2 eggs, brown quickly in a hot oven, and serve cold. There's Peach Coupe—sliced peaches covered with ice cream and garnished with whipped cream and orange sections. There's Peach Mousse—peaches pulped and mixed with an equal amount of whipped cream and a little gelatine. There's peach custards, and peach junkets, and peach filling for jelly roll, and peaches added to custard and cream and

*Sliced Peaches with cereal*

apple pies, added to cornstarch and bread pudding, to floating island and gelatine desserts. Oh, yes—and Dutch Peach Cake, made with Del Monte Sliced Peaches instead of apples, on soft biscuit dough; and that perennial favorite, Peach Upside Down Cake—sliced peaches candied in a frying pan with 3 tablespoons butter and ¾ cup brown sugar; then cake batter poured over them, and the whole cooked in a moderate oven.

And when it comes to *fruit salads*, peaches deserve a special mention on the roll of fame. Was there ever a fruit salad so tempting that it couldn't be made more so by the addition of peaches? Why, Del Monte Sliced Peaches alone, on cool, crisp lettuce leaves, make as delicious a salad as you can

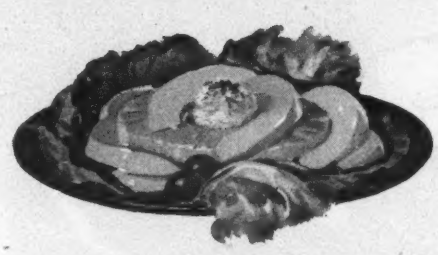


*Sliced Peach shortcake*

imagine. And if you add to them sliced canned pineapple, cheese balls, and your favorite salad dressing you have something which comes close to being a work of art.

Speaking of cheese with peaches, *there's* a combination which all by itself presents a world of salad possibilities. Sunflower Salad, for example, made with cream cheese blended with mayonnaise, placed on lettuce, and encircled with peach slices to represent sunflower petals—or diced cheese and pimiento olives, added to warm gelatine, flavored with peach syrup, and then poured into a mold filled with Del Monte Sliced Peaches.

And in case you want to fuss a bit, here's a molded peach and cheese salad that will be greeted with exclamations of delight. To make it, dissolve softened gelatine in boiling

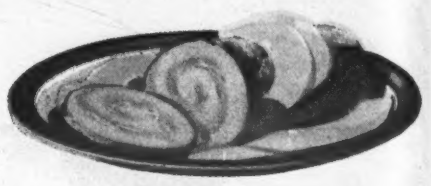


*Sliced Peach pineapple salad*

Del Monte Peach syrup. Sweeten to taste, add ¾ cup Del Monte Sliced Peaches and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Chill half the mixture in a mold until firm. Then place cheese balls—cream cheese seasoned with green peppers and paprika—on the chilled gelatine, add the other half of the mixture, and chill until the whole is firm.

Varied as these suggestions are, however, they fall far short of covering the subject of peaches. We haven't mentioned how inviting Del Monte Sliced Peaches look and taste with the morning's cereal—the countless ways they can be used in fruit cups, and cocktails, and sherbets—the breakfast dishes such as peach omelet, sweetened with peach syrup and folded over peach slices. That's why you'll surely want a copy of "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them." The book is offered free below.

But of course you'll want to enjoy some of the sliced peach treats suggested above, even before you get this book. Just remember that Del Monte Peaches are always the finest peaches grown, carefully selected, fully tree-ripened fruit from the world's finest orchards. Even then, only half of this selected fruit is good enough for Del Monte. Tender, luscious, golden peaches you're always proud to serve. And packed two ways—halved, for use in desserts and salads; and sliced, ready for use by themselves or in any of the dishes described above.

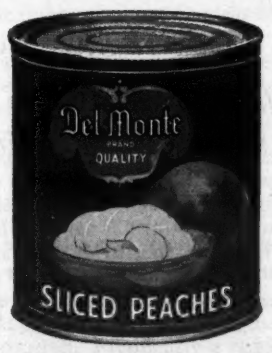


*Sliced Peach jelly roll*

Why not have your grocer send you a supply of Del Monte Sliced Peaches—today? See for yourself how their use can simplify your dessert and salad problem.

And write for the Del Monte Peach Book mentioned above. With it, we'll send you 8 other useful Del Monte recipe books and folders—all free. Just address Dept. 147, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

*Special Note:* Del Monte Peaches, both Halves and Sliced, come in 4 sizes of cans—a convenient service for *any* size family. And remember, in the large No. 2½ can there are 3 sizes of Del Monte Peach Halves—Banquet (colossal fruit), Melba (extra-large fruit), and Regular (large fruit). The number of pieces in each can, of course, varies according to the size of halves. Slightly smaller fruit, graded to fit the container, in the smaller No. 2, No. 1 and Buffet size cans. But regardless of size—the same delicious tree-ripened fruit, the same high quality, in *every* Del Monte can.




Just be SURE you get

# DEL MONTE *Sliced Peaches*

# Mental Hygiene in the Home

## As Others See Us: By Karl Menninger, M.D.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!

TO A CERTAIN extent, the gift which Robert Burns was wishing for is supplied by mental hygiene. It enables us to observe our own behavior without the emotions which we usually associate with it. To see ourselves as others see us would be expressed scientifically as looking at our problems objectively instead of subjectively—studying them with our intelligence instead of merely feeling about them with our emotions.

One of the axioms of mental hygiene, one of its foundation principles, is that this substitution of intelligence for emotional reactions is the remedy for much suffering. *Many people suffer from minor manifestations of mental ill health without knowing it, and recognition would be half the cure.*

Let me illustrate this by describing a family with whom I once spent a week-end.

### Dr. Richardson's Misplaced Anger

LET'S start with the father. He is a doctor, and a good one. Yet all the time I was with him I noticed him indulging in a little trick of which I am sure he is not aware, and which he could certainly be enabled to relinquish.

The morning I was there he got up late and was a little embarrassed when he discovered that I, his guest, as well as the rest of the family had preceded him downstairs. He apologized and we chatted for a time about other things, although I noticed he was still a little ruffled about it.

Suddenly he excused himself and went out in the kitchen to see if breakfast was nearly ready. Of course it had been he who had delayed things. But he seemed to forget this and I heard him making a fuss with his wife about not having started the toast earlier.

At the breakfast table he brought the conversation around to the daylight-saving plan and how much time people wasted by lying abed in the morning, and ended up by asking his wife why she didn't organize the household in such a way as to enable them all to get an earlier start.

In serving the eggs he accidentally slipped one of them off on the tablecloth, making a considerable mess; he frowned, but said nothing about it. But a little while later, when his son kicked the leg of the table, spilling the coffee a trifle, he gave the lad a dirty look and lectured him for several minutes on the importance of good table manners.

Later in the day I played golf with the doctor. Whenever he would miss a shot he would get angry at the caddie.

This psychological trick of the mind is called projection. We project our own sense of guilt upon the minor infractions of someone else and, of course, we inflict the punishment with a great deal more gusto than if we ourselves were receiving it. This is one of those things which need only be called clearly and understandingly to the attention of the offender for him to be half rid of it. I say half rid of it because it is apt to be deeply ingrained and entangled with a lot of other personality traits which may cling pretty tightly to it.

### Mrs. Richardson's Anxiety

THE doctor's wife, whom we will call Mrs. Richardson, had a very different way of showing her mental unhealthiness. It was shown more in her manner than in her words—a pervading anxiety about her children. There were two of them, both apparently in the best of health, but from the way Mrs. Richardson stewed about them one would have expected that either might drop in his tracks at any minute.

She inquired about their sleeping; she asked them several times if they felt perfectly well this morning; she thought one of them looked a little pale and asked her husband to make sure that Dorothy didn't have a fever. When she was late to lunch, Mrs. Richardson was sure that something terrible had happened to her.

Yet she was a charming hostess, and when she temporarily forgot about her children's imminent destruction she displayed extraordinary skill as a conversationalist with surprisingly sensible ideas about politics, social problems, literature and art.

This trait of Mrs. Richardson's is a tremendous waste of energy—emotion is poured out in huge quantities in destructive or at least in unproductive ways. It is not quite so easy to counteract such emotionalism as this by an intellectual attack. But it does help some.

It would help for Mrs. Richardson to know that such anxiety is an expression of bad mental health on her own part and capable of immense damage to the mental health of her children. It would help for her to realize that such anxiety is not an expression of love, as she supposes, but a mixture of emotions—love and fear and even hate.

It would help her, because she would no longer be so proud of it; she would no longer be so willing to indulge herself in it, and she would begin a serious search for its causes and the best methods of self-control.

### Philip's Rebellion

PHILIP, the older child, is having a very difficult time of it in high school. He is particularly bitter toward one of his instructors who is a forceful, dynamic personality, intent upon getting certain ideas across to his students and having them accomplish certain things. Philip refuses to see any good in him. He balks like a mule at every suggestion. He actively expresses his dislike for the instructor. He is inattentive and discourteous.

If this were the only instance of Philip's particular difficulty, one might think that perhaps the instructor was at fault, but Philip has similar trouble with everyone who attempts to exert any authority over him. Philip is undoubtedly reacting to the overseverity of his father. He does not come into open clash with his father, but he does with almost everyone else whose authority is similar to that of his father, but for whom his love and respect are less.

Now if Philip can be helped to see that his conflicts with other older men in authority are merely replicas of the lack of adjustment between his father and himself, he will come to have with them the same strength of self-control that he exercises at home. Of course, he ought to go further and get the emotional situation between his father and himself straightened out. Perhaps he will do this too.

### Dorothy is Snooty

PHILIP is really a very approachable fellow. He is intelligent, too; it was only through Philip that I learned about the peculiar difficulties of his sister Dorothy.

"You see, doctor," he said, "Dorothy is the baby of the family and she has been made to feel it all her life. She has always been made to think that she is more important than any of the rest of us, requires more care and attention and all of that. She doubts herself. I am sure she does. And yet, at the same time, she doesn't think she is as good as the other girls, as big as they are or as smart or something.

"Maybe she is kind of ashamed of our not having so much money or so big a house as the neighbors and the rest of the people in our neighborhood. I don't know. I don't have any such feelings, but she does. I know she does because she is so snooty. All the girls say she is and I can see it myself.

"I don't know where she gets that stuff; my folks never put on any airs. But I know my sis has got to come down off her high horse before people are going to like her, and I think what keeps her up on her high horse is that she feels inferior to some of the other girls and won't admit it to herself."

I think Philip is probably right. I saw some evidences of the same thing in my brief acquaintance with her. I am quite certain that, properly approached, Dorothy could be gotten to see this too. I know many Dorothys who have.

WHEN someone in the family is physically ill, we call in a doctor to prescribe treatment.

When someone in the family is mentally ill, we suffer in silence and unhappiness.

Mental illness is rarely insanity. It is more likely to manifest itself in what we call temperament, or a mean disposition, or bad temper, or unruliness, or impertinence—any of the queer mental kinks that lead to unhappiness and the breaking up of homes.

Mental Hygiene is a family problem.

Many readers are bringing their problems to Doctor Menninger and finding the way to family health and happiness. The service is offered to you too.

### A Letter From a Reader

*DEAR DOCTOR MENNINGER: I want you to tell me what you think about my wife. I realize you can't give a lot of professional advice and treatment by correspondence or in a magazine, but I want to know how to direct my thinking.*

*My wife is a peach, get that straight. And I love her. We get along excellently in most respects. She has a peculiar aversion, however, to letting me enjoy myself in certain directions. I happen to belong to a fraternal order in which I am very much interested. It only meets once in two weeks. I get a great deal of pleasure out of it, but for some reason or other my wife seems to oppose it and has a kind of resentment against my going. She used to scold about it a good deal, but now because I only go twice a month she doesn't say anything. Instead, however, she gets a terrible headache almost every lodge night. She gets so sick with this headache that we have had to call a doctor several times. Of course, it is a pretty effective way of keeping me home from the lodge. I don't mind being kept home if this is a real organic sickness, but I can't help thinking it is just a trick of some sort. I lose patience with her and then she thinks I am hard-hearted and unsympathetic and there's a row.*

*What do you think about this situation?* — *B. F. D.*

*Dear Mr. B. F. D.:* I was glad to have your letter in time to attach it to the article for this month—see above—because it illustrates my point well. Your letter describes a very common phenomenon. Converting a deep-lying emotion into some physical form of expression such as a sick headache is what is technically known as *conversion* and is most frequently seen in the condition we call hysteria.

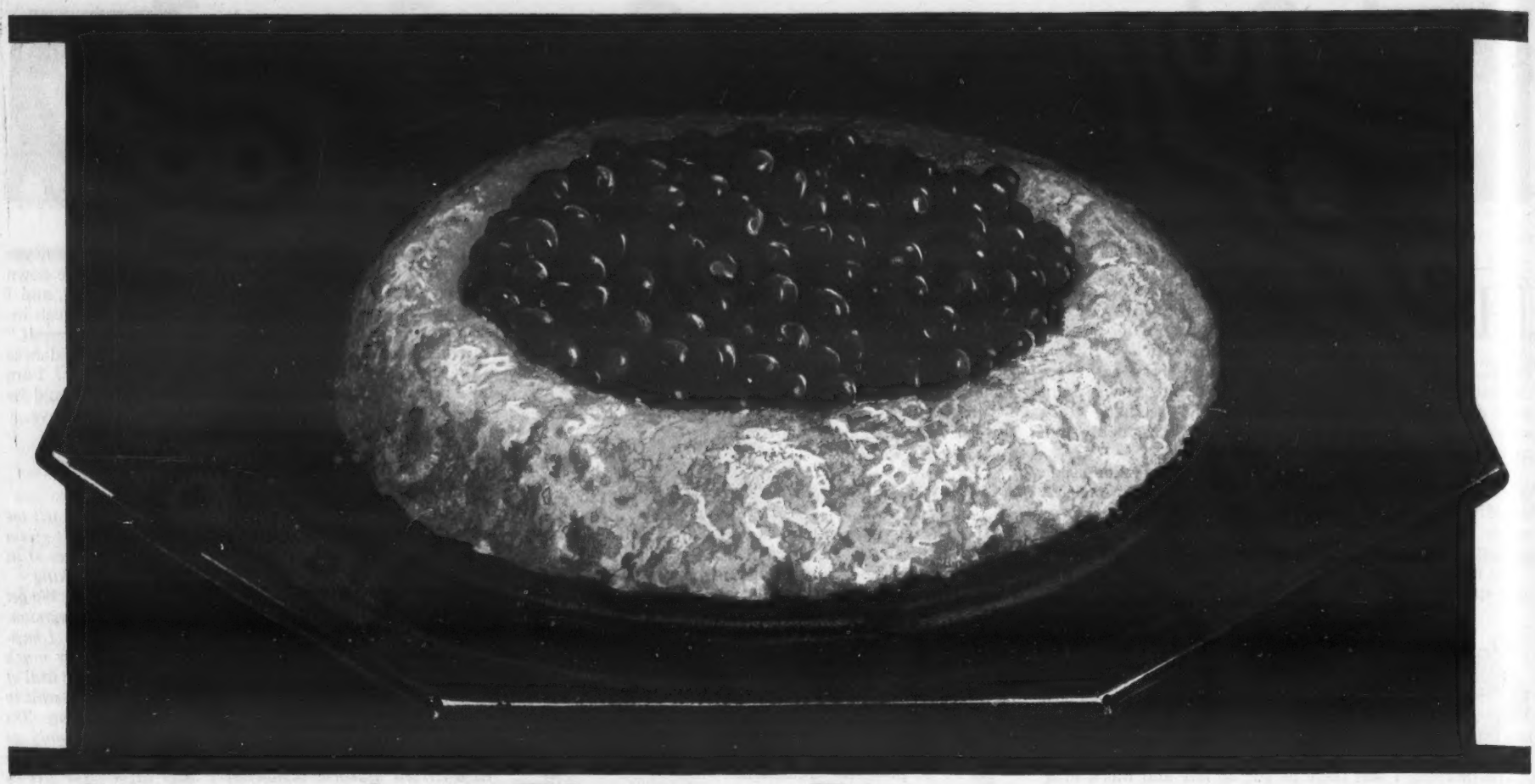
The thing we have to bear in mind about these cases is that there are two possible interpretations, both of which are true. In the first place, you are more than likely correct in assuming that your wife has headaches to keep you home from the lodge. It would be incorrect to assume, however, that she is conscious of this. It would also be incorrect to assume that this is the whole cause or sole reason for them.

We must remember that symptoms of this sort may be caused by one set of motives and utilized for the accomplishment of still another purpose. And we must always remember that this psychological trickery goes on beneath the surface of the mind, so that the individual who is guilty of it is rarely conscious of his guilt. He sees how it looks to you and he sees how incriminating it appears, but he regards that as just damning coincidence, misleading circumstantial evidence.

Of course it is impossible to tell from your letter what the physical bases of your wife's headaches are. A careful examination by your physician might discover that. It will no doubt be of some help to her, however, to see the thing clearly in the light that you see it. If your wife can fully realize how her headaches are being used by her as a club over your head, as a self-indulgence which inflicts pain and restriction upon you, she will probably be able to a considerable extent to control them.

The great difficulty will be how to apprise her of this. You are personally concerned in the matter and that makes you somewhat prejudiced. Your wife will feel that any explanation you make to her is merely an expression of your wishes, just as you feel that her headache is an expression of her wishes. That is the reason it is better to get a third party to do the explaining.

Our department in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL cannot possibly set itself up to do therapeutic work, but we can tell you that this is a very good example of what I have said above—namely, that the right kind of information from the right source will probably go a long way toward dispelling certain kinds of mental unhealthiness—in this case headaches. Your part in the program is to help her to get such help, and to refrain from an emotional attitude of antagonism.



# Grown for Flavor First
# GREEN GIANT PEAS

**Springtime Sweetness . . . Fresh Bouquet . . . have been combined in these recently evolved peas**

**To me there is one thing about peas more important than anything else . . . and that's FLAVOR. While we all like pleasing color and tenderness . . . our appetites call for sweetness . . . bouquet . . . satisfying flavor.**

**There's something so penetrating about the taste of peas that the least tinge of bitterness offends us. And yet what a time we've had finding peas that were all sweetness . . . all freshness . . . all flavor.**

**But now food scientists have created a new variety of pea to meet our ideal. Sweet . . . delicate . . . garden-fresh . . . Green Giant Peas bring to the table the bouquet of April showers . . . the mellow tenderness of sunny hours in May.**

**You'll be surprised at their size also. While unusually delicate, they grow to tropical proportion. Part of the secret of their flavor is the fact that they're large enough to pick while young.**

**Ordinary peas are large only when they are fully mature. Then most of their natural sugar has turned to starch. But Green Giants are big when they are only partially grown. By picking them while they are still growing their natural sugar and first flavor are saved.**

**Never have you seen or tasted peas like these. They were originated and are exclusively produced by the Minnesota Valley Canning Company. Even the juice is different. Taste it and you'll be sure to serve it. It's the very essence of sweetness . . . of freshness . . . of flavor.**

*Molly Ward*

**Try this New Way to Serve Peas and Carrots. It's called Green Giant Ring Mold.**

**Ingredients: 2 cups carrot pulp, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup Green Giant Peas, 2 tablespoons butter.**

**Cook a number of carrots until tender. Press through ricer and measure two cupfuls. Season with salt, pepper and onion. Beat eggs slightly, add milk, then blend well with carrot mixture. Pour into well greased ring mold and set in pan warm water. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 35 minutes. Sauté Green Giant Peas in butter. Turn carrot mold out on serving dish and arrange peas in center.**

**"How Ten Good Cooks Serve Green Giant Peas" sent Free. Every recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Just write: Molly Ward, Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minnesota.**

**Look for this can on your grocer's shelf, or for this special license seal on a distributor's label.**

**The picture of the Giant is your guarantee of receiving genuine Green Giant Peas. Be sure the Green Giant is on the label or the seal.**

# Suggested Menus for Christmas Day

By VIOLA M. BELL

## Nine o'Clock Breakfast

FROSTED ORANGE JUICE
HOLIDAY PORRIDGE *with* CHRISTMAS FRUITS
CODDLED EGG *in* BACON RING
FEAST CAKE OF GREECE JULEKAGE
COCOA HONEY COFFEE

## One o'Clock Dinner

STAR CANAPÉS
CHRISTMAS MELON MÉLANGE *or* LIME ICE *with* AVOCADO
BROCCOLI BOUILLON *with* RIVVLES
MANZANILLA OLIVES
ROAST TURKEY PRUNE STUFFING
CANDIED CRANBERRIES
*or*
ROAST CAPON
*with*
GIBLET, CELERY, CHESTNUT STUFFING
CRANBERRY FRAPPÉ
*or*
ROAST DUCK *with* POTATO ONION STUFFING
GLACÉ ORANGE, SAUCE CUMBERLAND
PARSNIPS *with* PECANS NEW LIMA BEANS
*or* *or*
SWEET POTATO SOUFFLÉ PARSLEY TURNIP BALLS
ENDIVE-AND-TOMATO SALAD
*with*
SOUTHERN FRENCH DRESSING
PLUM PUDDING *with* BLAZING SPARKLERS
*or*
KRISS KRINGLE ICE-CREAM MOLDS
SWEDISH YULE FRUIT CAKE
MALAGA RAISINS

## Twilight Hour

WASSAIL BOWL
QUEEN CHARLOTTE CAKE AND GENOESE CAKE

## Fireside Supper

CREAMED SCALLOPS AND MUSHROOMS
CREAM-PUFF SHELLS
POTATO CURLS
RAINBOW CUCUMBER CUBES
CRÊME DE MENTHE PEAR SALAD
*or*
PINEAPPLE SALAD
CIDER COFFEE
SALTED NUTS
VIERKNACK, BELGIAN COOKIES, ZIMMTSTERNE, HEIDESAND

*EDITOR'S NOTE—The recipes for the cakes and cookies used in these menus will be sent upon the receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address, Service Bureau, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*


# RADIO YOUR APPETITE

*that a treat is coming*

"RADIO your appetite—that's just what you do", said a famous Washington hostess, "when you start to make this Plum Pudding with Knox Sparkling Gelatine."

No, it's not the old-time, heavy-as-lead kind, but something entirely different—light and dainty—cool and sparkling—yet it has all the zestful flavor and yum-yum goodness of the pudding that made Old England famous—and made Christmas dinners annual events! Let the old folks eat their fill, let the children revel in it. Even the invalid may enjoy the second helping without regret. Make this your most memorable Christmas dinner with a Knox Plum Pudding.

It is easy to make, too—so easy the young folks can prepare it.

In one package of Knox Gelatine there is enough gelatine to make this Plum Pudding and three other dainty dishes, for three other days, six servings of each. Why not try some holiday candies made with Knox Gelatine? Here is one candy recipe and others will be found in our Recipe Book.

CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING

*{Illustrated} {6 Servings}*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water ¼ cup currants
1 cup milk 2 egg whites 1 square chocolate
¼ cup nuts ½ cup sugar Few grains salt
¼ teaspoonful vanilla ⅓ cup dates
½ cup seeded raisins

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

KNOX DAINTIES (Candy)

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar 1 cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract. To the other part add one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Rinse out shallow pans in cold water and then pour in candy mixture to the depth of three-fourths inch and let stand overnight. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

# KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS

KNOX GELATINE, 113 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

Mail this coupon for your FREE copy of our Recipe Book showing many every-day recipes and for the special collection of holiday recipes. Cranberry Salad, for example, is most unusual and extremely popular with hostesses, and mothers who like *healthful* ideas!

My name is_____
My address is_____
My grocer's name is_____

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*A car is only as old as it looks*

**SIMONIZ will keep your car looking new**

YOU can depend upon Simoniz to keep your car always looking sparkling and beautiful. Millions of motorists do, and they say "nothing takes its place." And it's the truth, for every car really needs Simoniz to protect the finish from injury, make it last longer and keep the colors from fading. So, the sooner you Simoniz your car, the better.

Anyone can Simoniz a car. If your car is dulled and discolored the wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre. And, Simoniz provides the long lasting protection that has made it so famous.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and drive a car that always looks new and beautiful.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

*Easily applied with a cloth*

© Simoniz Co.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS. DOLLS COURTESY OF STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

# *Buying Dolls*

By M. ATTIE SOUDER

IF YOU were a little girl and were selecting your own doll, what would it be—one that looked like a wee, live baby, just right to cuddle in small arms, a big "walking" doll, as large or larger than yourself, or a comfortable soft-bodied one with an almost unbreakable head that would be a sturdy playfellow by day and a satisfactory bedfellow by night?

You might choose a beautifully made imported doll with a bisque head; a cloth doll, not just a rag doll, but a character doll, cleverly molded and painted, that feels and looks like a real child; or a lovely American doll with a soft body and child-like composition head, arms and legs. Whatever kind you might pick, you would want one that would not break and that you might love and play with to your heart's content.

It seems almost incredible that our loveliest, most childlike American dolls are made of such unromantic substances as wood flour, flake glue, rosin, starch, and other similar ingredients. But out of a doughlike mixture made of these ingredients, manufacturers produce almost unbreakable composition heads. The mixture is put into heated steel presses to make the front and back of the head and shoulders, and then the two halves are glued together, the seam is ground smooth and, in the better qualities of dolls, is covered with cement. The heads that are molded with neck and shoulders, including the armpits, are less likely to break than those with the short neck and shoulders.

## *Eyes and Complexion*

BEFORE buying a doll it is a good plan to test the complexion by dampening and rubbing it. Cheap dolls have only a glue complexion which will come off if it is dampened, but the better grades are dipped in waterproof enamel.

Much of the beauty of a doll's face depends upon the pleasant, natural expression of the mouth and eyes.

The eyes of many of the dolls produced in this country are now so made and put in that small brother's fingers cannot punch them out. They are securely set into a springlike device that permits them to move freely, but holds them firmly in place. The eyes of imported dolls are of glass and marvelous reproductions of the human eye, but usually the plaster-paris socket is easily broken.

Just as hair is the crowning glory of a woman, or the reverse, so it is with a doll. But with dolls there is another factor than beauty—sanitation—which for little children is of far greater importance. Many manufacturers have recognized this and have designed very exquisite dolls with molded, painted hair.

For the older child, real hair has a place, for it can be combed and arranged. When real hair is too expensive, mohair is substituted. It is very soft and silky, but to take a curl it must be stiffened with glue. Mohair cannot be satisfactorily combed and recurled, and in use it becomes untidy and bedraggled.

## *Arms and Legs*

VERY low priced dolls, made to imitate higher priced ones, usually have a knot on top of the head. Usually such dolls wear a bonnet, so that the purchaser sees only the bangs and does not realize the shoddiness of the hair. A doll with beautifully painted and molded hair costs no more and is far more sanitary and attractive.

The bodies of American dolls are made of cotton cloth stuffed with kapok, cotton, excelsior and rags. Children like these soft-bodied dolls that feel so like real babies. But there again a menace lurks, for no law prevents the use of old, used, unsanitary material as filling. A label should be placed on dolls, stating the quality of the filling used and the kind of complexion, and adequate laws should be made and enforced to insure sanitary fillings.

The legs and arms of dolls are usually made of cloth or composition. Whatever material is used, two points should be considered: First, are the arms and legs securely fastened? Second, if composition, is the skin waterproof? Many times arms and legs of a cheaper composition than the heads are put onto dolls.

Whole volumes could be written answering questions about dolls, as to the materials and their construction, their durability, and relative sanitary and æsthetic values, but there would still remain one big question: "Of all the dolls in the stores, which one is the best suited for the little girl for whom it is being selected?"

*Eight phases in the life of a perfect doll.*

**This corrects *a common mistake***

Have you ever thoughtlessly said, "Oh, macaroni is macaroni. Any brand will do"?

Then think a minute. Why this deep-set preference for Skinner's? Why is Skinner's so surely the choice of women who insist on *the best?*

Yes, Skinner's *is* different. Supermilled, by an exclusive process, from the very finest macaroni wheat the world affords. And as Helen Downing, famous domestic science expert, says: "It is always so even, so uniformly clear and shapely, so meltingly tender!"

To be sure, Skinner's costs a trifle more. But how infinitely worth it in its unparalleled goodness! 10c

SKINNER'S *The Superior*
MACARONI
*Other Skinner Quality Products*
SKINNER'S Spaghetti and Egg Noodles
SKINNER'S Fruit Pectin
*(Flavored and Unflavored)*
RAISIN-BRAN . . . . CHEESRONI

Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb. LHJ-12
Please send me—free—your new booklet of macaroni recipes and suggestions for novel menus.
*Name*.....
*Address*.....
*City*.....*State*.....
*Grocer's Name*.....

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

removes the doubt complex from cooking. It adds a fine appetizing flavor to meats, fish, steaks, chops, roasts, soups and salad dressings. Add a tablespoon to four portions of

BEEF STEW

*Free recipe booklet sent on request*
LEA & PERRINS, Inc., 268 West St., New York

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise, Jan. 31 $600-$1500
EASTER CRUISE, Apr. 2, BERMUDA $80 up. SUMMER CRUISE, June 29, S. S. "Calgaric", NORTH CAPE $550 up. July 4, S. S. "Laurentic", MEDITERRANEAN-EUROPE-NORWAY $650 up.
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, N. Y.

# A drowsy old Louisiana plantation and a very alert small boy

# ALFRED OLIVIER HERO, Jr.

● The mellow old plantation bell rings out, and a little boy comes running. Alfred Olivier Hero, Junior —in whose veins runs the proud French blood of Jean Baptiste Olivier of old New Orleans.

Week days Alfred spends in New Orleans, a decorous six-year-old going to school. But weekends! Then he roams over Stella Plantation.

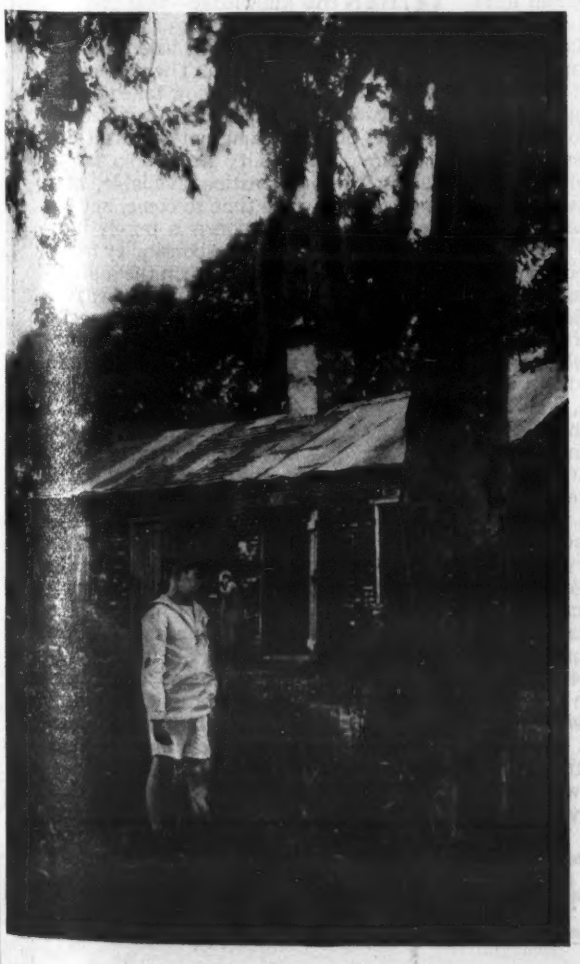
So much to see! From his front gate, ocean liners, sweeping down the Channel where once the polished and piratical brothers Lafitte plied their trade. At the back, the old slave quarters of bygone days, standing under great live oaks.

Young Alfred's black-lashed violet eyes miss nothing. His tanned legs are sturdy. He has the endurance befitting a small descendant of many famous soldiers.

His charming young mother supervises everything concerning the little boy. She watches particularly the matter of a hot cooked cereal. Alfred eats Cream of Wheat as part of his regular routine.

"Alfred has had Cream of Wheat since he was six months old," says Mrs. Hero with her soft Southern accent, "All the finest child specialists recommend it, don't they?"

They do! In a recent investigation—in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto—221 leading specialists were asked their opinion about cereals. One and all, they approve Cream of Wheat.



They rely upon its marvelous ease of assimilation. In Cream of Wheat no harsh part of the grain is retained. They value its rich supply of energy. They know that it is an economical food, *with forty generous servings to a package.*

For these reasons, mothers instinctively choose Cream of Wheat for their children. If Cream of Wheat is not on the morning program in *your* household, start now.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

TUNE IN on the Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Stations WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS, KSTP, WREN, KFAB, KWK.

© 1930 The C. of W. Corp.

## FREE—this wonderful game

All children love the H. C. B. Club, with a secret meaning, a badge to wear, and different degrees of membership. It makes them eager to eat their morning cereal. All the wonder-working material is free—badges, gold stars, and big new colored posters with stirring scenes of Roland and Oliver, Joan of Arc, Richard the Lion Hearted. Mail this coupon to Dept. B-55, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Child's name*.....

*Address*.....

*To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here* ☐

Then, certainly, far more attention would be paid to the proper selection of stockings and socks for little feet and, as a natural result, more babies and children than ever would wear American Baby Hose (Sizes 4 to 8½). Because physicians and graduate nurses have learned from medical text-books that nearly all ordinary foot troubles are caused by artificial restriction of the foot muscles, particularly in early childhood. Also, that this restriction results "not only from improper shoes but also very frequently from ill-fitting, poorly made stockings."

All American Baby Hose are *knit and shaped* to actual size: the half-sizes are never stretched from the next lowest full sizes. They are pre-shrunk, too, as well as non-acid dyed and peroxide bleached, and finished as smoothly inside as outside. No rough seams or knots to irritate tender skin or throw the foot off balance. And, price for price, they will *outwear* and *outwash* any other kind.

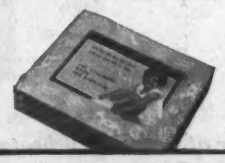
Made in more than 30 styles for every need and purse, including the smartest patterns and colors. Ask for them by name and learn for yourself why they are America's largest-selling hose for babies and younger children.

★

J. H. BLAETZ
Mascher and Allegheny
Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN
*Baby Hose*
*for Babies and Younger Children*

Write for FREE Booklet, "The Care of Baby's Feet."



# Getting the Right Start

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

BABIES under one month of age have not had a square deal. We wait until after children are born before we pay any attention to them and only too often this delay is a serious one. More than half of all the deaths that occur during the first year are those of babies less than one month old. Seeing that babies have a fair start when they first come into the world is not only of vast importance so far as life is concerned; it is of almost equal importance so far as future health is concerned. And yet it has been proved over and over again that certainly two-thirds, and possibly all, of these babies could be kept alive and well by the simple application of well-known rules of prenatal care.

Prenatal care is available for every prospective mother. What is known as prenatal care is just what the word implies. It comes from *pre* meaning "before" and *natal* meaning "birth."

PHOTO, BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

In order to understand the purpose and results of prenatal care and its importance to both the mother and the baby, we must get clear in our minds the relation between these two important people during the months before the baby is born. It is as though the baby were in a world entirely his own and that world, his mother. Never again will any mother have it so entirely within her power to shield her child, to be wholly responsible for his care and his health and so completely to protect him. Her health and her strength will determine the health and strength of her baby. She must give him all the essentials that make for sound nutrition, a strong and sound body and the physical resistance that will enable him to meet the hazards that the world will compel him to face. He is entirely helpless.

She must be the strength for him to live by. In order to do this, she must use every possible means for keeping herself in perfect health.

One important matter that every prospective mother should understand is that her sole relation to her baby before birth lies in supplying him with sufficient nourishment of the right quality for physical health and growth and in taking care of the inevitable waste products that accompany his growth. There is no direct nerve connection between a mother and her unborn child. The only way a mother can affect her baby before birth so far as any nerve reaction is concerned depends upon his nutrition. It is for her to decide whether her baby's nerves are to be so well nourished that they will be normal or whether the baby's body is to be so ill nourished that his nervous system will be devastated.

## Prenatal Care

IT IS hardly wise or possible to mention any order of importance in the methods of care that are needed during the prenatal period. Perhaps the most important, and the one that I am inclined to think should come first, is the great need of a calm and poised attitude of mind on the part of the mother. Worry, anxiety and mental depression have a physical reaction that may be harmful to the point of making the mother a nervous invalid and the baby wholly unfit to combat the perils of his conscious life. Continued worry during these months will show itself in the mother's lowered vitality which, in turn, is reflected in lessened strength and health in the baby. Babies born of nervous mothers or those who have worried excessively, are apt to be undersized, underweight and underdeveloped with little, if any, resistance to disease. Nothing short of an actual deprivation of food will have so serious an effect upon the baby during the months before birth as an excitable or nervous state in the mother or continued mental depression and worry on her part. Good friends, good books, normal wholesome amusement, out-of-doors recreation and the habit of optimism which is based upon knowledge, are health measures which cannot be safely disregarded.

The magic formula of sane prenatal care includes wholesome exercise—never to the point of fatigue—plenty of fresh air, both day and night, adequate rest and sleep, a plain balanced diet with avoidance of all rich and indigestible foods, regular attention to the excretory organs, simple clothing with no constricting bands nor weight from the waist and freedom from anxiety. This is not a counsel of perfection; it is a time-tested formula that has brought health, strength and happiness to thousands of mothers and their babies.

The way to health for both mother and baby is not a difficult one to follow. The best first step is for the mother to place herself under her doctor's care at the earliest opportunity. In places where this cannot be done, the visiting nurse or the local child-welfare center will give the necessary advice. If the mother lives in so remote a place that neither doctor nor nurse is available, she should obtain a good book on prenatal care or the printed material on this subject of which I shall speak later and make it her daily guide.

Pregnancy is, or ought to be, a normal process. If it is not, there can be little doubt that the fault is ours and not that of any imagined fate. The present waste of health and life is wholly unnecessary. It is the result of ignorance, and ignorance can have no excuse for being when knowledge is within the reach of everyone.

Prenatal care has an unique quality in that it is individual in its application. In every other field of our endeavor to bring health to babies we have to depend, to a very large extent, upon mass effort and the coöperation of the community in which we live. It would have been impossible to reduce the baby death rate from diarrheal diseases without the group action of an enlightened public conscience which has resulted in the immense improvement in the quality of the milk supply.

Making milk safe for baby feeding was not, and could not have been, the result solely of one person's work; a mother alone could not, and cannot, be sure that the milk she feeds her baby is pure unless the health authorities can give her that assurance as a result of their strict and constant supervision of the milk supply.

The control of contagious diseases, which has proved so effective, has been due, in large part, to community action expressed through doctors and public-health officials.

Respiratory diseases are vanishing as a menace to baby life in proportion to the recognition of the necessity of better housing and improved sanitation made effective by mass action on the part of the community.

The greatest health-saving and life-saving method of all, prenatal care, is within the reach of every mother no matter where she lives. In remote rural homes, in crowded cities, in the homes of the rich and in those of the poor, every mother may obtain for herself the knowledge that will bring strength and vitality to her baby and which may mean life and health for both herself and her child.

It is this unique quality of prenatal care that makes this message I am giving you one that bears more hope for the ultimate reduction of the baby sickness and death rate than any other that is known to science. Every expectant mother can determine, with almost accurate surety, whether or not she will keep well and bring health to her baby.

In this determination she can be fortified by the knowledge that the simple and easy methods to be followed are those that are well within her grasp and that the only decision she must make is whether she will use them or not.

## Helpful Information

WHEN this knowledge—that prenatal care is essential—is brought home to every woman, then we will have achieved the seemingly impossible. The present toll of life and health that is now taken during this dreaded first month of life will become a matter of history and not a present-day problem. Community action, so far as making this information available, may be needed for some time to come, but the use of that information is a purely individual matter and the responsibility for its use rests upon the individual mother. She needs no community backing; she needs her own determination and her own desire in order that she may give her baby a heritage of health and at the same time assure her own health and strength.

The information that will bring health to both mothers and babies may be obtained anywhere in this country. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL publishes a series of prenatal letters which is of value to any prospective mother. The United States Government will send you a pamphlet on prenatal care if you will write to the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C. In practically every state the state department of health issues a similar pamphlet which may be had upon application.

There is no lack of information on this important subject; the only remaining difficulty lies in getting mothers to understand the importance of prenatal care and to take advantage of this help that is so freely offered to them.

# "Red, luscious tomatoes . . rich, thick cream . . spices so delicate, so flavorful

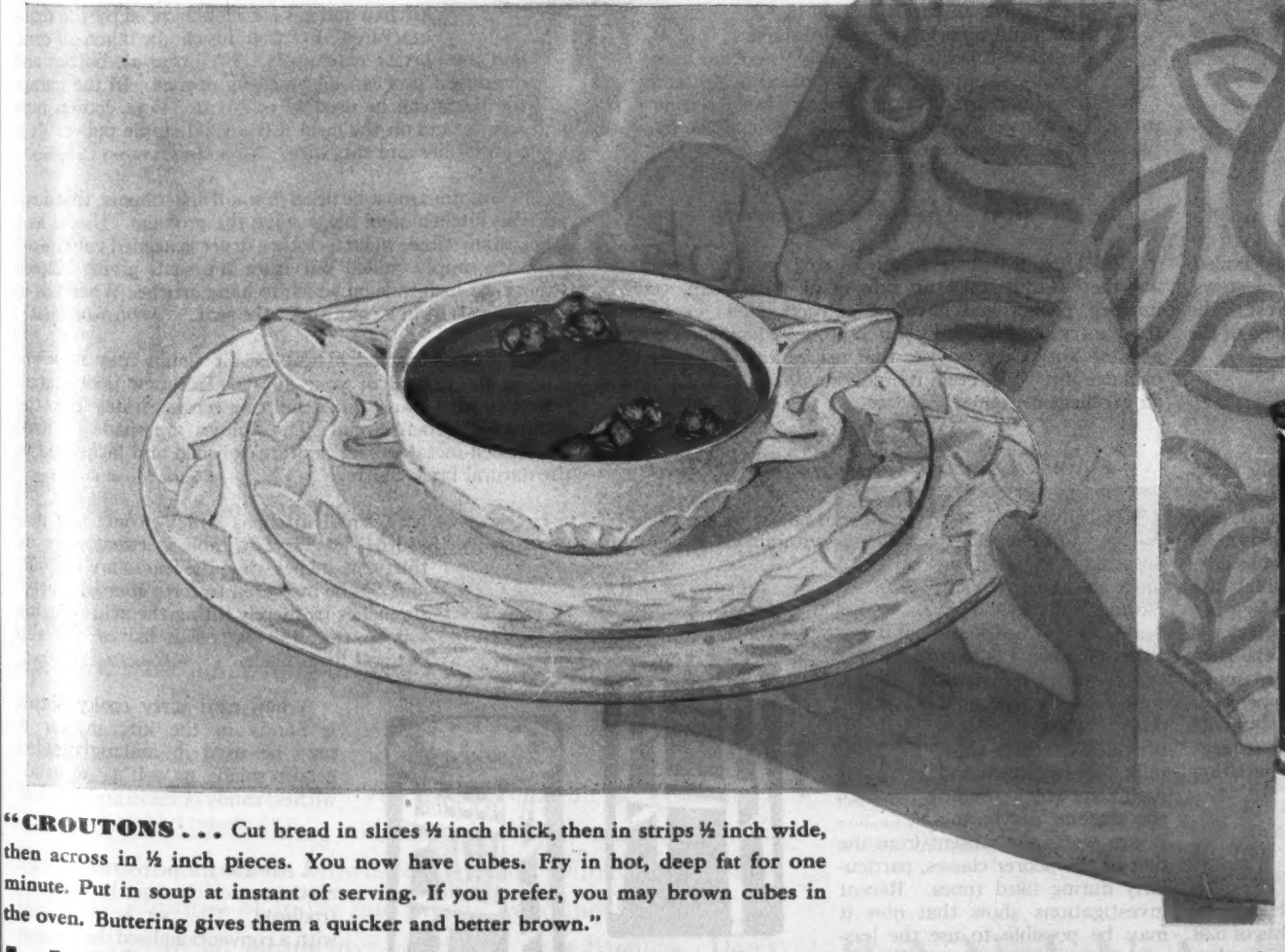
"'Take a dozen tomatoes, plump, ripe, fresh from the garden, with the heat of the sun warm upon them,' reads in part an old recipe for making *Cream* of Tomato Soup. 'Take cool, sweet, yellow cream from the dairy . . . And these spices—cloves, nutmeg, and the one known as allspice, being careful that their fragrance has not been lost to the air.'

"Now, we wouldn't tantalize you with this delightful old recipe," continues Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Company, "had we not a *Cream* of Tomato Soup to offer you that must be just as good. The same plump, ripe, garden-fresh tomatoes; the same rich, thick cream; spices that are even more delightful because Heinz representatives select them *for their flavor* in the far lands where they grow best. All blended so painstakingly in shining kitchens by the skillful Heinz chefs . . . That's why you find Heinz *Cream* of Tomato Soup so matchless in flavor—in goodness. That's why you find it favored by hostesses everywhere—a part of the most formal dinner, a part of the most intimate luncheon or supper!

"Heinz *Cream* of Celery and Heinz *Cream* of Pea are two other delightful soups which you may wish to alternate with Heinz *Cream* of Tomato.

"Croutons are always an excellent addition to any cream soup. Add them to the soup just before serving. We find this a quick and satisfactory way of making them:

*H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*



©H. J. H. CO.'30

ONE OF THE **57**

**"CROUTONS . . .** Cut bread in slices ½ inch thick, then in strips ½ inch wide, then across in ½ inch pieces. You now have cubes. Fry in hot, deep fat for one minute. Put in soup at instant of serving. If you prefer, you may brown cubes in the oven. Buttering gives them a quicker and better brown."

**Enjoy these radio talks . . .** *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time. Miss Gibson, Home Economics Director, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.*

# HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

# What's New?

## Christmas-Tree Lighting Outfits

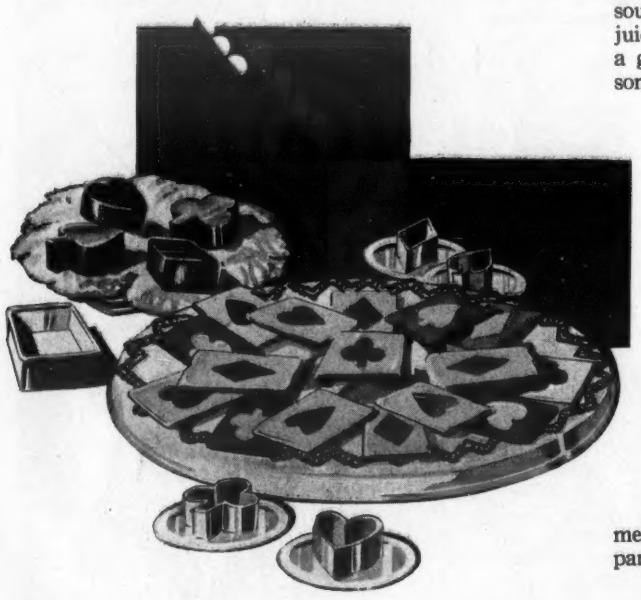
CHRISTMAS isn't Christmas to most children without a tree, but lighting that tree safely is a problem, even with an electrical outfit. For your child's and your home's safety, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Consumer Information has prepared a leaflet, No. 228, giving the guideposts to safe Christmas-Tree Lighting Outfits.

Other New Clearing House leaflets: 229—Oriental Rugs. 230—Furs. 231—Citrus Fruits.

These may also be obtained, as well as those mentioned on Page 87, by sending two cents for each leaflet desired to the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

## Chayote—a New Vegetable

DO YOU know chayote? It is a new vegetable of semi-tropic origin recently introduced into Florida and now being produced in sufficient volume to be shipped to several of the larger markets. It is pronounced chi-o-ti. The vegetable is light green, pear-shaped, and contains a single edible seed. The flavor of the flesh is not unlike that of the vegetable marrow or the summer squash, but it is more delicate. If chayotes are kept in a cool place, they will keep for four or



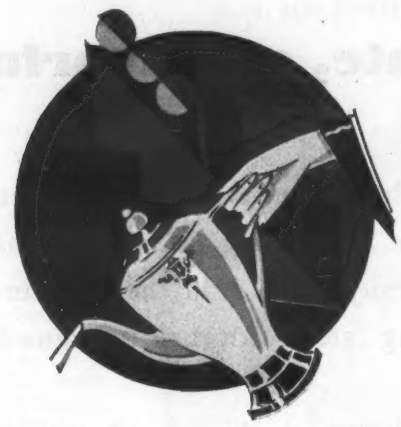
five months. They are tender, yet firm enough to hold the form in which they are cooked. They may be used boiled, creamed, in salads, baked, stuffed, fried, in soups or stews, or pickled. The seed is commonly cooked with the rest of the vegetable and has a nutlike flavor. The distinctiveness of the chayote is largely its excellent texture.

## One Cause of Moldy Eggs

UNSEASONED wood in shipping cases probably is responsible for the new and peculiar mold which occasionally develops on eggshells during shipment and cold storage, according to Dr. L. H. James and T. L. Swenson, of the United States Department of Agriculture. Studies conducted by the two men show that while the mold, which first appears on the outside of the eggshell, makes the egg unsightly and reduces its market value, it does not affect the flavor. Eventually, however, the mold penetrates the shell and gives the eggs a decidedly moldy flavor. This unseasoned wood, which is used occasionally, contains about 50 per cent more moisture than well-seasoned wood and this favors germination and early development of molds before eggs reach the storage houses. Eggs nearest the case partition develop more mold than others in the same case.

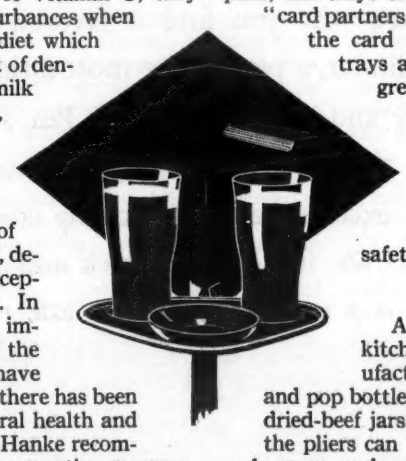
## Danger in Weight

THERE'S danger in being overweight. Dr. Henry L. John, of the Cleveland Clinic, studied the weights of 528 diabetics and compared them with those of a large number of normal persons, and found that the weights of the diabetics increased with each decade while the normal persons showed only a slight rise in weight. —*Science News Letter.*



## Orange Juice Saves Teeth

A PINT of orange juice a day to keep dental disorders away seems an enormous requirement. However, as Doctor Hanke has pointed out in a recent paper in the Journal of the American Dental Association, this corresponds weight for weight with the amount of orange juice required by guinea pigs for teeth protection when it is given as the sole source of Vitamin C. In regard to substitutes for orange juice, Doctor Hanke is of the opinion that while tomatoes are a good and fairly inexpensive source of Vitamin C, they sometimes lead to gastro-intestinal disturbances when taken in large amounts. The diet which he recommends in the treatment of dental disorders consists usually of milk (from one to two pints a day), meat, fresh vegetables, one or two eggs daily, and any desired amount of fresh fruit, in addition to the juice of one-half lemon and one-half pint of orange juice once or twice a day, depending upon the age and susceptibility to Vitamin C deficiency. In addition to almost spectacular improvement in the condition of the teeth and gums in patients who have followed this diet consistently, there has been a marked improvement in general health and resistance to infection. Doctor Hanke recommends the diet as a preventive as well as curative measure, particularly for pregnant women.

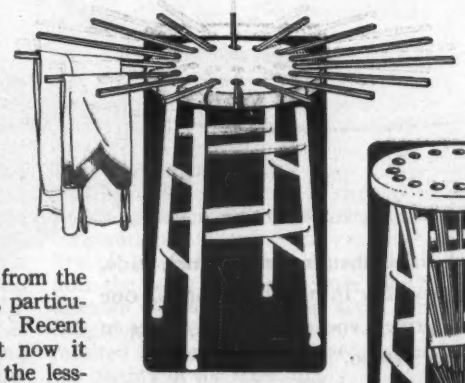


## Tea Absorbs Flavors

DRIED tea leaves have such great absorptive powers that they readily take up flavors of other food, such as nutmeg, pepper and flavoring extracts, when exposed on the pantry shelves. C. F. Hutchinson, Federal tea examiner at New York City, advises that tea be kept in an air-tight package if it is to retain its individual flavor. A glass jar is an excellent container.

## New Use for Cottonseed Meal

COTTONSEED MEAL has been hailed as the cheapest source of the pellagra-preventive vitamin yet to be found, according to a statement by Dr. W. W. Skinner, of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils. Pellagra is known as the hard-times disease throughout the South where it is prevalent. Yeast, fresh milk, fish, lean meat and eggs, all of which contain the vitamin preventing it, are costly and absent from the diet of the poorer classes, particularly during hard times. Recent investigations show that now it may be possible to use the less-expensive cottonseed meal. Besides being rich in antipellagra vitamin, cottonseed meal has also been found to be an important carrier of the anti-beriberi vitamin. —*Science News Letter.*



## New Products and Inventions

THE following products and inventions recently put on the market have been brought to our attention, but have not been tested by us:

Dad and the boys can now give their trousers a press that has a professional touch if they use a new electric trousers presser. This presser is said to combine the three essentials to speedy and perfect pressing—heat, moisture and pressure. The trousers are placed in the presser, the top is brought down and clamped in place, the plug is put into the light socket and pressing begins. The length of time required depends upon the kind of cloth and the condition of the trousers. However, it is claimed by the manufacturer that it should never take more than thirty minutes. —*Wise-McClung Corporation.*

Beautifully designed and colored waxed paper is one of the innovations being offered this year to the housewife who entertains or who makes and wraps some of her Christmas presents in her own kitchen. These papers come in just the right size to wrap a pound fruit cake or a large sandwich. By using several designs in wrapping the different pieces of candy in a box, interesting colors and patterns may be worked out. —*Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co.*

Ash trays and glasses need not clutter up the top of the card table. Small trays are being made which clamp securely to the legs of card tables to hold glasses, candy dishes, bridge pads, ash trays or poker chips. Each set of two of these "card partners," placed at diagonally opposite corners of the card table, accommodates four players. The trays are finished in washable lacquer in red, green or black. —*Essential Products Company.*

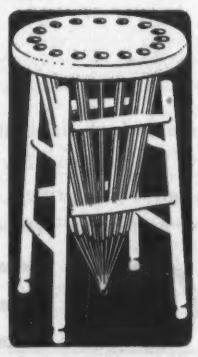
Two nonexplosive dry-cleaning fluids have recently been put on the market for use in machines which are sold by the manufacturers of the cleaners. The fluids have passed the tests for safety of the Underwriters' Laboratories. —*Whirldry.* —*Duette.*

A pair of pliers equally useful in the kitchen and garage is announced by the manufacturer. Friction lids can be taken off cans, and pop bottles, catchup bottles, ginger-ale bottles and dried-beef jars can all be easily opened. In the garage the pliers can be used to pull cotter keys, loosen nuts and screws, and on the farm it is a good staple puller. It is a slip joint plier and cuts wire. —*Leo Manufacturing Company.*

When clothes must be dried in small apartments, this dual-purpose kitchen stool helps solve the problem. Useful as a stool at any time, when a clothes dryer is needed galvanized rods are simply pulled out from the seat, giving sixteen twenty-six-inch rods on which to hang articles. When not in use, the rods fit in a cone under the seat. —*Dixie-Du Stool.*

Soft chimes instead of unpleasant clangs may now announce the arrival of your guests. This new door signal, complete with transformer and ring box, operates from the ordinary doorbell circuit. The chimes are made of hard drawn bell-metal tubing and are polished and lacquered to the natural brass finish. —*Electric Signal Company.*

Housewives with small kitchens will welcome the new tables with "hidden" leaves. The table is twenty-five by thirty-six inches when the leaves are not out, and can be increased to forty-four by thirty-six inches by merely lifting the acid-resisting top so that the extension leaves can slip out and fit in place. —*Mutschler Brothers.*



A new card-party cooky cutter is handy in the kitchen, for it may be used in making molded gelatin salads, as well as for sandwiches, candy or cakes and cookies. —*Geuder, Paeschke & Frey Co.*

A new electric percolator with an earthenware container is being introduced. The pot is decorated with a conventionalized design and striping to fit with practically any table or room decorative scheme. The metal parts are finished in chrome. —*Westinghouse.*

# Joy *for their eyes .... and* HEALTH *for their bodies*

DRUMS and dolls and soldiers and swords. That's Christmas morning. Tops to spin and trains to run. Little eyes popping with pleasure. So excited there's hardly a moment for breakfast.

But a moment will do—for there are bananas! The quickest, simplest, most nourishing breakfast a child can have on Christmas or any other morning.

And your children's new building blocks spell a health message for modern mothers . . . Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C. These are health-building vitamins that each mellow banana holds within its golden, brown-flecked skin. Minerals, too, that make the children of today into sturdy men and women of tomorrow . . . By all means give your little ones bananas. Don't force them to coax you. Remember, ripe bananas are a standing diet order of today's leading child specialists.

*Bright colors for the brightest tree of all! Let yellow-gloved bananas hang by Xmas ribbons from the evergreen. A* health *decoration—to take the place of usual sweets.*

BANANA
GROWERS ASSOCIATION

**WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET**

It shows beneficial and delightful ways to feed bananas to children, and to use them in your own meal plan. Recipes and entire menus. Send no money. "Bananas in the Modern Manner" is *free.*

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION
17 Battery Place, New York City LHJ-12-30

*Canadian Office:*
1171 St. James Street West, Montreal, Canada

Please send new recipe and menu booklet, "Bananas in the Modern Manner."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

# WINTER NEVER *CHAPS* THESE HANDS

THEY'VE discovered the magic of soothing Hinds Cream. Just a little, rubbed quickly over your hands before going out, and after you wash them, prevents chapping and keeps them soft and smooth all winter long. And another thing: a bit of Hinds Cream on the end of an orange stick, rubbed around your cuticle and beneath your nails at night, makes them less apt to break and does away with hangnails. Because of its softening effect, ever so many women use Hinds Cream when they manicure. It's on sale at the nearest drugstore, or we'll gladly send you a generous sample. Write A. S. Hinds Co., Bloomfield, N. J.

HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

HINDS
*Honey & Almond*
CREAM

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# Christmas Breads and Cakes From Far Lands

By CLARA GEBHARD SNYDER

CHRISTMAS cakes and breads are largely the outgrowth of superstitious custom or of religious worship. Although most of these old customs have been forgotten or are followed now only because they carry with them a certain sentiment, the breads and cakes themselves have come down to our day.

Each country has its own characteristic feast cake or bread. The term cake is applied to all of them, although some of them are in reality rich, sweet breads in general, they require a greater variety of spices, including even pepper, than do our recipes. In early days it was believed that the aroma of the spices ascended to the heavens and pleased the senses of the gods.

The liquid ingredients vary from country to country. The German housewife uses such things as rose water and honey, while her Italian sister uses orange-flower water, and the English cook, lavender water. Rose water added to some American cake recipes gives results that are delightful.

In ancient Scandinavia, the Christmas Eve celebration was as elaborate as it could be made and was characterized by prolonged feasting. Peace offerings in the form of cakes of fine flour, sweetened with honey, were offered to the gods. This cake, called yule cake, was sliced, toasted and soaked in spicy ale.

## Sweets From All Lands

SINCE the Scandinavian festival was held in honor of the gods, many of the cakes and cookies were made in the shapes of animals that were sacrificed to them. Among these the wild boar was probably most common, but we find also chickens, geese, birds, sheep and others.

In England, each county boasts certain immemorial dishes which cannot possibly be quite so good if eaten elsewhere. 'Tis said the Englishman likes to taste each individual ingredient in his cake. For this reason many of the English pastries are rather heavy and rich.

England still has her fragrant little saffron-colored shells filled with rich plum pudding. They are called simnel cakes. They look for all the world like little golden chests stuffed with rich fruit mixtures.

Russia sends us a lovely pastry, Russian cake, that has no leavening at all.

In some sections many kinds of cakes are spread on the table and left overnight so that the Christmas angels which fly over the earth announcing Christ's birth may pause for a moment and taste of them.

No modern German Christmas would be complete without *Pfeffernuss*—peppernuts—and *Lebkuchen*. Peppernuts are tiny spicy cakes that are actually as hard as nuts when first made, but they become mellow with storage. *Lebkuchen* is the most famous honey cake of Germany, and it deserves all its fame.

*Christstollen* are still made in parts of Germany. They are small sweet rolls made in the form of a child to represent the Christ Child. Cookies in the shapes of animals and angels are also popular.

## The Holiday Spirit

IN BAVARIA girls present their sweethearts on Christmas Eve with a sweet roll in whose fruity insides a joke is hidden. Nor dare the young man be offended. These cakes are called *Klösenschere*, which translated, is "dumpling joke."

Austrian cakes include *Alpenbutterbrödchen*, the name meaning "little Alpine bread and butter." There are tiny, candy-like cookies called *Zimmtsterne*, or cinnamon stars and *Spanische Windbäckerei*.

Interestingly enough, with all her fame as a cook, the French housewife depends largely upon the baker for her holiday breads and cakes. She does, however, make the dainty French cream cakes. As she measures the ingredients and stirs them together, she seasons them with her chanting of "*Noel! Noel!*"

Italy has been called "the land where everybody cooks and nobody eats." But at the holiday season people eat as well as cook. The whole atmosphere is fragrant with the odors of roasting chestnuts, apples and pumpkins. Everywhere appear stalls for making fried cakes and a delicious candy of honey and almonds. The Italian fruit cake is called Genoese cake. It is iced and served in thin slices.

Serbia, especially, adheres to her picturesque old customs. The first part of the Christmas Eve ceremony consists of throwing walnuts to the four corners of the house. This act symbolizes the coming of Christ to all parts of the world. Then the cake is brought in, a huge confection, decorated with sprigs of the sacred herb basil. On the large platter which holds the cake are apples, olives, nuts, prunes. The "Jesus candle," decorated with herbs and flowers and miniature household animals is in the center of the cake.

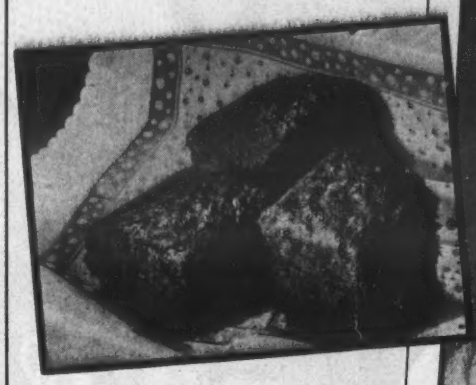
From Holland we get the cakes of St. Nicholas, which are hard little cookies when first made, but improve with age.

Last of all we have the Bohemian Christmas twist, which looks as interesting as it tastes. It is a sweet yeast bread consisting of three braids, one piled on top of another.

Throughout Europe it is a common custom to express the Christmas spirit by giving to friends and neighbors gifts of fine cakes and breads.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Recipes for the breads and cakes mentioned in this article will be sent upon the receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address Service Bureau, The Modern Homemaker, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*


# "Look what's in MY Lunch-



**Brer Rabbit Gingerbread**

Cream together 3 tablespoons butter and ½ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon and soda, and add to first mixture alternately with a mixture of ½ cup milk and ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Pour in a buttered shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 45 minutes.

# Gingerbread!"

VINCENT'S father owned a Cadillac. Edwin's mother had two maids. The Johnson twins had all their clothes bought for them in one of the grandest New York shops.

But what were these compared with the things Jimmy had?

Jimmy knew a secret for taking off warts . . . and he owned a real Indian arrowhead . . . and his father let him have a trapeze in the barn and practice tricks on it . . . and his mother—well, if you could have seen the things she put in Jimmy's lunch basket—

She knew just the kind of things a hungry boy wanted.

There was one day when she always put in fresh gingerbread—great big luscious, spicy squares of it, so richly golden brown in color, so tender and tempting and fragrant that the other children's eyes nearly popped out of their heads when they looked at it.

On gingerbread day she would put in three big delicious chunks . . . And then the other boys all hung around and offered to lend things to Jimmy, and said, "*You know* ME, *Jimmy*." And the rich little Johnson twins sat watching him eat so solemnly and wistfully that in the end he always gave them each a piece.

"That's nothing," he would say proudly, "Gee, my mother makes me gingerbread any time I ask her to!"

• • •

Brer Rabbit gingerbread, made with Brer Rabbit Molasses—the real old-time New Orleans molasses—there isn't anything better for children!

Brer Rabbit Molasses is rich in iron and lime . . . iron for building good red blood . . . lime for making strong bones and teeth. There's more than twice as much iron, more than four times as much lime, in a tablespoonful of Brer Rabbit Molasses as in a serving of fresh spinach.

Children and grown people alike love its matchless flavor.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is made from the very cream of the fresh-crushed Louisiana sugar-cane juice—that's why it gives your gingerbread such a gorgeous tang, such delicious golden goodness.

There are two grades of Brer Rabbit Molasses: *Gold Label*—highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery—delicious on pancakes, waffles, biscuits; and *Green Label*—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

Get a can of Brer Rabbit Molasses at your grocer's today, and make your family some delicious Brer Rabbit gingerbread for tomorrow's supper!

GOLD LABEL Brer Rabbit is the highest quality light molasses, for fancy cookery and table use. GREEN LABEL Brer Rabbit is rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

**FREE: "94 *Brer Rabbit Goodies*"—full of splendid recipes, including the wonderful gingerbread recipe told about here.**

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc., Dept. L-12
New Orleans, La.

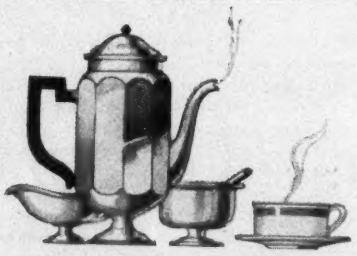
Please send me my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

# 2 to 1 you'll like it

SOME people, mostly those who have never tried it, believe they *don't* like it. So it isn't a sure thing. But, judging from experience, the odds are easily 2 to 1 that you will be *delighted* with the color, the taste, and the *creamy*-ness of coffee creamed with Carnation Milk * * We want you to try it, Sunday morning at breakfast, when there isn't any hurry and tension. Fill your prettiest cream pitcher with thick, golden Carnation. Cream your steaming-fragrant cup of coffee—and taste * * The taste is just a bit different, as if your coffee had been made some new, delightful way. The color is perfect—and the consistency too. Carnation seems to *blend* better with coffee than ordinary cream does. That is because its double helping of butter-fat is "homogenized" into minutest particles and evenly distributed through every drop * * There are several other things which you will like about Carnation. There is its *uniformity*—its never-varying, double-creamy richness. There is its *dependableness*—for with Carnation in the pantry you need never "run out" of cream. There is its *economy*—no small item, for Carnation costs two-thirds less than cream. And *some* like the idea that, though Carnation is twice as rich as whole milk in all milk nutrients—a *balanced* food—it is less rich than cream in butter-fat, and hence, *less fattening* * * Carnation is simply pure whole milk from selected herds of "Contented Cows." Part of the natural water is evaporated, but *only* water is taken out and nothing added. You can use this wholesome, delicious milk in place of cream not only for coffee, but for fruits and cereals; to fill baby's bottle; and for finer results in all cooking and baking. The homogenized butter-fat gives foods a butter-richness and cream-smoothness unmatchable with ordinary milk * * It is "milk in a modern package"—indispensable in the well-regulated modern household. Not merely for emergencies, but for use every day in every way * * Let us send you two very interesting and helpful books about this good milk—the Carnation Cook Book; the Carnation Baby Book. Write to Carnation Company, 1240 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin: or 1340 Stuart Building, Seattle: or Aylmer, Ontario.



"from Contented Cows"

*Carnation Coffee, Cocoa, Chocolate*

| | |
|---|---|
| COFFEE<br>¼ cup coffee, ¼ egg, ½ cup cold water, 3 cups boiling water, ¼ cup cold water. | Mix egg and ¼ cup cold water and add to coffee in pot. Add boiling water, boil up once, stir with spoon, boil up again. Add ¼ cup cold water to settle coffee. Serve immediately. Cream with undiluted Carnation. Serves 5. |
| COCOA<br>3 tbsp. cocoa, 3 tbsp. sugar, 2¼ cups Carnation Milk, 3 cups hot water, few grains salt, ½ tsp. vanilla, 6 marshmallows. | Mix cocoa, sugar, salt. Add ¼ cup hot water; cook over low fire 5 minutes. Add Carnation diluted with 2¼ cups hot water; cook 10 min. longer. Add vanilla. Place marshmallow in cup, pour hot cocoa over. Serves 6. |
| CHOCOLATE<br>2 squares unsweetened chocolate, ¼ cup hot water, 3 tbsp. sugar, few grains salt, 2 cups Carnation Milk, 2 cups hot water, ½ tsp. vanilla, 5 marshmallows. | Shave chocolate into saucepan; melt over hot water. Add ¼ cup hot water; cook over low flame till smooth. Add sugar, salt, Carnation, 2 cups hot water; cook 10 minutes longer. Add vanilla. Place marshmallow in cup, pour hot chocolate over. Serves 5. |

© 1930, C. Co.

*An ideal milk for "bottle babies"*

Carnation Milk is recommended by the highest authorities on baby feeding because it is *easier to digest* than any other form of cow's milk. It is just as nourishing as the best bottled milk and contains *all the vitamins* that any milk is depended on to supply. Only the usual supplements are needed, such as orange juice and cod-liver oil.

Especially valuable are the assured purity and safety of Carnation and its *controlled uniformity*, a factor which prevents the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality.

# Ladies' Home Journal Reference Library

MERRY CHRISTMAS! And make it a jolly one by letting the JOURNAL help you to plan novelties and gay surprises. Send the necessary cash or stamps for your booklets to the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia. Keep your booklets together in a binder that sells for twenty-five cents.

## INTERIOR DECORATION

For a list of booklets prepared especially for the home decorator, see page 55.

## HOMEMAKING

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Consumer Information offers leaflets on the following subjects: 200—Refrigerators. 201—Gas Appliances. 202—Fresh Vegetables. 203—Brushes and Brooms for Cleaning. 205—Warm-Air Heating Plants. 207—The Principles of Lighting the Home. 208—Bedding Equipment. 209—Animal Products. 210—Vegetable Products. 211—Condiments, Beverages and Miscellaneous. 212—Fruits. 213—Eggs. 214—Linoleum. 217—Safety Matches. 219—Miscellaneous Provisions. 220—Butter. 221—American Cheese. 222—Fresh Beef and Veal. 223—Personal Stationery. 224—Potatoes. 225—Canned Foods. 226—Hand Beaters for the Kitchen. 227—Pillows. 228—Christmas-Tree Lighting Outfits. 229—Oriental Rugs. 230—Furs. 231—Citrous Fruits. Price, 2 cents each.

WHAT IS AN EFFICIENT KITCHEN? With complete list of equipment. Price, 5 cents.

## ARCHITECTURE

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERNS. Complete plans and specifications for selected small houses shown in the JOURNAL since last November. Price, one dollar a set.

HOUSE-PATTERN LEAFLET. Showing 22 Garden Homes. Price, 4 cents.

JOURNAL HOUSES (completely revised). Pages of designs and small plans. Price, 25 cents.

## GARDENING

ANNUAL GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

PERENNIAL GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

PLANNING YOUR GROUNDS. *By Alfred C. Hottes.* Price, 5 cents.

GARDEN FERTILIZERS. *By Dr. H. B. Siems.* Price, 5 cents.

LAWN MAKING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

ROSES AND ROSE GARDENS. *By J. H. Nicolas.* Price, 5 cents.

DUTCH BULB GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

WATER GARDENING. *By Alex Laurie.* Price, 5 cents.

SUMMER-FLOWERING BULBS. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

HOUSE PLANTS. *By Alex Laurie.* Price, 5 cents.

## CHILD CARE

PRENATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A booklet containing nine letters addressed to expectant mothers with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparation. Price, 25 cents.

POSTNATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A booklet containing six letters addressed to new mothers, with timely advice on the care of the baby during its first twelve months, and ten supplementary chapters dealing with the special care of the baby during the same period. Price, 25 cents.

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for feeding children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

LAYETTE. (Including pattern.) Price, 35 cents.

The following leaflets, also by Dr. S. Josephine Baker, included in Postnatal Letters, may be had separately:

| | CENTS |
|---|---|
| Weight and Growth | 5 |
| First Aid and the Family Medicine Chest | 5 |
| The Nursery | 5 |
| Good-Habit Training | 5 |
| Sun Baths | 5 |
| The Teeth and Their Care | 5 |
| Bathing the Baby | 5 |
| The Child Who Will Not Eat | 5 |
| Signs of a Healthy Child | 5 |
| Formulæ for Infant Feeding and Diets for the Pre-School Child | 10 |

## FASHIONS

HINTS FOR THE DRESSMAKER. *By Rose A. Baird.* Details of plain sewing, professional finishes and the making of coats clearly described with illustrations; also molding the dress form to your own personal measurements. Price, 25 cents.

THE BRIDE'S BOOKLET. Complete information for the wedding. Price, 5 cents.

## ENTERTAINMENT

HANDMADE CHRISTMAS CARDS. With several very lovely and unusual designs, and clear directions for three processes for making your own Christmas cards. Price, 2 cents.

WHAT SORT OF PARTY SHALL I GIVE? *By Emily Post.* New suggestions that will make all your parties delightful and successful. Price, 10 cents.

PARTY REFRESHMENTS MEN ENJOY. Menus and recipes sure to please all your guests. Price, 2 cents.

LAST-MINUTE BRIDGE REFRESHMENTS. New and luscious recipes for that spur-of-the-moment party. Price, 2 cents.

ENSEMBLE BRIDGE TABLES. Six new decorative color schemes for your afternoon or evening bridge game. Price, 2 cents.

COLOR TOUCHES IN YOUR PARTY MENUS. The gay little accent in candies, icings and salad dressings that makes your party *different*. Price, 2 cents.

SMART TABLE SETTINGS FOR ALL SORTS OF OCCASIONS. Price, 2 cents.

BOXES FOR ALL OCCASIONS. With directions for making. Price, 2 cents.

THE HOLIDAYS ON YOUR CALENDAR. Price, 5 cents.

JOURNAL PARTIES. Price, 20 cents.

NOVEL ANNOUNCEMENTS AND SHOWERS FOR THE ENGAGED GIRL. Price, 2 cents.

WEAVING THE NEW BASKETS. Price, 25 cents.

YOUR TABLE IN COLOR. Price, 2 cents.

LAST-MINUTE GIFTS AND PRIZES. A dozen or more attractive suggestions for gifts to be made at home with little expense and trouble. Price, 2 cents.

AFTERNOON-TEA ACCESSORIES. Delicious recipes not only for tea but for afternoon or evening bridge parties. Price, 2 cents.

FOREIGN MENUS. New dishes for unusual entertaining. Price, 2 cents.

## SUB-DEB BOOKLETS

For a list of booklets prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, see page 103.

## PATTERNS

Authentic Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses and coats, 75 cents; ensembles and evening dresses, one dollar.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns may be obtained by mail, postage prepaid, from the JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price 15 cents each, postpaid.

Order the following booklets directly from the JOURNAL Fashion Bureau:

PARIS-PATTERN FASHION BOOK. Price, 35 cents.

THE NEW EMBROIDERY BOOK. Price, 35 cents.

THE NEW FASHION BOOK. Price, 25 cents.

SIMPLIFIED SMOCKING. Price, 25 cents.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES. Price, 15 cents.

INA CLAIRE

The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from $1.25 to $2.50 the pair. These same styles are made and sold in Canada.

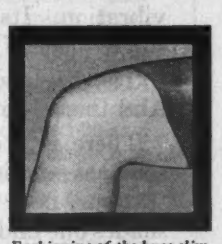
Mail orders for this newest Allen-A Hosiery (style 4250—$1.95) will be filled by the Allen-A Hosiery Shop, New York City

THIS NEW HOSIERY DISCOVERY

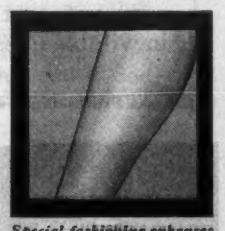
overcomes the chief cause of hosiery being "ruined"

An amazing new process—called DULTWIST—has just been perfected by Allen-A that is responsible for three remarkable improvements women have long wanted. . . . It makes the hosiery infinitely more clear and sheer. It prevents spotting. *It lessens the danger of snagging to a marked degree, and thus adds immeasurably to the wear.* . . . A bewitching chiffon, every thread of which is extra-fine gauge silk—and made by the DULTWIST process—is now available, with a Lusterless Crepe Finish, Picot Top and Ravel Stop, at only $1.95 the pair. . . . Ask to see this superb Allen-A creation by style number 4250. Other improved Allen-A styles from $1.25 to $2.50, including the famous "Dancing Chiffon" with Picot Top at $1.50.

The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada



*Fashioning of the knee eliminates ugly bagging.*



*Special fashioning enhances the curve noticeably.*

*Made smaller at the ankle, a slenderizing effect is gained.*

Allen A

ALLEN-A HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

© A A Co. 1930

# Busy Hands *will welcome this gift*

HERE'S A GIFT you can write down opposite any name on your Christmas list . . .

For anyone over three years old would love to receive a new Corona typewriter!

Letters to write. Or lessons to do. Or stories to compose. *Everyone*—however young or old, whether student or teacher or housewife or business man—has to put hundreds of words on paper every week.

*And could do it in half the time with a Corona!*

This remarkable machine turns the toil of writing in longhand into the pleasant task of writing in type.

Not a complicated office machine made small. On the contrary, a typewriter designed from the beginning for people who are neither professional typists nor mechanics.

Made simple. And easy to run. And absolutely trouble-free. Yet made to do anything a big office machine will do.

Take it completely out of the case it comes in. The Corona does not need the bottom of the case for support. There is no rattle, no vibration. Its sturdy frame is cast from a single piece of aluminum.

The keyboard is the standard keyboard. And there is only one shift.

There is a choice of six attractive color schemes—besides black. See, in the illustrations, how they harmonize with the gay shades one finds in smart interiors nowadays!

Ask the nearest Corona dealer about the easy payment plan. Let him answer that inevitable question: "*What shall I give?*"

*Louis Joseph Vance's hands — the hands that wrote The Woman in Shadow, The Trembling Flame, Speaking of Women, and many other novels. "I consider the Corona an indispensable part of my equipment," Mr. Vance states.*

☐ **Corona Professional with tabulator . . . $65**

☐ **Corona Special in black and gold . . . $39.50**

☐ **Corona Standard, green and gold . . . $60**

☐ **Corona Standard in blue and silver . . . $60**

☐ **Corona Standard, mountain ash scarlet . . . $60**

☐ **Corona Standard in black and gold . . . $60**

# CORONA

*Standard Keyboard . . . Single Shift*

**Special Offer** Check ☐ the Corona you like best, the one that harmonizes best with your furnishings (or those of someone on your Christmas list); tear out the picture and send it with your name and address to your nearest dealer or to L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc 1808 New York Life Building, 51 Madison Avenue, New York. Your chosen Corona will then be delivered to your door. *Examine it, try it, for a week, free of charge.* You will be under no obligation to keep the machine.

# An End to Mirth

(Continued from Page 5)

half the world. The camera discovered in her countenance a keen and moving beauty; her voice had a thrilling quality; she took direction well. So this girl, who three years before had come timidly to the casting window at Ned Brace's studio in response to a call for extra people, had found herself caught on the crest of a wave which rose ever high and higher.

The camera found her beautiful; and once the camera gave its verdict, the rest was easy. She was not only beautiful, she was full of a lively grace, so that even in the most vigorous movements her limbs and body assumed smooth and pleasing lines. And there dwelt in the girl a fine, clean friendliness which seemed to project itself through her eyes and her tones, so that the audiences which watched her on the screen liked her—just as those who knew her liked her here.

SHE gave these folk quick, breathless greetings; and she stripped off her beach pajamas, stood in sleek swimming gear. She and Celia turned and plunged into the pool, shouting and splashing together.

Jim Hannock joined them, and presently young Foster Aram came racing from the house. He and Robin were to be married in a fortnight, when the last retakes on her current picture should be done, so that she could go away for a little while with him alone.

The boy stopped to greet Claire. "Mother is on the way," he explained. "She said to tell you." He was watching Robin in the pool, with a jealous eye on Jim Hannock there; and Claire touched his shoulder affectionately.

"Never mind making your manners, Foster," she said understandingly. "Go along and swim!"

He nodded, and turned away; and Ned Brace thrust out a shrewd toe in front of the boy's feet, so that Foster's dive was an awkward, floundering crash. He came up blowing and gasping, and Claire expected some laughing threat from him. But the boy only stared at Ned Brace with somber eyes, and turned and swam toward where Robin was.

It was not like Foster to show unfriendliness. Claire felt a faint surprised concern.

Robin and Celia and the two young men disported themselves together.

Vee and Ned Brace and Claire stood watching, till Gene and Fanny Aram, Foster's father and mother, came toward them from the house.

Fanny Aram always made an imposing figure. She was proud of the fact that she shared with none other the name of being the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. But there was more to her than vanity. She had in her fashion a genius as great as that of Ned Brace. Gene Aram had discovered her twenty years before; he was in those days a director who knew how to mold human flesh into magic images. He had made her great, and married her; and though during the years that were gone the bloom of her youth may have slipped away, there was no one to say when it went, nor greatly to regret its going.

FOR she wore still a beauty curiously poignant; she could evoke from the most lifeless part a living character, and make the audience suffer or love or smile with the woman she portrayed.

Her husband was no longer her director; he had somehow lost the gift he once possessed. But as though she had acquired what he had lost, she pursued still a triumphant way. Good directors or poor ones, good pictures or bad, Fanny Aram was still Fanny Aram.

Yet for all her genuine abilities, she was full of foolish posturing, forever dramatizing life. Her gowns, she used to say, portrayed her mood. If this were true, today she was in a mood for tragedy.

She was all in sable black, severely plain; and though her figure was fine, it was concealed by the shrewd shapelessness of her garments, so that she seemed to walk in widow's weeds. There was no part of her that failed to harmonize with this effect. Her hair—her hair had a glory of its own—was choked beneath a small black hat; her very make-up was chosen with design. Her cheek was pale as ivory, her mouth a blood-red slash across her white face, as though in gnawing grief she had bitten her lips till they bled; there were shadows below her eyes, and her voice when she spoke seemed choking with half-stifled sobs.

But these folk were her friends, not easily impressed. Vee Conger drawled: "'Croaked the Raven, nevermore.' Hello, Fanny!"

Fanny smiled sadly as though forgiving this untimely levity; and Ned Brace cried:

"And how's the best-dressed woman in Hollywood this afternoon?"

Gene Aram, at his wife's elbow, drawled in the tone of one who utters a familiar quotation: "Hollywood! That is to say the world!"

And Claire Brace said teasingly: "Fanny, I'll wager your perfume is lilies. All you need is the Dead March for your entrance, dear."

"I HAVE been sad today," said Fanny Aram gently. "I cannot help it. Such moods sweep over me." She turned to Ned Brace, her eyes drooping. "You will let me stay, Ned," she said, in her slow, deep tones. "I won't spoil your merrymaking. And perhaps your happiness may change my mood."

"Or a cocktail," Brace suggested cheerfully.

Celia came dripping from the pool, drew her mother aside. "What time is it, mother?" she asked; and when Claire told her, "Eddie is due in ten minutes," she whispered. "I'm going in to change. Keep them all out here till I come, won't you?"

Claire smiled, her eyes twinkling. "Won't it be more fun if they're in the house? With them all out here, he can just walk right upstairs."

Celia's cheek was for a moment bright; she shook her head. "They mustn't see him," she insisted, and caught her mother's smile, and wore a warmer color when she turned to race across the lawn.

She met Doctor Lesley and Mrs. Lesley at the door. Doctor Lesley was older than Ned Brace; a small, controlled man with a still smile who looked half his years. Mrs. Lesley—she was Nell Blakeway on the screen—was almost as old as he; her dark hair, but for her vigilance, would have been gray.

Celia gave them quick greeting, then darted past them into the house. On the stair landing, she paused to make sure that they went on toward the pool, before hurrying to her room. She changed quickly into more formal garb, emerged and descended to the dining room again. There was a panel beside the hearth there which opened at her touch upon a secret latch to reveal a narrow stair within the thick wall, and Celia drew the panel closed behind her, snapped on the lights and then descended till she came, at the foot of the long stairs, to another door.

## For a Poet's Bride

By DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

SPREAD sunlight on his toast, and spread it thickly,
And have it not too brown, and then upon it
Drop powdered violet petals lightly, quickly,
While he is working out a mental sonnet.
For luncheon he must have a larkspur broth,
Chilled waterlily salad and a rose,
Or give him Shasta-daisy hearts—or both—
And bluebells will ring luncheon to a close.

Move quietly through the household. Never speak
Of pots and pans; talk only of the moon,
Of amber twilights and cool woods that reek
With fragrances of rain. Sing him a tune
And ask him softly with each fall of dew:
"One star dropped in your tea, my dear, or two?"

WHEN she opened this door, at her feet there lay a sun-drenched gulf of space; a road ran through the deep cut some thirty feet below her. There was no one in sight, so she waited. It was late afternoon, the sun already obscured as it descended into the mists above the sea. The shadows in the gullies on the mountainsides were deep and deeper while she watched them.

THEN a car came around the last turn in the road and ascended toward her, and stopped below her here. Young Eddie Falk got out, and looked up to wave to her. She touched her lips, warning him to silence. He nodded, lifted a heavy leather case from the car, and the automobile turned to descend again. Eddie climbed toward her, taking advantage of footholds cut into the rocky soil, of iron pegs here and there. He scrambled in through the doorway, and grinned; she stood back to let him in.

"Secret passages 'n' everything, eh?" he chuckled.

"Of course," she agreed. "You see, if any of them knew you were here, it would spoil it all."

"Say, he's just a big kid, isn't he?" the boy grinned.

She nodded happily. "I'm afraid he's spoiled your Sunday, making you work!"

"He can spoil anything I've got," Eddie told her, and she smiled. Ned Brace had this trick of commanding loyalty from those who worked with him; Celia had expected Eddie's reply. Yet she was faintly disappointed, too, till the boy added:

"And besides, he can't spoil any of my days if I see you."

She was full, at that word, of a warm happiness; and she closed the heavy door and caught his hand. "Come," she bade, contented now. "I'll show you the way."

And she began to climb the narrow stairs, while he came swiftly at her heels. Once he spoke to her, begging her to wait a moment with him here, but she whispered back:

"No. Hush! Someone might come in, might hear."

"I wish you were going to be up there, with me," he whispered.

"I will be with you afterward," she promised. "After it's over."

"They'll all be around then," he demurred.

"We can slip away," she promised.

Her eyes met his straightforwardly, and he was for a moment silenced by their beauty. But youth has a trick of seeking always to hide its own emotion, so he managed a gayly casual tone.

"Check!" he said. "Right! We'll slip away!"

*III.*

CLAIRE BRACE, as she watched her guests this late afternoon while the sun drew low, was thoughtful, curiously oppressed by a sensation she could not define. The far hum and murmur of the city rang in her ears; it seemed to beat and throb somehow angrily. She had a momentary sense that she was here only precariously secure, behind dikes and levees that the tide might rift and rupture.

Ned, she remembered, sometimes shared these doubts of hers; but as she looked along the margin of the pool to where he stood she knew he had no misgivings now. He was in robust and jovial humor, like a boy fresh from school in June, with a long vacation waiting for his pleasure. Her eyes were soft as she watched him.

Doctor Lesley came and lounged on the arm of Claire's chair as he liked to do; and Gene Aram from a distance watched them with a dry grin, and at last himself drew near and plucked the little man aside.

"You'll take root at Claire's elbow one of these days, doc," he said, with that grin of his which had no mirth in it. "Move around, keep your anchor clear."

The little doctor colored with that stiff anger he was likely to feel at unexpected times; but he did hold his tongue and move away. And Aram took his place on the broad wicker arm of the easy chair where Claire lay relaxed. He looked after Lesley, and down at Claire, and said in a cynical amusement:

"He'll put cyanide in Ned's coffee one of these days, Claire."

Claire smiled slowly, made no other comment. If there was sometimes in Lesley's eyes that which he could not hide, his heart at least found no other outlet. She and Ned were fond of the doctor, and full of understanding too.

SHE watched Ned yonder try to draw young Foster Aram aside, toward the end of the pool; and she smiled again. Ned was so full of this scheme tonight, it was like him to check every detail time and time again. He had that attribute of genius, the infinite capacity for taking pains.

Then she saw the boy avoid her husband's summons, dive once more into the disturbed waters of the pool where Robin swam; and she frowned a little, surprised and wondering. Foster was used to wear a fine courtesy, and Ned had long befriended him. It was not like him to repel the older man.

Celia came from the house, now in her proper garb; she paused by her mother's chair, and Claire looked up and met the girl's eyes inquiringly. Celia nodded, and Ned Brace came toward them and asked Celia meaningly:

"All ready, Sis?"

He winked profoundly, and she winked back at him with a mock gravity, and

CATCHING COLD?

•

Drink water and rub chest with MENTHOLATUM

a famous cold remedy for over 35 years

Your druggist has jars and tubes, 30¢ and 60¢

TRIAL OFFER

*Mail Coupon Today!*

Dept. C21, Mentholatum Co., Wichita, Kan.
Please send me TRIAL TUBE.
Enclosed is 4¢ to cover mailing cost.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____


saluted briskly, and said: "All present and accounted for, aye, aye, sir."

"We're having cocktails out here," Claire told him. "Before we dress."

"Time for them, isn't it?" he suggested.

"Morrison will be coming in a minute," she promised.

Aram, still lounging indolently on the arm of her chair, grinned at Ned. "You sure get service, old man," he commented, and Brace chuckled, cuffed Aram good-humoredly on the shoulder. These two had begun together twenty years before, marching side by side, fighting shoulder to shoulder. They had had their first success together; but since then their ways had diverged, and in some matters they had come to be far apart indeed. Yet the old loyalty seemed to persist between them, and Ned knew no higher pleasure than to hear Aram tell him his work was good.

Morrison came toward them from the house. Aram rose to meet him, and Ned Brace summoned the swimmers out of the pool.

"Step up, everybody," he called. "You know the motto of the house. Brace Yourself."

Vee Conger cried: "Heavens, stop Gene!"

FOR Aram was tossing off one glass and then another, as fast as Morrison could pour. Fanny Aram touched his lifted arm, and he swung to meet her eye. She said quietly:

"Slow, Gene."

He asked, challenging her: "Afraid I'll disgrace you?"

"Don't do so," she bade him calmly, a certain warning in her tones.

There was a moment's awkward silence, for this was a familiar thing. But Ned Brace laughed and offered a glass to Robin Crider. She smiled and shook her head, and young Foster Aram said sharply:

"Robin doesn't touch it, Ned."

His tone was edged; Claire Brace looked at him in a quick, surprised attention. It had not been her imagination, then, when she thought a while ago that the boy turned resentfully away from this man she loved.

They stood in groups of two or three or four; the groups combined into one, and broke into component parts again. The sun was gone, the light was going; in the great bulk of the house behind them, windows began to gleam, and there was a yellow glow through the glass roof over the living room, from the lights within. Gene Aram drew apart and nursed his grievance like a sulky boy. Claire was watching him, and she said at last to the others:

"You swimmers will have to dress. Celia, take them in, dear; show them where to go."

So Celia began to gather those who were still dripping from the pool; and these younger folk drifted off across the lawn, their clear laughter ringing in the still dusk. But Claire did not hear Foster laugh. Then the cool evening breeze began to curl in from the sea. There would be for a little while a chill in the air, till the desert winds began to blow.

"I must change, too," Claire reminded them. "Shall we all go in?"

INDOORS, she left them in the great living room and went upstairs. She was full of a vague disquiet, and alone for a moment in her boudoir, she lay down on the chaise longue and pressed her hands across her eyes and relaxed utterly. Claire was in some ways curiously sensitive; there were discordant currents in the air tonight, and she felt them and was made ill at ease. But she must go down to where her guests were waiting, and so she began to dress.

Before she was done, Ned came to join her; his eyes were shining, his big mouth twisted in a broad chuckle. "Got to arrange the properties," he explained; and he went into his own dressing room and came back with a revolver, an ancient, rusty weapon that he had picked up somewhere years before. He broke the weapon and removed all but one cartridge. Claire asked in a remembered disquiet:

"You got blank cartridges, didn't you?"

"Didn't have a chance," he admitted. "But it's all right. I told him to shoot into the air!"

"That's dangerous, Ned," she protested, but he laughed at her fears. There was along the south side of their suite a gallery reached by French windows from which it was possible to look out across the glass roof of the living room and down to where, far below them, the city lights twinkled like yellow jewels through the fog. He took the revolver out on this gallery and tried to balance it on the iron rail there, but after a moment he came back to appeal to her.

CHRISTMAS

with its joy and good will—why not extend its spirit over the whole year? The fund from the sale of Christmas seals in December will carry help and education against tuberculosis throughout all 1931.

Buy Christmas Seals
Fight Tuberculosis


"It slips off," he explained. "I'll have to fasten it with something."

She found a spool of thread. He said this was exactly the thing he needed, and broke off a bit and went out and tied the weapon in place on the gallery rail with a single strand.

"That will break when he grabs it," he pointed out. "Won't delay him." And he came back into the room, moved a chair or two, said at last:

"There, the set is ready." He looked at her, his eyes suddenly warm and happy. "You're a lovely thing, Claire," he told her, his tones husky with a swift emotion.

She came to him, into his arms, to kiss him; he held her for a moment close and tenderly. Then laughed, and cried: "But you ought to be in something drooping and sorrowful, with disheveled hair. The weeping widow, Claire. Ought to dress the part."

She said doubtfully: "Ned, let's call it off." He stared at her, and she shook her head in a slow confusion. "Oh, I haven't any reason. Only I don't think it will be as funny as we think. I've a feeling about it, Ned."

"Pshaw!" he protested, overruling her with his strong enthusiasm. "This is going to be a great stunt, Claire." He chuckled happily. "I've always wanted to hear what people will say about me after I'm dead. It isn't everyone who has the chance, you know."

"I'm not in the mood for it," she admitted.

"Why not?" he challenged fondly.

"I don't know," she confessed; and he hugged her hard, kissed her again.

"Forget it," he advised. "It's a big shot, Claire. Come on, let's go down."

When they descended the wide stairs it was to find the others here before them.

As Claire passed the archway that led into the dining room, she looked that way and saw Morrison nod, so she said to them all:

"Come, we can go in."

The table was long and narrow, of that design called refectory. It ran lengthwise of the paneled dining room, from just within the arch toward the tall fireplace at the other end. Claire sat with her back to the arch, Ned facing her. Doctor Lesley was by Claire's left hand; and she summoned Gene Aram to sit at her right and the length of the table away from Fanny, so that there might be between them none of those passages at arms which sometimes disturbed their friends. Then the brisk tongues began to run, and Claire could relax and let these guests manage matters for themselves.

SHE and Aram were for the most part silent, Claire because a curious weariness had descended upon her, Aram because surly silence was one of his familiar moods.

The talk ran up and down the table. They discussed Ned's latest picture, just completed. They had all seen it at a studio run in the cold-cut stage; and they approved it heartily; and Ned at the head of the table listened to their comments and beamed like a gratified child. He had always an open delight in his own triumphs. Too innocent of guile to pretend a modesty or an indifference he did not feel, he devoured their praises now, until he remarked that Gene Aram sat silently; then he called down the table to Gene, demanding his opinion.

But Aram grinned and said dryly: "You don't need me to tell you you're good, Ned. Plenty of others to do that!"

There was a moment's constrained silence; and then Vee Conger asked in an eager drawl:

"Can I quote you on that, Mr. Aram?" She made pretense of scribbling. "'Eugene Aram, the great director, said last night ——'"

Aram made a harsh sound; Claire saw his cheek burn. He had been a great director once—but that had been ten years ago, or fifteen. She was grateful to Robin Crider when the girl distracted their attention with a quick word.

ROBIN CRIDER was still a newcomer in this world; and Claire watched her, and liked her. The girl was unspoiled, diligent, deferring to older heads that were presumably wiser ones. Already they called her on the lot a good trouper, where there was no higher praise. She had been from the first Ned's protégée, his discovery. His advice had helped her dodge some pitfalls in the past. A half-forgotten memory for a moment clouded Claire's eyes; she shook her head to brush the thought aside. Mrs. Crider was dead; let no evil be thought of her. Whatever Mrs. Crider had been, Robin was genuine and straight and fine. . . .

Claire forgot for a while the manner in which it was ordained that this meal should end, and then remembered it regretfully. Ned was always so bent on these designs of his; it was a sort of vanity with him to sustain the reputation of the house for the bizarre, the ludicrous, the terrifying.

From his point of view, that which he had planned tonight was an intellectual experiment. It had arisen out of a talk with Jim Hannock about the unreliability of witnesses—their inability to see clearly in moments of stress, and to remember what they saw. Ned saw nothing in what he planned but a laboratory test of human observation. Claire, with a keener social

*(Continued on Page 92)*

# *For winter sports* – DRY SNOW
# *for winter driving* – DRY GAS
# TEXACO-ETHYL, THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

SKIING—what thrilling fun when the snow is dry! But if the snow is wet, skis stick, move jerkily—sport becomes toil.

There's the same difference in winter driving. Some gasolines form a sluggish "wet" gas which resists the spark—causing coughing, sputtering starts and battery waste. For real winter driving pleasure and dependability you should insist on Texaco-Ethyl, the "dry" Ethyl gasoline.

Remember the base in Texaco-Ethyl is the quick starting *new* and *better* Texaco, the original "dry" gas. Because it's "dry" it vaporizes readily, responds to the first spark flash and follows through with smooth power even in zero weather.

You can drive the children to school in December as easily as you take them to the beach in July. Just fill with Texaco-Ethyl, the "dry" Ethyl gasoline and drive with a smile the winter through.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

© 1930, The Texas Company

**TEXACO** *the original* "DRY" GAS + **ETHYL** *nationally famous* ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND = **TEXACO-ETHYL** THE "DRY" ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

Lovely as Blossoms in tropical gardens

*The Barbizon---Lady Seymour's Newest Blanket*

Soft and Warm as Southern Sunshine

All day, a Lady Seymour Blanket makes a cheerful patch of color across the foot of your bed . . . color as vivid as hibiscus blossoms or as subtle as wild orchids. All night, in its drowsy depths is comforting warmth . . . warmth as life-giving as softest California sunshine.

Lady Seymour's highly perfected processes for selecting and weaving blankets of fine, long-fibre wool assure you of light, billowy warmth and the deep-napped loveliness that will continue through long wear and washing. Examine the rich variety of colors and smart designs for many delightful suggestions for decorative treatments and effective bed ensembles. Also coverlettes and crib blankets. Beautifully boxed. At your dealer's.

Lady Seymour
BLANKETS

*Free---A Valuable Book About Blankets*

Write today for Lady Seymour's free booklet: *"How to Choose and Care for Blankets."*

Seymour Woolen Mills, Seymour, Ind. J-3
Please send Lady Seymour's free booklet to:

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name_____


*(Continued from Page 90)*

sense, perceived the possibility of ugly discord. She had once played a game called Truth; out of that occasion had arisen at least two lasting enmities. There might be something of that fashion here.

But she was caught on the wheel now. It was too late to stop what was to come. Already Morrison was serving the ices. Aram, she noticed, drained his wineglass as fast as it was refilled; and Claire caught the butler's eye and warned him with a glance not to fill the glass again. She pushed back her chair a little, her nerves taut. There was a set smile on her lips, blank and expressionless; her thoughts were far away, and a cold dread touched her for a moment. She put it aside, almost resentfully; her apprehensions were folly, after all.

But Morrison had gone to fetch the coffee. In a moment now. . . .

WHEN the lights went out, leaving them in black darkness, with only the pale outline of the arch that led into the living room remaining visible, a swift hubbub arose. Ned cried: "Hey, what's the matter? Fuse gone?"

And Morrison spoke, from the darkness by the pantry door: "I'll go down cellar at once, sir."

Vee Conger uttered a terrified ejaculation: "Ned, you beast, you did this! You know I hate the dark! Ned, you dog, turn on the lights or I'll slay you!"

Claire heard their chairs moving as they thrust back from the table, with that curious instinct of humankind surprised by darkness to stand up, ready to meet whatever is to come. She said clearly:

"There's another circuit, the master switch in my room. I'll go turn that on."

"Quick, or I'll be a wreck!" Vee urged. "Run, Claire."

Claire went out through the arch and up the stairs. She saw two dark figures racing across the living room. They would be Foster Aram and Jim Hannock, doing their appointed parts. Behind her, in the dining room, Doctor Lesley and Ned were talking cheerfully, bidding the others wait, be quiet. Claire made haste. Matters must run on schedule now.

JIM came soft-footed beside her on the stairs. As she reached the upper hall she screamed; heard Ned shout below. And she called in desperate summons:

"Ned! Ned! Ned!"

Jim touched her shoulder, whispered, "Great!" Then he turned back down the stairs.

Claire slipped into her boudoir. Below her, in the halls, feet were pounding; there were hoarse shouts. Ned and Jim and Foster would be racing to and fro, scuffling, gasping, uttering hoarse cries to create a great confusion. She waited by the door, and while she waited she was busy with her hair, rumpling it into a strict disorder; she tore the shoulder of her gown; she stooped and ripped the hem. Her misgivings were forgotten now; she was amused, chuckling to herself, entering into the spirit of this game.

She caught a glimpse through the windows of someone coming across the catwalk which followed the girders on the glass roof of the living room. She had thought Foster was to come by the spiral iron stair at the end of the gallery; but she might have been mistaken. Then Ned brushed past her; she heard him chuckle in the darkness; he leaped toward the French windows, and an orange flame lanced at him, and a sharp report rang in Claire's ears. Her eyes were blinded by the flame, but she screamed again, shrill and piercingly.

The others were coming now. She heard Doctor Lesley, just outside the door:

"Up here, everybody! Up here!"

Her eyes were clearing; that shadow yonder on the floor would be Ned, sprawling on his back, with his coat thrown open to reveal the convincing red stain she had painted on his shirt with water colors this morning. Then the others came crowding in the door, a dark blur of stumbling, babbling figures; and Claire sobbed:

"He's dead! He's dead! They've killed him."

Doctor Lesley leaped past her. Celia caught her in young arms, urging stoutly: "Mother, mother, it's all right, dear. . . ."

Someone laughed; in a hysterical fashion Vee Conger cried: "Ned, if this is one of your jokes I'll kill you myself. My hair's standing up like a clothes brush! Ned!"

Doctor Lesley was kneeling by the figure yonder on the floor. He seemed, Claire thought, to stay there a long time; he stood up at last and faced them in the darkness there, dimly visible.

"Something to cover him," he said in a low tone. "There's no reason you should see. . . ."

This was Jim Hannock's cue; he brought a gay Indian blanket from the chaise longue and Doctor Lesley spread it carefully across the figure on the floor.

The little doctor turned to face them. "Now, where are the lights?" he suggested. "We've got to talk this over, my friends."

Gene Aram chuckled in the darkness. "Dead, is he? Ho! Well, he was a rotten actor. It's a wonder someone didn't kill him long ago."

"Yes," said Doctor Lesley. "Yes, he's dead."

*IV.*

WHEN in that dark room, where their shadowy figures moved, Doctor Lesley said Ned Brace was dead, a quick chuckle ran through the little group of them. They were amused, ready to enter into the game, curious to see what would follow now. Vee Conger sighed with long relief, and she said cheerfully:

"Well, that's a load off my shoulders! You've no idea how hard it's been to get the papers to print things about that man. They'll have to print this, of course; but then I'm through."

But Doctor Lesley asked quietly: "Claire, can we get candles?"

Claire sobbed. "There are some in the drawer here," she declared.

Young Jim Hannock said gravely: "Not a man or woman must leave until we've sifted this thing to the bottom. There's a murderer among us here!"

"Br-r-r!" Vee shuddered; then Claire found the candles, and the doctor set the wicks aflame. There were four candles; he placed them on the table in the form of a square.

"I'll take charge, if there's no objection," he announced. "We must talk this over now while the facts are fresh; get our stories straight and clear."

"And find the murderer," Jim Hannock reminded them. "I'm a lawyer, doctor; suppose I examine the witnesses."

DOCTOR LESLEY faced them; in the flicker of the candles his face was somber. He played, Claire thought, his part surpassing well; she had not suspected this ability in the little man. She sobbed dutifully into her handkerchief, and pushed back the disordered hair from her brow with that gesture which has registered a weariness and a despair since the first moving-picture days. Celia supported her, whispered brave comfort at her elbow there. And the little doctor bade them sit down. They were a close group about the table where the candles burned.

"Will you, Claire, be the first?"

She nodded, sobbing; she dropped into a chair beside the table. Doctor Lesley sat facing her.

"Now, Claire, tell us just what you heard, and saw."

"I can't bear it," she protested. And: "Oh, poor Ned!" she wailed; and Vee Conger cried through chattering teeth:

"Claire, you make muh blood run cold!"

*(Continued on Page 95)*


Baby's skin needs special care, too

Baby's tender skin . . . soft as a rose petal and just as delicate . . . needs extra protection during the winter months. But doctors tell us baby's care is easy now. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, used every day, will keep him happy and comfortable, free from chafing, chapping and skin irritation. It is absolutely pure, made from the finest oils especially selected for use on the most sensitive skin. Keep a large size jar in the nursery for baby's own private use.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL**
**2 Park Avenue New York**

SNUGGLE RUG *for Baby*

*An Ideal Gift*

For Baby's comfort and Mother's peace of mind. Zipped safely into his Snuggle Rug, Baby is warm and comfy —ready for crib, carriage or motor. And Mother is free from worry for she knows he is securely protected from cold and draughts.

Featured in pink, blue, tan, Nile and maize Kenwood pure wool fabric and other fine materials with matching satin trimming.

Popularly priced at leading department and infants' wear stores. Send for circular and name of nearest store.

SNUGGLE RUG COMPANY
225 N. SEVENTH STREET GOSHEN, IND.

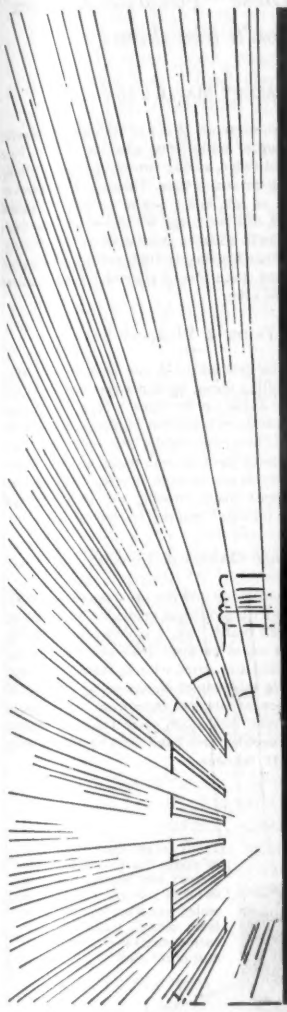
THUMB SUCKING.

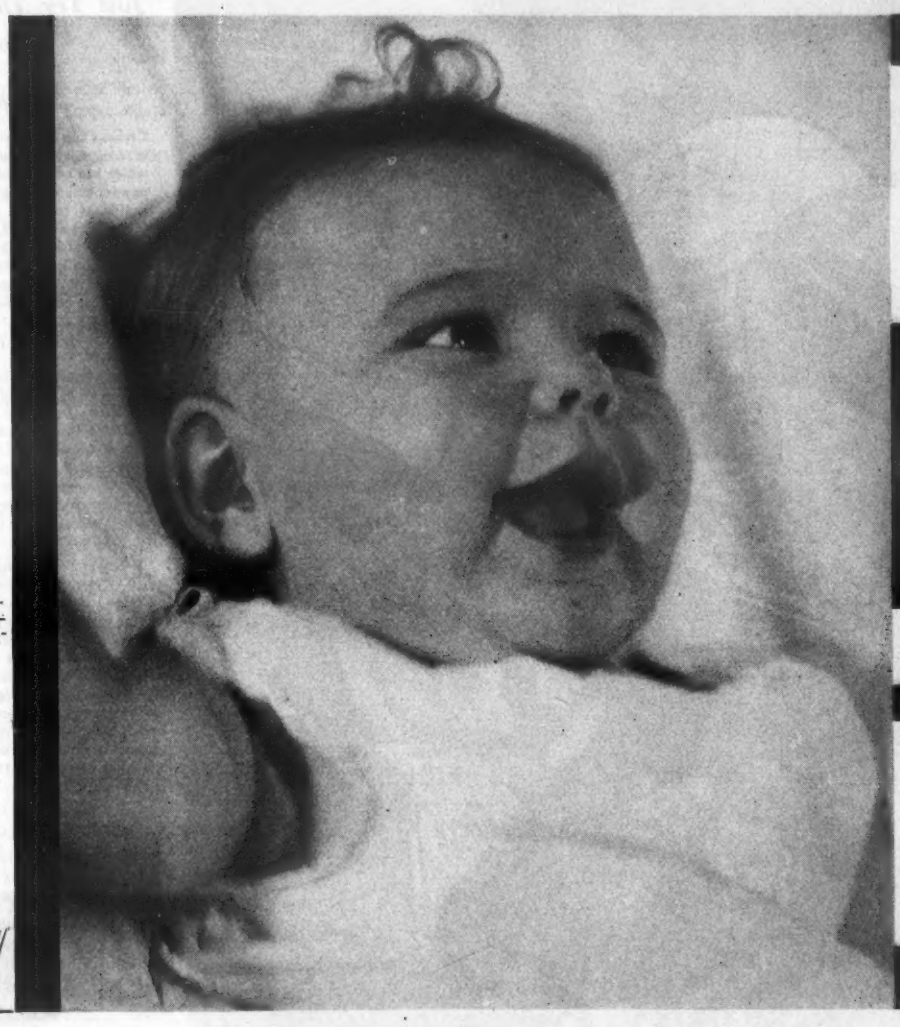
Safety Thumb Guards cure thumb-sucking. One-piece German-Silver construction. No ends to loosen to injure your child. Perfectly Safe and Sanitary. Instructions with Guards. Used for fingers

*Price $1.75 per pair, postage prepaid. State age of child when ordering. Satisfaction guaranteed.*

The Safety Thumb-Guard Co.
Dept. L, New Haven, Conn.

# An inner sunbath for your baby every day of the year — with Bottled Sunshine . . . .





*Squibb Cod-Liver Oil is wonderfully rich in two health-giving vitamins. In every teaspoonful of Squibb's there are 2000 Vitamin A units and 80 Vitamin D units.*

**SQUIBB**

**COD LIVER OIL**

**PLAIN *or* MINT—FLAVORED**

*For mother, father, and the older children — Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil. It helps build up resistance against colds and mean winter germs. Pleasant, refreshing, easy to take.*

Sunshine! From its precious, life-giving rays come health and beauty for your baby.

A well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, well-developed jaws and chin, straight legs . . .

Sound teeth that come in evenly spaced and uncrowded; that do not decay easily . . .

These are the things which sunshine brings. They are built by one certain factor in sunshine. This important factor is Vitamin D.

For this reason your own doctor will tell you that your baby needs plenty of sunshine regularly *every day*, just as he needs his milk and orange juice.

But, except for a few days in the year, sunbaths on the bare skin are impossible. Smoke, clouds, fog, clothing shut out the sunshine rays —the "Vitamin D" rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

So science has found a way to give your baby an inner sunbath every day—with *Bottled Sunshine*—good cod-liver oil. This is the surer way for you to provide your baby with the Vitamin D he needs.

But always give him a *good* cod-liver oil! There's such a difference in the richness of cod-liver oils, you know.

*Good* cod-liver oil, like Squibb's, is wonderfully rich in Vitamin D, the bone-and-tooth building factor. It also supplies an abundance of another important factor—Vitamin A.

Vitamin A helps your baby to grow and thrive, and helps to keep him free from colds.

In Squibb Cod-Liver Oil, both of these factors — Vitamins A and D — are *guaranteed*.

Squibb *protects* the rich vitamin content of the oil by an exclusive process of bottling which prevents harmful exposure to air and moisture.

That is why so many physicians recommend Squibb's. That is why so many mothers prefer *Squibb* Cod-Liver Oil to any other kind for baby's inner sunbath. That is why you, too, will want Squibb's for your baby.

*Now—Cod-Liver Oil enriched in Vitamin D!*

A leader always in the cod-liver oil field, Squibb now offers a remarkable new oil enriched in Vitamin D. *Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 10 D!* It is *ten times* richer in Vitamin D than standard cod-liver oil. Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 10 D is for those who need Vitamin A in abundance, and who also need more Vitamin D than regular cod-liver oil supplies. It comes both plain and mint-flavored.

**FREE — "Bottled Sunshine" booklet for mothers.**

*Just fill in name and address and send to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dept. LHD, 745 Fifth Ave., New York City.*

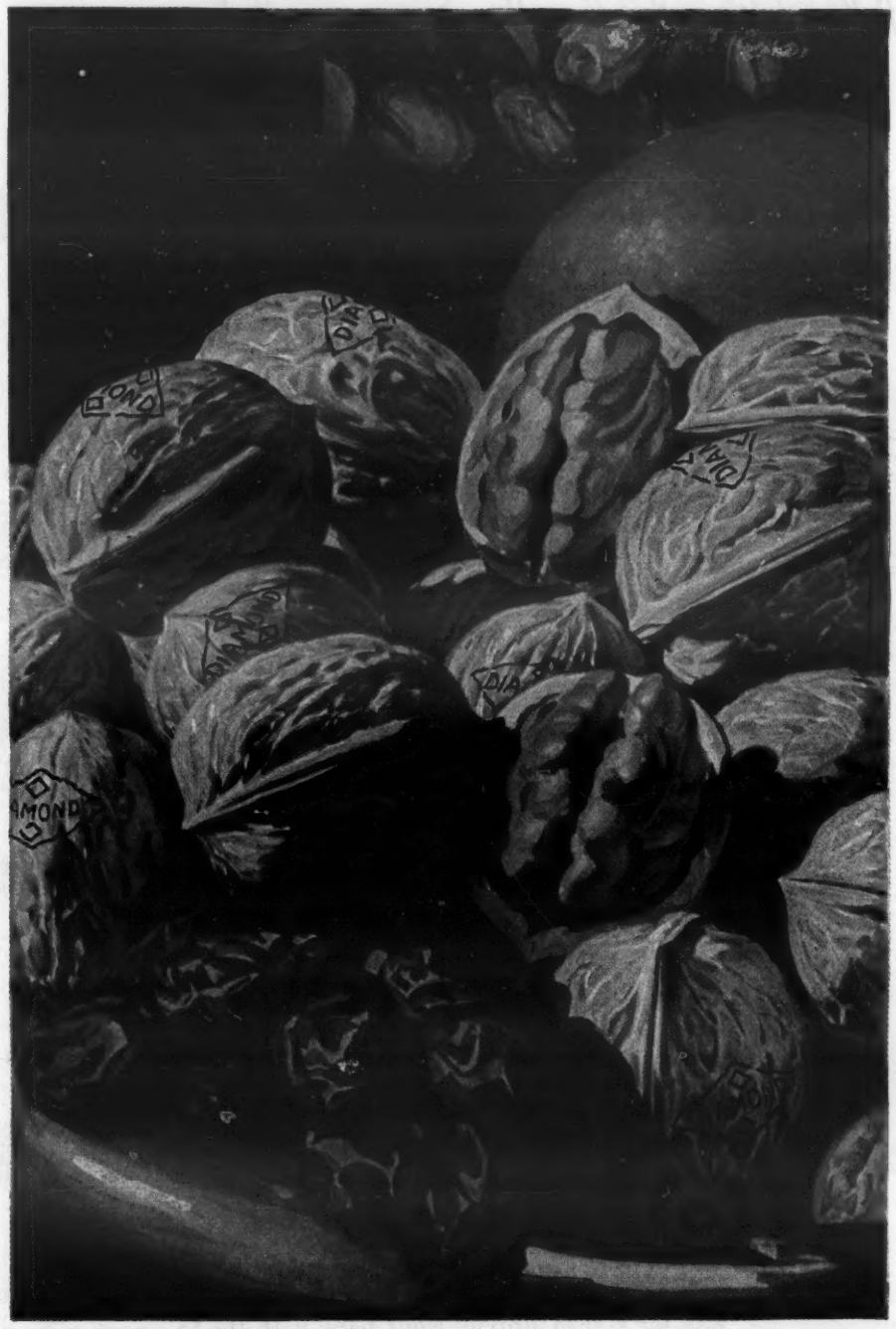
*Name* _____

*Street* _____

*Address* _____

# Let flavor rule Your Holiday Feasts!

## It's easy if you have plenty of Walnuts – on the table, and in the kitchen, too ~ ~ ~



FLAVOR, more than any other thing, makes holiday feasts distinctive. More important than *what* or *how much* you serve, is the question, "How *good* is it?" And that, of course, depends on flavor.

No wonder Walnuts are so popular for holiday entertaining! They add a fascinating flavor to even the finest foods. They transform everyday dishes into holiday treats. They "dress up" cakes and cookies, salads and desserts. They add that crunchy crispness that home-made candies need.

Be liberal with Walnuts in your cooking! And don't forget the Walnut Bowl — it's the mark of a thoughtful hostess.

Just be sure to get the best Walnuts! All Walnuts may look alike on the *outside*, but only the finest have plump, tender kernels. Diamond California Walnuts are grown in California's famous groves. They're hand-selected, machine-graded, vacuum-sorted and crack-tested. Naturally, there are different sizes and varieties, selling at different prices; but all Diamond Walnuts give *more and better kernels per pound.*

And it's easy to be sure. Just look for the Diamond, *branded on the shell!* If at least 97% are Diamond *branded*, they're genuine Diamond California Walnuts. And that protection costs you nothing. We brand twenty pounds of Walnuts for a cent, one thirtieth the cost of packing them in cartons.

Order your Diamond Walnuts from your grocer now. Use them freely. You'll find unequalled flavor ruling your holiday feasts.

DIAMOND *branded*

# DIAMOND WALNUTS

*California's finest*

### *Just Try These "Favorite Recipes." You'll like them!*

#### Walnut Maple Cake

Cream 1 cup of brown sugar and ⅓ cup of butter, add the yolks of 2 eggs, and ½ cup of milk. Then add 1⅓ cups of flour which has been sifted twice, adding two teaspoons of baking powder before sifting the second time. Then add 1 teaspoon of vanilla, ¼ teaspoon of salt, and 1 cup of chopped Diamond Walnuts. Last of all, add the 2 egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Bake in a loaf in angel cake pan 45 minutes. Cover with your favorite frosting, sprinkle sides with chopped Diamond Walnuts and place row of Diamond Walnut halves around the edge of the cake.

#### Jellied Fruit & Walnut Salad

Soften 1½ tablespoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes. Add ½ cup boiling water, ½ cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Add 1 cup apple cut in cubes, 2 cups orange pulp and juice, ½ cup Diamond Walnuts cut in pieces, and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix thoroughly. Put into individual molds which have been dipped in cold water and chill until firm. Remove from molds and arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with a whipped cream dressing and sprinkle a few walnut halves on top for that "final touch". *(Serves six.)*

#### Walnut Oatmeal Cookies

Cream 4 tablespoons of butter and the same amount of shortening together and add 1 cup of sugar gradually, while beating constantly. Add 1 well beaten egg, 5 tablespoons milk, 1¾ cups of rolled oats, 1 cup of chopped Diamond Walnuts, and 1½ cups of flour mixed and sifted with ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of soda, ¼ teaspoon of cinnamon, ½ teaspoon of cloves, and ½ teaspoon of allspice. Drop from top of spoon on a buttered sheet, one inch apart, place Diamond Walnut halves in centers of cookies and bake in a moderate oven 350-400 degrees F., 15 minutes.

Don't forget Diamond *shelled* Walnuts (mixed halves and pieces) kept always fresh and sweet in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins. They're exactly the same plump, tender, full-flavored kernels as Diamond Walnuts *in the shell.*

**SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK**

You'll find over a hundred suggestions for improving everyday foods, as well as scores of actual recipes, in our booklet, "For That Final Touch — Just Add Diamond Walnuts." Write for your free copy today. Address Dept. H-8,

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California

*A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 5669 growers. Our yearly production over 70,000,000 pounds.*

(Continued from Page 92)

Claire smiled in spite of herself; she controlled her countenance and wiped her eyes; and Doctor Lesley urged:

"Begin at the beginning, please."

"Why, the beginning was downstairs," Claire explained at last. "When the lights went out I came up here. There was a man here before me. He caught me. I remember screaming, and fighting to get away from him. Then Ned came running in, and the man released me, broke out through the window there. . . ." She pointed toward the French window in the farther end of the room, opening on the balcony. Beside that window on the floor lay Ned Brace now, composed and still under the Indian rug which covered him; he was hidden in the shadows there.

"Poor dear Ned jumped after him," Claire sobbed. "And the man shot him, and he fell. And then you all came running in."

"A man grappled you?" the doctor asked.

"Yes."

"What could he have wanted?" Fanny Aram drawled, from the shadows where she sat; and Gene Aram suggested:

"That wasn't you, was it, doc? Sounds like the sort of thing you'd like to do."

THERE was a moment's hush, and Claire remembered her old misgivings. Gene had an ugly tongue, and there were things they all knew which were better not mentioned here. She said quickly:

"Yes, he caught me. I think he had been rifling my dressing table, yonder."

"What kind of man?"

Claire made a helpless gesture. "An overcoat; a soft hat. Smooth shaven. I had to push his face away. And strong."

"He didn't speak?"

"No."

"Have you any idea who it was?"

Claire shook her head hopelessly.

"Nor anything more to tell us?"

"No."

"Then that is all," the doctor decided. But Jim Hannock spoke hastily.

"Just a minute, doctor," he urged. "Mrs. Brace, I see your dress is disordered, torn; your hair disarranged."

"We struggled so," she told him.

"But there are no bruises on your arms?"

"No."

The young man said sternly: "What do you say if I suggest that you might have torn your dress yourself, disordered your own hair?" She stared at him with wide, stricken eyes. "What proof have we, except your word, that there was a man here?"

"You think I'm lying?" she asked pitifully. No one answered; and she said hopelessly: "But I'm not, really!"

Celia sprang to her feet; she cried: "My mother wouldn't lie!"

Vee exclaimed: "Claire! You've deceived the child!" The others chuckled. But Doctor Lesley suggested:

"Celia, you take her place here. Let us hear what you know."

SO CELIA took the chair Claire vacated, and Claire slipped back into the shadows, on the window seat beside Vee Conger, while Celia said swiftly:

"I don't know anything. I was in the dining room with the rest of you when the lights went out. I didn't come up here till you all did."

"Did you see anyone leave the dining room before we all left it?" Doctor Lesley asked.

"We were all moving around," Celia reminded him. "When dad started upstairs, after mother cried out, we all started to follow him; but you stopped us at the arch, doctor—told us to stay there. Then you came on ahead of us; and we stayed till you called us."

"You heard a shot?"

"I heard two shots. They sounded close together, but there were two."

"Two?" the doctor echoed.

"And I saw a man run across the living room while we were in the dining room," Celia added. "He came down the iron staircase from the gallery and ran across toward the door into the garden. A man in an overcoat."

"You think he was the man your mother saw?"

"Yes."

"But you saw him while you were still in the dining room?"

"Yes."

"And before the shot was fired, or afterward?"

"Before," she answered quickly. Then caught herself, in a pretense of guilty confusion. "No, afterward," she amended. "Afterward, of course."

"Quite sure? You're not just trying to corroborate your mother? You're sure it was afterward?"

"Positive," said Celia.

Doctor Lesley hesitated; he asked at last: "Anyone any questions?"

And young Jim Hannock said urgently: "Why, yes, doctor. Don't you . . ."


*A Gift That Gives*

YOU know the true value of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, how it contributes to home life in all its phases. It brings the best of timely fact and fiction, the latest charming fashions, the newest in cookery, gardening, homemaking, handiwork and entertaining.

Have you thought how appropriate it would be as a Yuletide gift to certain of your friends? At a trifling cost to you, it will bring them pleasure and profit, for it is a gift that gives. On a colorful card, mailed to arrive at Christmas, we will announce your gifts *in your name.*


"I think there's nothing more," Doctor Lesley interrupted.

But Hannock insisted: "Yes, there is."

Celia cried sharply: "I know, Jim. You're wondering if I ever heard father and mother quarrel. Well, I never did."

Gene Aram chuckled, in the darkness; and Doctor Lesley asked reluctantly:

"Never a cross word?"

"Why, they argued, of course," Celia admitted.

"Isn't it true," the Doctor persisted, "that they had a lively argument this afternoon? That they weren't speaking to each other before we arrived?"

"Oh, that was just fun," Celia urged, too earnestly. "Mother got furious with him sometimes, of course; but she always got over it."

"Did you hear her say to him: 'Sometimes I could kill you, Ned'?"

"I didn't. I didn't hear it. I was in the house and they were way down by the pool," Celia cried. And then: "Oh, I mean, she didn't say it."

Fanny Aram drawled: "The child's trying to shield you, Claire." The others laughed; and even Celia smiled.

But Doctor Lesley said abruptly: "That's all, Celia. You, Jim." So Jim Hannock came to take the chair Celia vacated; and the doctor asked him slowly: "You heard this conversation Celia did not hear?"

"Yes, sir," Jim admitted. "I was rather embarrassed. You see, I was here for dinner today, and then Celia and I went up to dress for a swim, and I happened to be at my window and heard them."

"You heard Claire say that sometimes she'd like to kill her husband?"

"I thought she was just joking, of course; I didn't take it seriously at the time."

Doctor Lesley nodded gravely. "Now come to the time when the lights went out," he suggested. "What did you do then?"

Hannock hesitated. "I don't think it's pertinent," he declared.

"Let us judge that," the doctor warned him.

"WELL," the young man explained, "you see, I had some things to put in my car, and I thought this would be a good chance to do it. So I slipped out of the dining room to look out for them."

"What kind of things?"

"As a matter of fact, it was six bottles of Scotch," said Hannock.

"And where did they come from?"

"I got them from Ned Brace this afternoon."

"He gave them to you?"

Hannock shook his head. "Oh, no; no, he sold them to me." There was a sudden guffaw from the others, and the boy grinned, then sobered. "He sold us a lot of stuff, you know. He had a big income from that sort of thing."

"You mean to say he was a bootlegger?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where did he get the liquor?"

Jim grinned. "Why, it was all prescription stuff, doctor. Issued under your prescriptions."

Gene Aram said cheerfully: "Now we're getting at the truth."

But Doctor Lesley interrupted: "That's not true, of course. But never mind. When you left the table where did you go?"

"To the pantry to get the stuff," Jim confessed. "But I couldn't find it in the dark; and then I heard Mrs. Brace scream, and I came back in, and heard the shot, and ran upstairs with the rest of you."

"How many shots?"

"One."

"Did you put on your overcoat or your hat?"

"No."

"See any one with an overcoat and hat on?"

"No."

The doctor nodded crisply. "That's all," he directed; and as Jim rose, the doctor looked toward his wife, spoke to her:

"My dear, will you testify?"

Mrs. Lesley moved forward into the circle of dim light from the candles.

MRS. LESLEY was smiling in a still fashion. She retorted: "What do you wish to know?"

"Suppose you begin with the moment when the lights went out," he directed.

She hesitated, nodded at last. "I sat at the head of the table," she reminded them, "beside Ned. When the lights went out I was startled, as we all were."

"Of course."

"He spoke, reassuring us all," she explained. "It was too dark to see anything, except the arch into the living room. But I was nervous, and I rose."

She hesitated, and her eyes drooped. "He took my hand in the darkness," she confessed demurely.

Vee Conger giggled and Gene Aram chuckled. But Doctor Lesley only nodded gravely.

"He took your hand. Why?"

"To reassure me, I suppose," she said slowly. "Poor Ned—he always sought to comfort me." She met her husband's eyes for a moment, and her own were wide and candid. "You see—oh, I cannot

(Continued on Page 97)

TREAT that

corn

*sanely*

End its misery . . . and your own . . . simply and safely. Avoid cutting and digging or the savage speed of "minute" removers. Let Blue-jay, the recognized 3-day *treatment* for banishing corns, ease its torments and gently clear it away.

Pangs cease the instant Blue-jay takes hold. You shop in comfort . . . dance, walk, golf, or tend to business without pain to distract you. Blue-jay shields the sore spot, softens and destroys the corn's structure, nurses the abused tissues back to health.

On or off in ten seconds, Blue-jay is pleasant, handy, bath-proof, positive in action. Follow with a Protect-O-Pad, Blue-jay's new comfort-partner, and the corn will never come back. At all druggists. Blue-jay, 25 cents: Protect-O-Pads, 35 cents.

BLUE-JAY

CORN PLASTERS
PROTECT-O-PADS
LIQUID BLUE-JAY

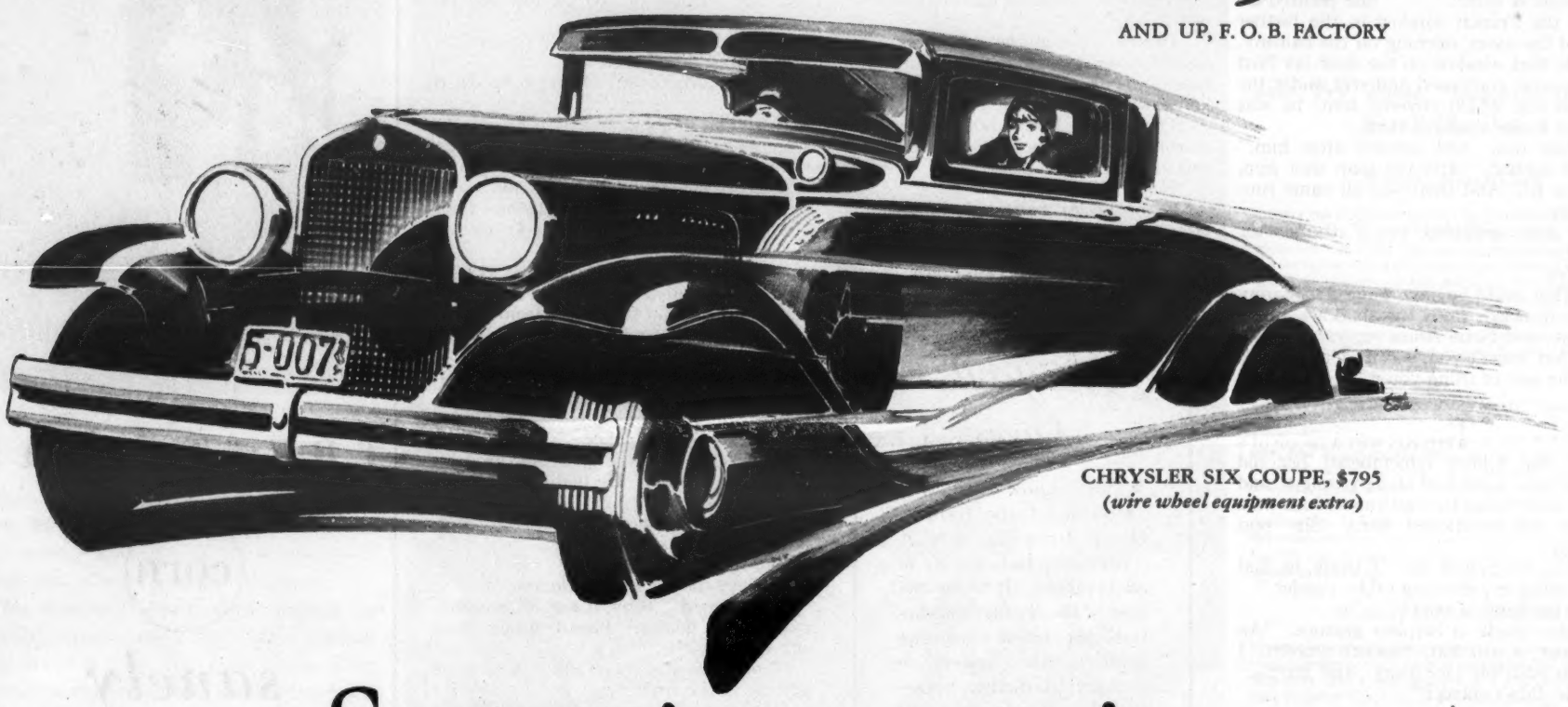
BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
*Chicago . . New York . . Toronto*

# CHRYSLER SIX

$795

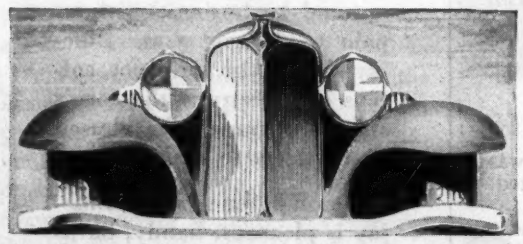
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY



CHRYSLER SIX COUPE, $795
*(wire wheel equipment extra)*

## Summing up six years of six-cylinder leadership

TODAY'S Chrysler Six came into the world with a remarkable birthright. For six years Chrysler has been leading the industry in developing and pioneering refinements and advancements to make motoring more delightful to women as well as to men. So today's Chrysler Six has as its heritage the accumulated benefits of six whole years of Chrysler progress—and the price *is less than half the price* of the Chrysler Six that caused a world-wide sensation six years ago. Six years of giving the motor car new niceties—six years of artistic refinement—six years of engineering discovery—six years of improved performance—all capitalized to the fullest in this newest Chrysler Six. In these six years, the records show that Chrysler has pioneered and popularized more six-cylinder progress than has emanated from any other source in the same period—and today's Chrysler Six bears out this fact by the brilliance of its superior performance. Here is value that challenges all value—value based on everything that these six great years have meant to Chrysler in engineering skill, in manufacturing efficiency and in a huge year-to-year growth in volume. CHRYSLER SIX PRICES: *Coupe, $795; Touring, $835; Roadster, $835; Royal Coupe, $835; 4-Door, 3-Window Royal Sedan, $845. All prices f. o. b. factory (wire wheel equipment extra).*



### NEW CHRYSLER EIGHTS

Two new Chrysler Straight Eights have won among eights that same leadership that Chrysler has so long possessed among sixes.

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Standard Models—Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (6 wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*5-pass. Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; 7-pass. Sedan $2695; Sedan Limousine $2895. Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, trunk rack and bumpers. F. O. B. Factory.*

* * *

*Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Chrysler Six models will be equipped on order. Ask for a demonstration.*

(Continued from Page 95)

keep the secret now—we had each married the wrong person. We found it out long ago."

Aram chuckled again, but there was no mirth in his chuckle. A little silence followed, and a slow color flowed in Doctor Lesley's cheek.

Mrs. Lesley insisted, in her gentle tones: "But you know that, of course, my dear. I think you discovered it before I did."

The little doctor recovered himself; he said cheerfully: "Well, well, such moments as this —— Ned caught your hand. And then?"

"Then Claire screamed, from upstairs, and of course he had to run to her."

"And you?"

"I CAME to where you were," she told him. "But you made me stay with the others, while you hurried to help her too."

"You heard the shots?" he challenged.

"One shot."

"And did you see this man in an overcoat and hat?"

"No."

"Is that all?"

But Aram, from the shadows, said cheerfully: "I'd like to ask a question, doctor. Nell, you mean you were in love with Ned?"

"Oh, Gene!" she demurred.

"Why were you?" he insisted. "He did you a rotten trick, fifteen years ago."

Claire, on the window seat, bit her lip; but Mrs. Lesley said patiently: "Women love most where they suffer most, I suppose."

Fanny Aram protested: "That's my line, Nell. Out of my last picture, you thief!"

But Gene Aram insisted: "And if Ned loved you, and Claire knew it, she might have killed him, mightn't she? A woman scorned!"

There was a silence, and Robin Crider protested uncomfortably: "I don't think this is much fun. Let's play something else now."

But Doctor Lesley said cheerfully: "Well, my dear, if you've nothing more to tell us . . . Foster, suppose you take her place." And as Mrs. Lesley almost reluctantly rose, there was a little stir of relief among them all.

FOSTER ARAM told his story with a grim care, lifelessly, like a lesson learned by rote. When the lights went out, he said, he moved around the table to speak to Ned Brace.

"What about?" Doctor Lesley asked, and the young man replied:

"I wanted to get some gin; and I had a kick to make about the last batch. It had been cut."

"You corroborate Jim Hannock's story that Ned was bootlegging?"

"Yes."

"And did you speak to him?"

"He was gone before I got to his chair. I couldn't find him in the darkness." He continued: "I ran upstairs after him, and we met a man on the stairs, and I had a tussle with him. He broke loose and came down again, and I chased him across the living room and out into the garden. Then I heard the shots."

"How many?"

"Three. One muffled, and then two sharp and clear."

"Yes?"

"And so I came back in. You were all running upstairs. So I ran after you."

"You met this man coming downstairs before the shots?"

"Yes."

"And where was he when you heard the shots?"

"I saw him running across the garden toward the pool."

"Then he couldn't have fired the shots?"

"No."

"Did you see any other man in an overcoat and hat?"

"No."

"Did you put on your own coat and hat?"

"No."

"You were sitting next to Robin, at supper, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Yet you left her, in the dark, to try to buy some gin?"

"Well, yes," said the boy, so grudgingly that they all laughed at him; but he did not smile.

"Not a very fine part to play, was it?"

"Well, I had to have it," said Foster Aram. "And I wanted a rebate on the last lot."

"How far upstairs did you get? Did you come in here?"

"No."

"Or along the balcony outside?"

"No."

Doctor Lesley nodded. "That's all," he said sharply. "Robin, let's hear from you."

"I don't know a single thing," the girl protested. "I didn't shoot him, mister, honestly."

"Take this chair," he urged; and when Foster gave place to her, he proceeded: "You heard how many shots?"

"Dozens, I think," she confessed. "It seemed to me everyone was shooting." Her eyes were dancing.

He said soberly: "This is a serious matter, Robin. More so than you comprehend. Try to treat it so. You liked Ned Brace?"

"Oh, yes, he'd done everything for me."

GENE ARAM said derisively: "That's what your mother claimed." And Robin looked at him slowly, with a fine, sweet dignity which silenced him. Then she turned, smiling, back to Doctor Lesley.

But Fanny Aram moved across in the shadows to her husband's side; she sat on the arm of his chair there. And Claire whispered to Vee Conger:

"I wish this was over."

Doctor Lesley asked Robin: "You came upstairs with the others?"

"Yes."

"Who was with you?"

"We were all together," she told him. "I don't know. Only Foster found me, came with me."

"Ah," said the little doctor. "Of course." And Robin colored, and laughed happily. "And when you came in here," he concluded, "it was to find things as they are here now?'

She nodded. "Yes," she said.

"That's all," he decided. He hesitated, looked into the shadows beyond the candlelight. "Unless there are some other questions ——" When no one spoke, he asked: 'Now, who hasn't testified? You, Gene?"

"Ready any time," Aram agreed. He came forward into the candlelight; sat down easily in the chair by the table there. "Fire away, doc," he directed. "Nothing up my sleeve."

DOCTOR LESLEY nodded. "There are two or three points in doubt," he suggested. "How many shots did you hear?"

"One," said Aram.

"And how many men in overcoats did you see?"

Aram shook his head. "None," he admitted.

"Where were you when you heard the shot?"

"In the dining room."

"You stayed there?"

The other grinned. "Morrison had forgotten to fill my glass, on his last round," he explained. "I was foraging."

"Didn't see anyone leave the dining room?"

"I wasn't paying attention," Aram confessed. "I knew Ned would get his, some day; but I wasn't his bodyguard."

"Oh," the little doctor said. "You expected him to be killed?"

"Sure."

"Why? Had he enemies?"


# DO YOU TAKE LAXATIVES UNTIL THE HABIT BECOMES A VICE?

***Laxatives should be taken only when prescribed by a physician.***

**The habit of dosing with laxatives at every feeling of sluggishness is full of peril. In time, it makes you an intestinal cripple and a slave to such drugs. More and more, as this evil grows, the medical profession issues warnings against the danger of self-dosing with laxatives.**

**Physicians know that, except in special cases, laxatives are unnecessary. They recommend—instead of harsh drugs—the use of a pure mineral oil.**

**For a pure mineral oil promotes elimination in a normal way. And above all it is safe—so safe that doctors prescribe it for little babies.**

**Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum is a mineral oil as pure and palatable as scientific skill can make. You will be surprised how pleasant it is to take, for Squibb's is colorless, odorless and tasteless. And its results are pleasant too. Squibb's brings natural relief because it works solely by mechanical action. It passes through the body without change. It cannot form a habit. And it cannot build fat.**

**For safety and convenience always specify "Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum" or Liquid "Pet" for short.**

**A SAFE, EFFECTIVE INTERNAL LUBRICANT**

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

# SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM

# The tremendous power of steam . . *but* METAL *controls it!*

RAILS sing as the Limited hurls its thousand-ton weight across the continent. Through tunnels, around curves, over mountains, deserts, and prairies, it races in a cyclonic rush of energy.

Steam rages to be free from the monster's belly, but steel confines it, making it servile to the throttle's touch.

Wherever there must be imperviousness to water in any form — whenever it must be kept in its place, inside or outside, *metal* never fails.

In a grave vault, especially, *metal* meets these requirements. Money spent for a vault that allows water to enter—even drop by drop — is wasted, no matter how much or little the cost.

Naturally the Clark Grave Vault is made of *metal* — 12 gauge specially processed Keystone Copper Steel or Armco Ingot Iron. Welded inside and out, tested under 5000 pounds of water, built on the air seal principle of the diving bell, the Clark insures perfect protection from water. So absolute is the impermeability of the Clark that we guarantee it for fifty years.

The Clark also may be obtained in a perpetually guaranteed de luxe model of 10 gauge solid copper.

Choose a Clark. Then you will have the complete protection a grave vault should give. It is the modern practical expression of the respect and love that passing years cannot efface.

**Ask for booklet—"A Modern Interpretation of Age-Old Reverence."**

*Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all.*

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Dept. 14, Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse
Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.


Aram grinned at him. "You ought to know, doc," he reminded the other man. The room grew still, the air tense.

Doctor Lesley hesitated. "Why do you say that?" he asked at last.

"Well, take yourself," Aram pointed out. "You'd have been a topnotcher in your profession if he hadn't made you his tame pill dispenser." He paused. "And you might have had more personal reasons," he drawled.

The room was still; someone gasped softly. But Aram went on in a calm tone: "Then take me. Ned and I started even—got into this game at the same time, and together. But he's gone ahead, and I've got nowhere. I didn't love him any more than you did. And we're not the only ones!"

Claire cried in distress: "Gene, I don't . . ."

But Aram shook his head at her chidingly. "Now, Claire," he warned her, "you're in it, too. Remember how he made you marry him?"

Fanny Aram came swiftly to her husband's side; Doctor Lesley was on his feet, his face hot. Fanny caught Gene's arm, but he shook her off. "I'm talking," he said harshly. His countenance was congested, flaming. "You were nuts about him yourself, Fanny; and he wouldn't look at you.

"Doc, your wife had a good grudge against him. He killed her as an ingénue—made a character woman out of her. Even Robin yonder . . . If her mother was alive I'd think Mrs. Crider might have been here tonight, and taken a shot at him. Or Robin might want to shut his mouth, or that boy of mine might have done it for her. . . ."

Fanny said harshly: "Gene, be still."

ARAM relaxed, and grinned cheerfully. "But there it is. Every one of us, from me down the line, has reason enough to be glad he's gone!"

Fanny Aram tugged at his arm. He suffered her to lead him aside. Claire rose and came to the table where the candles were and said quietly: "Haven't we done enough, doctor?"

The little doctor caught her eye, shook his head. "Mrs. Aram," he called, "can you help us out?"

She laughed unhappily. "I've troubles of my own," she said.

But Vee Conger came briskly toward the table. "Well, I can," she announced. "I want to testify, doctor. I've been dying to."

"You might tell us, briefly . . ." Doctor Lesley began; but Vee interrupted him: "I won't be cut short! If it wasn't for me no one would ever have heard of Ned Brace. He had no talent, no genius. He wasn't funny; he was just dumb. I made him what he was, and did I get any gratitude? I ask you, did I? Do I look as though he had loaded me with gratitude?"

She babbled cheerfully, and the tension eased. Robin Crider and Celia began to chuckle, and others smiled. Only Doctor Lesley did not relax his somber mien.

"But what did you see, or hear, that will help us now?" he asked.

"See?" she echoed. "Hear? I'm no cat, to see in the dark. And besides, I had my eyes tight shut, and my hands over my ears. I knew something was going to happen. Something always happens at Brace Yourself. Well, thank heaven, that's over, anyway. But if I'd been married to that man I'd have killed him long ago."

"You think ——"

"It was bad enough to work for him," said Vee briskly. "He couldn't act; he couldn't direct; he couldn't do anything.

But I had to keep writing these sickening stories about what a genius he was, and begging people to publish them. I'd have killed him myself if I'd thought of it."

Doctor Lesley nodded. "Well, that's all, isn't it?" he asked, and he looked across toward Claire.

But Jim Hannock intervened: "No, doc. There's one thing. Mrs. Brace said she came up here to turn on the master switch. Where is that master switch, Mrs. Brace?"

Claire confessed in guilty tones: "Why, there isn't one! I came up to—to get my smelling salts."

"Aha!" Hannock exclaimed. "Then you lied?"

"I suppose I did."

Hannock faced Doctor Lesley. "Then we proceed to ballot on a verdict, doctor," he prompted.

The doctor nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, that's so," he assented. He hesitated, faced them all at last. "We must agree on the probable guilt of some one here," he explained. "Before we summon the police. I shall call your names: Claire?"

Claire cried: "I didn't do it, doctor."

The doctor hesitated: "Celia?"

"I'll never believe mother did it!" the girl cried.

"Jim?"

"I should have to hold Mrs. Brace," said the young lawyer gravely.

Doctor Lesley looked toward his wife: "Nell?"

"You," she retorted coolly.

He was setting down the poll on a bit of paper before him; he made this notation without comment: "Foster?"

"Mrs. Brace," said young Aram briefly.

"Robin?"

ROBIN CRIDER shuddered laughingly. "Mercy, I don't know. Was it Mrs. Brace?"

"Aram?"

"I'd vote for myself," Gene Aram dryly confessed.

"Fanny?"

Fanny Aram hesitated, said at last: "Claire, I suppose. Is that what we're expected to say?"

"Vee?"

"I may have done it myself," Vee declared. "If I did I'm proud of the job!"

Doctor Lesley nodded, adding up the totals. But Hannock reminded him: "You haven't voted!"

"I'll reserve my vote," said Doctor Lesley slowly; and he stared for a moment at the paper in his hand. When he spoke it was without raising his eyes at all. "Claire," he said, "so far as there is any agreement among us, we seem to think ——"

He hesitated, and Jim Hannock said boldly: "I'm a sworn officer of the court. Mrs. Brace, it is my duty to hold you to answer for your husband's death!"

There was a moment's silence. The word did somehow chill them all. Then Claire rose, she nodded, she spoke with a cheerful finality, a great relief in her tones.

"Well, that's all, people," she said. "Now we can have the lights again." She touched the bell and the lights came on. They all blinked in the sudden illumination, and she said laughingly:

"I'm glad it's over! I began to think I was really guilty, when you all agreed on it." She looked toward where Ned still lay under the Indian blanket yonder. "Ned," she called.

But Ned did not move.

"Ned," said Claire again, and Vee Conger cried:

"He's asleep! The beast!"

Then Claire took a quick step toward where her husband lay; she bent above him. And suddenly recoiled, her hands pressed to her mouth.

It was Jim Hannock who caught her, surrendered her to Celia's arms.

And it was Jim who threw back the Indian blanket and saw that Ned Brace was dead in fact and not in jest. There was the burn of powder, and a dark stain, unmistakable, across the gaudy shirt he wore.

*(To be Continued)*

## *Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.*

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,
of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1930.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Editor, Loring A. Schuler, Haverford, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, Cheala C. Sherlock, Media, Pennsylvania
Business Managers, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)
The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok Estate, 1320 Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, William Curtis Bok and Girard Trust Company, Executors and Trustees u/w of Edward W. Bok, Deceased, c/o Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Mary Louise Curtis Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania.
The Curtis Institute of Music, 18th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Wakeman Griffin Gribbel, John Bancker Gribbel & The Real Estate Trust Co. of Philadelphia, Trustees u/d by John Gribbel, dated 2/14/27, Real Estate Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Elizabeth Bancker Gribbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Charles Townsend Ludington, c/o Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Public Ledger Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John B. Williams, Trustee under Declaration of Trust, February 1, 1929, Narberth, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
W. D. Fuller, Secretary

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-fifth day of August, 1930.
[Seal] W. C. Turner, Notary Public
(My Commission expires April 1, 1931.)

*It had to be good to get where it is*

*World's largest soda fountain in the great department store of Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis, where busy Christmas shoppers pause and refresh themselves with ice-cold Coca-Cola.*

# THE BUSIEST MAN IN THE WORLD comes up smiling after... *the pause that refreshes*

OF COURSE you find wonderful soda fountains in the great department stores. Even Old Santa, busiest man in the world, devotes a minute now and then to *the pause that refreshes*. It's a happy, sociable part of Christmas shopping—a little minute of rest and refreshment that gives you a fresh start. » » *The pause that refreshes*, as everyone knows, is the short time it takes to enjoy an ice-cold Coca-Cola. The busier you are the more important it becomes. You relax, take a deep breath and quench your thirst with the tingling deliciousness of this pure drink of natural flavors. And, like Santa Claus himself, you come up smiling.

***THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD***
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN ~~ Grantland Rice ~~ Famous Sports Champions ~~ Coca-Cola Orchestra ~~ Wed. 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Standard Time ~~ Coast to Coast N B C Network ~~

© The Coca-Cola Company, 1930

NINE MILLION A DAY

# *Thanks to* 2 famous ingredients..

## red, chapped hands *smooth and white for evening. . . .*

THE TWO MOST effective ingredients known to science for softening and whitening the skin—combined in one marvelous preparation!

A wonderful healing power, instantly soothing to a skin that is the least bit chapped. That is what you find in Jergens Lotion.

No one need *ever* have rough, even slightly reddened hands!

At the first feeling of discomfort or dryness, smooth Jergens Lotion into the palms and over the backs of the hands.

You have an *instant* sensation of relief as the parched tissues relax. As the skin drinks up this fragrant liquid, its smooth, cool softness returns as if by magic. After the very first applications, the hands lose some of their redness, look whiter, more even in color.

JERGENS LOTION has been so skillfully compounded that it is absorbed instantly without a trace of stickiness! You may smooth it on when you dress for the evening. You may have it on your hands during the day at one task or another—sewing or housework. Have it handy, in fact, to smooth into your skin every time you take your hands out of water.

Because of its marvelous whitening quality, many women use Jergens Lotion regularly on their neck, shoulders and back to keep the skin fine-textured, appealingly white. And they say, because of the way it smooths the skin, it's wonderful as a powder base.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what comfort and loveliness it brings to your skin in cold weather. How it keeps your hands adorably soft and white all winter! Relieves them instantly from chapping! Jergens Lotion is fifty cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Economical size $1.

FREE.. *new trial bottle • beautiful booklet!*

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3023 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
*In Canada,* address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 3023 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

*Smooth Jergens Lotion on when you dress for the evening. It makes your hands adorably soft and white.*

***Gift Box for Men***

*For Husbands...Brothers...Fathers!* Protection against chapping—this gift package of shaving luxuries. Woodbury's Shaving Cream, Talc and Soap (guest size) and a bottle of soothing Jergens Lotion to smooth on the face after shaving. Or the box may be obtained with Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion instead. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters, $1.

# Jergens Lotion

***LEAVES NO STICKINESS***

A JOLLY NEW SPORTS FAD. DESIGNS BY MERLE MUNN

# The Sub-Deb

*Directed by* MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

SO HERE we are around the calendar again to our page's third Christmas! We've had some good times together, haven't we, in the two years and a half since the Sub-Deb department first came into existence in the JOURNAL? We've worked out a lot of new ideas and plans, talked over our pet ambitions for the future, and our special problems of today. In short, your Sub-Deb editor feels she has literally hundreds of thousands of new friends scattered all over these United States, spilling over into Canada, Mexico and Europe; not forgetting quite a little group in Australia who write such interesting letters, and other—equally friendly and far-away—young readers who write from South Africa.

And at Christmastime, as you all know, we feel very close to friends, whether they are actually near, or only near in spirit. So here on this page, this month, with the spicy tang of Christmas evergreens in the air, the Christmas bells and carols echoing anew and the gay scarlet glint of holly beckoning to us from windows all up and down the streets we walk on, I send you, each and every one of you young Sub-Debs, wherever you live, my friendship and my wishes for a Christmas that shall hold for you all the good and lovely things this season of Noel can mean to anyone.

Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!

## Your Own Christmas Cards

IT'S fun to be able to send out Christmas cards that are original and different—especially if you have made them yourself. If you have artist friends, you have probably envied them the interesting new cards they make for Christmas, and wished you were talented too.

So we have prepared for you this month a little booklet with a few simple designs that can be combined interestingly in a variety of ways, with clearly worded directions for making cards by three methods: Linoleum blocks, a quick and easy spatter process for which you can use colored inks, and a third equally simple process that gives you a black-and-white effect like etching.

Those of you who want to try making your own cards this year, can send a two-cent stamp to the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, with a request for the Christmas Card Booklet.

*Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride*

## For a Gay Christmas Eve

CHRISTMAS EVE, with its ancient rites of tree trimming, hanging the mistletoe high, and stuffing the Christmas stockings with small, interesting surprises, lends itself to the jolliest of informal parties.

Ask your close and special little group of friends to a tree-trimming picnic on Christmas Eve. Have a big tree set up in one corner, and divide all the Christmas ornaments, tinsel "moss," strings of colored pop corn and red berries, and so on, into two exactly even piles. Now count off your guests into two opposing companies, and lay a string, or a piece of red ribbon, on the floor, dividing the room into two camps. Then start the fun with a tug of war, using a wide red ribbon wound with ground pine and berries.

The game is for each side to try to drag one or more of the opposite group across the red line on the floor. For each boy or girl whose foot crosses the line, that side must pay a forfeit to the enemy by allowing the latter to choose an extra ornament, string of pop corn, or handful of tinsel moss from their pile, also the boy or girl who has been pulled over the line must go to the very end of the ribbon for the next tug.

The winners—who, of course, are the possessors of the biggest pile of tree decorations by then—have first chance at trimming the tree, the losers being allowed to complete the process by adding what they have left from their sadly diminished pile.

Supper is in order now, and a grand march follows into the dining room, where the table has been spread with evergreen branches instead of the usual cloth. In the center is a big crockery bowl of luscious brown doughnuts, and at each place a wooden picnic plate and a red or green stocking made of tarlatan and filled with a strange assortment of tissue-paper-wrapped packages.

These prove, on inspection, to be sandwiches, hard-cooked eggs, cookies, pickles, and fruit—each wrapped first in a neat inner covering of waxed paper.

A big jug of cider, to be drunk from tall, colored glasses, makes just the right accompaniment to the impromptu stocking-supper.

The evening can wind up with dancing to the radio, and the singing of all the old, favorite Christmas carols.

## For Sports Wear

SMALL animals of felt and clipped yarn to add a smart touch to your sports hat, pocketbook, and so on, are an amusing fad of the moment. They are very simple and inexpensive to make too. Just cut out or trace the design, then place the pattern on a piece of thin felt—millinery felt, using the same color if possible as the yarn—and cut out carefully.

Clip Shetland floss very fine, using a color appropriate for the animals shown at the top of this page: For the "Scotty" use black yarn; the bull pup can be brown with white spots; the Irish terrier should be a reddish brown, and the begging Sealyham of white yarn. Of course, the colors can be changed so as to shade with your hat or bag.

When the figure is cut out, spread one side of the felt evenly with glue, not paste; apply the clipped yarn plentifully, covering the felt with a thick coat. Do not take off any surplus yarn, but allow it to dry between a piece of paper placed under books or any heavy weight. When thoroughly dry, trim the edges evenly, working from the wrong side so as to follow the outline. Pick off gently any extra yarn which is not glued.

These little animals will not only decorate, jauntily, your own hat, purse, or scarf ends, but will make original Christmas gifts for your special school chums. We have prepared a group of these four designs, ready to cut out and trace on the material you may select. Send a two-cent stamp to The Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for Clipped Yarn Animal Designs. —MERLE MUNN.

## Girl Scouts at Christmas

IN DECEMBER Girl Scouts pot small Christmas trees and graceful green ivy and deliver them to hospitals. Potted trees live much longer and ivy may become a permanent possession. Rochester Girl Scouts dressed 400 dolls for the Toy Depot and Christmas Bureau. The Lowell, Massachusetts, troop folded 2,000,000 Christmas seals at the headquarters of the Tuberculosis Council. Leonia and Rahway, New Jersey, Girl Scouts sent out ninety-six Christmas stockings. They also made cheerful red-and-gold candlesticks and fancy napkin rings to brighten sixty hospital trays.

A useful and unusual service was given by a troop who went to the post office before Christmas to tie up parcels that were going to pieces. Baltimore Girl Scouts made quantities of black-and-white-oilcloth stuffed animals that may be washed off with antiseptic fluid for children's infectious wards. Paper flowers and paper dolls are good presents for these wards, too, as they may be burned afterward.

Many troops repair and repaint toys, refurnish dolls' houses, making dolls' furniture out of cartons and cigar boxes. One troop made appropriate gifts for the Veterans' Hospital. They solicited complete, though used, packs of cards. Cases, trimmed with neat featherstitching, were made after the style of shoe bags, a compartment for the cards and one for the score pad and pencil.

In Scandinavian countries Girl Scouts follow their country's custom and give the birds a Christmas present. Bunches of corn and oats are tied to gateposts, to rods thrust in the ground and to the tops of houses and barns so that the birds, too, may feast. American Girl Scouts visit their bird-feeding stations around Christmastime. They hang suet on branches in crocheted bags and scatter seed and bread crumbs under the low-hanging branches of evergreens where the snow and winds cannot sweep them away.

Singing joyous Christmas carols for other people's pleasure plays a large part in Girl Scout Christmas celebrations too. They sing them walking up and down bedridden wards in hospitals; they sing them to lonely old women in homes; they sing them for missions, to accompany tableaux and to entertain at parties given to poor children. In Palmyra, New York, Girl Scouts have sung to shut-ins at Christmastime for seven years; Savannah carolers are so

*(Continued on Page 103)*

# 32°–Freezing

## "Leggings and woolly mittens, my dears"

*Yes—and just as important for your car . . . the right winter oil*

"Susie," Mother says patiently, "put on those nice woolly mittens—it's cold today . . . Billy, go back into the house and put on your leggings as Mother told you."

How many winter precautions you must take for this helpless family of yours! Even your car needs special attention from you these cold days. Suppose, for example, you forget to change to the right winter oil. Just as small Susie catches cold from neglected wet feet, so that engine of yours gets ailments of one kind or another from a summer oil. And you may not know what is happening until the spring repair bills come in!

Did you know that, with a thick, cold-stiffened oil in the crankcase, your engine gets more wear in a few minutes of hard starting than from many miles of ordinary driving?

Did you know—when you feel your starter groan and strain to start the engine—that your battery is wasting months of its life?

And did you know that many so-called winter oils which give easy starting are not rich enough to lubricate your engine properly after it has warmed up?

These are all good reasons for replacing that heavy summer oil now with Mobiloil Arctic. Mobiloil Arctic gives you quick, easy starting even in cold weather. It begins to flow at the first touch of the starter. And it also gives full lubrication at the hottest running temperature in winter—Mobiloil engineers have seen to that.

32° is the freezing point—the danger point for your engine. But even if the mercury crawls below zero, Mobiloil Arctic will help your car to start surely and easily, and gives the engine its full supply of rich, safe winter lubrication. Mobiloil Arctic is easy to get, too, for Mobiloil has wider distribution than any other oil.

### SUGGESTIONS

**to soothe your car's cold weather tantrums**

Keep battery fully charged. It gets sluggish when cold, just when you want it to be full of pep.

Push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the starter from the "drag" of the transmission in most cars.

When starting in cold weather, use choke only while starting. Push it in part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.

Have spark plugs set correctly so as to get a spark when the battery is cold.

Have your dealer put Mobiloil Arctic in your engine and Mobiloil "CW" in your transmission and differential.

Your car needs an overcoat too. If there is no winterfront on your radiator, have some kind put on. The engine runs much better if the radiator is kept warm.

## VACUUM OIL COMPANY

*Let's Drive Better than Men* is a free little book written for women drivers by a woman. It contains many helpful suggestions on road etiquette, driving at night, cold weather tantrums and many other questions on driving and care of the car. Address Mary Arnold, Dept. MJ-120, Vacuum Oil Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

# Mobiloil

The famous Mobiloil Concerts are broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30 p.m., E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

*(Continued from Page 101)*

popular they are booked ahead and carried around in busses. In many places candles glowing in windows on Christmas Eve signify carolers are welcome, and Girl Scouts, like old-time minstrels, fill the frosty air with Good King Wencelas and Here We Come A-Wassailing.

Minneapolis Girl Scouts sang carols in medieval costumes, traveling from the Minneapolis Maternity Hospital to a settlement house, then on to a warm supper at a friendly home. Good costume effects were attained very simply. Colored smocks, long wool hose and tight-bodiced green cambric dresses made a medieval picture. An ostrich plume pinned on a velvet hat, a tam o' shanter—and the picture was complete. A festive fiddler wore long scarlet hose, green cape and cowl. Each member of the procession held a candle and the leader carried an ingenious lantern on a long pole to light up the carol book, made of cardboard with paper leaves fastened inside. The outside of the lantern was a box covered with black paper, with holes cut on each side and orange tissue paper pasted in for glass.

A lantern from the ten-cent store gave the light inside. —PHYLLIS JACKSON.

## *Other Christmas Ideas*

IF YOU haven't found the answers to all your Christmas questions on your own Sub-Deb page, turn over the other pages of the JOURNAL.

There are gift suggestions for all the blank spaces on your Christmas list. If you like to cook, why not give Christmas candies or cookies, wrapped in gay packages, such as you will read about on page 68? If you like to sew, you might make some of the dainty French lingerie on page 40. There also are groups of collected gifts from the shops on pages 28 and 31.

# *Now You Can Finish Your Christmas Shopping!*

OF COURSE you've made out your Christmas gift list!

And what fun it is to shop in the days before Christmas when the stores are bright with gay gifts. How thrilling to pick out the dainty presents for the girls in your crowd . . . the very special gifts for father, mother and your best chum.

*And* how easy it will be to check the names off your gift list when you have a Christmas fund stored up to take care of everything. Thousands of girls who belong to our Girls' Club are going to have a glorious time with their gift lists because they earn their own money—and also win many lovely gift prizes. And how independent and pleased with themselves they're going to feel too!

**I'm so glad I joined The Girls' Club, because it has started me earning money for Christmas,**

writes Mildred O., a jolly schoolgirl from North Carolina.

**I earned $1.50 after school in almost no time.**

And Helen J., another member, says:

**So many nice things have been happening to me lately. One of the nicest was the $5.00 which Girls' Club work brought me in the last two weeks. I'm putting it away for Christmas gifts.**

*No wonder Miss Virginia Meyer can set out to shop so gayly. She has a Girls' Club Christmas fund.*

## *Start Now!*

WOULD you like to get your holiday fund under way also? Would you like to win prizes for yourself or someone else? (Delightful bits of jewelry for the girls, a bill fold for father, a banjo uke for yourself.) You can get ready for Christmas so easily by dropping me this little note: *Dear Manager: Please tell me about The Girls' Club.*

Then I'll send you all the particulars, so that you can start work *immediately*. No expense except a stamp. No obligation.

*Address:*

MANAGER OF
THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
964 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA
PENNSYLVANIA

## *Sub-Deb Booklets*

ANY of these booklets, prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, will be sent upon receipt of the amount required in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes. Address the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DESIGNS FOR ANIMAL CUSHIONS. With directions. Price, 2 cents.

A LETTER FROM THE SUB-DEB EDITOR. Party suggestions, school chat, and several ideas for a girl's own room. Price, 2 cents.

FINGERS TELL TALES. A little discussion of different types of hands, the characteristics they indicate, and simple rules for the care of each kind. Price, 2 cents.

BOBS OR LONG HAIR? Twelve charming coiffures from Paris for the Sub-Deb. New suggestions for bobs, for long hair and for growing bobs. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB'S BEDROOM. With suggestions and sketches to help any girl plan a charming room of her own. Price, 2 cents.

HANDMADE CHRISTMAS CARDS. With designs and directions for making your own. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB GIVES A PARTY. Entertainment suggestions. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS SOCKS. Directions for making the new, low-rolled kind. Price, 2 cents.

DESIGN FOR CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

APPLIQUÉ SCARFS. Designs and directions for scarfs for sports, afternoon and evening. Price, 2 cents.

# *This smart shoe will not put age in your face*

IT prevents the foot strain that makes so many women look tired and old.

Holds up the graceful curve of the arch instead of letting it sag and ache and weary you.

Lets the muscles, nerves and blood-vessels function with barefoot freedom instead of cramping and crowding them until the tension shows in your face and carriage.

Keeps the ball of the foot lively and tireless instead of killing its youthful resiliency.

The Selby Arch Preserver Shoe is totally unlike all other smart shoes. The concealed comfort features are patented and *can't be duplicated*.

It gives you the support and freedom you must have to *act* young and *look* young. Ask the dealer to show you the Paris styles illustrated and others equally as attractive.

Read the booklet, "Feet and Faces," and realize why foot comfort has much to do with facial beauty.

*Most styles $10.50 and $12.50. Others up to $18.*

Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Not genuine without it. Made for women, misses and children by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

LOMBARDY

FLORIS

The Selby Shoe Company, 281 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send free copy of "Feet and Faces" and name of dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

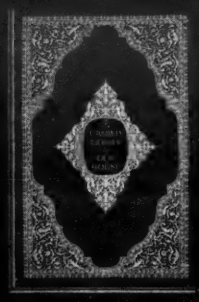
# GIFTS *from* ★ ALVIN

## FOR YOU *with the finest quality of* SILVERPLATE

WE WILL GIVE YOU, with each Service-for-Eight by Alvin, this smart, mirror-lined boudoir box—a gift from Alvin silversmiths to make your gift of Alvin silverware a most original and luxurious sort of Christmas package.

And with each Service-for-Six in any pattern of Silverplate by Alvin, we will give you this wall mirror framed in gray-and-gold with a top-panel that follows the modern vogue for silhouettes in smart homes everywhere.

No extra charge—no increase in price—but the same precious quality of design and craftsmanship in silverware that has made the Alvin name famous among American silversmiths during more than forty years. Alvin-dealer jewelers and department stores have them now. If your nearest dealer in silverware does not carry these gift-sets, by Alvin, we will send silver and gift direct to you on receipt of your check and a letter giving the dealer's name.



### FREE FOR CHRISTMAS!

Here's gay and glamorous reading for any woman. . . . "The Crowd Comes to Our House," by Grace Higgins. It's full of interesting ideas for planned and impromptu parties, with special menus and mouth-watering recipes by famous experts. Beautifully printed, smartly illustrated, a rollicking road-map to success in entertaining at home. *Sent free until Jan. 1st* with set of six teaspoons in any of the above patterns at $3.75.

• *The* ALVIN *Corporation*, SILVERSMITHS
Dept. J-12, Elmwood Station, Providence, R. I.

**ALVIN**

STERLING *and the finest quality of* SILVERPLATE
*made in the world's largest sterling silver manufactory*

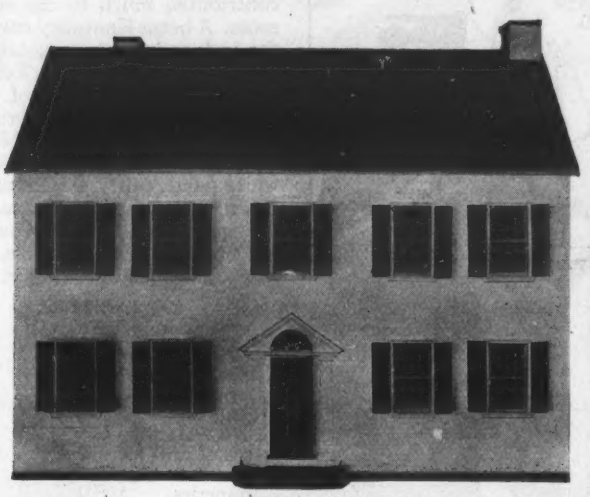
**UTILITY BOX FREE**—really the smartest sort of cosmetic and make-up kit or utility box for hosiery, gloves, bridge layouts, etc. Antique ivory finish with XVIII Century silhouette. Hinged, mirror-lined lid. Removable partitions and glass bottom lining. Dimensions 3⅜" deep, 12⅝" x 9⅝". Retail value $6. **Given free with sets of 34 pieces.** (Illustrated—DAWN pattern, Stainless Steel Blades) $43.50.

**WALL MIRROR FREE**—just the sort of decorative mirror for which there is a place nowadays in every home. Frame, finished in dull silver-gray touched with gold, is 21¼" tall and 12⅜" wide. A blocked velvet pad fits over the mirror to hold the silver. Retail value $2.50. **Given free with sets of 26 pieces.** (Illustrated—MELODY pattern. Mirror Finished Stainless Steel Blades) $35.25

# Building Little Sister's Doll House

By

**BERNICE CARTER DAVIS**



WHAT could be more fascinating to a little girl than a doll house fitted up with furniture, rugs, curtains and accessories, expressing the qualities of a real house? If to this a family of dolls is added, one has the perfect doll house.

This doll house will remain perennially new and interesting, with its ever-recurring problems of replenishing and beautifying. Furnishing problems will present themselves much the same as in a real house. Little Sister will become keenly alert in discovering things that fit into the scale and plan of her little house. She will learn much about arranging furnishings for balance. Harmony of color will not escape her. She will become conscious of texture, scale and good proportion. And it will all be play.

Complete building plans have been made for this doll house. Instructions and specifications explain what materials to use and how to use them. All the little details have been worked out and made plain for the amateur home builder easily to understand and execute. What more appropriate Christmas present could be imagined than this Doll House Pattern? Big brother or dad will get as much pleasure out of making it as Little Sister will in furnishing it.

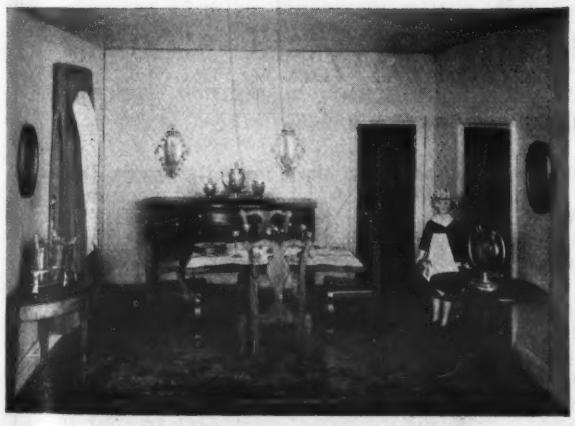
The pattern for this little Colonial house is as carefully planned as if it were a pattern for a stately home in New England. It couldn't be otherwise, knowing that Little Sister will do her very best with the furnishing.

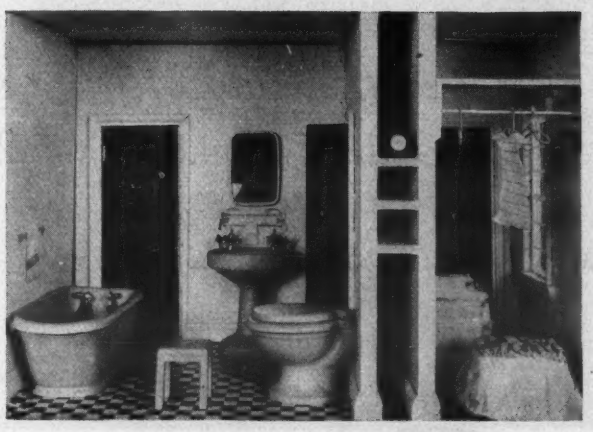
The model doll house was furnished in the springtime, when one instinctively turns for inspiration to the freshness of all colors. Green is the keynote of the entire color scheme. Each room has its secondary and accent colors according to purpose and character. The walls are painted creamy white throughout the house, and the floors are medium brown.

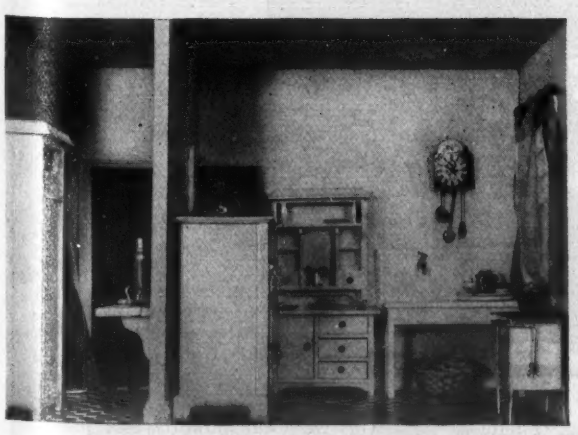
The living room, dining room and lower hall have been treated as a unit, just as is necessary in a real house of this arrangement. The rugs downstairs are all alike, of soft gray-green velvet.

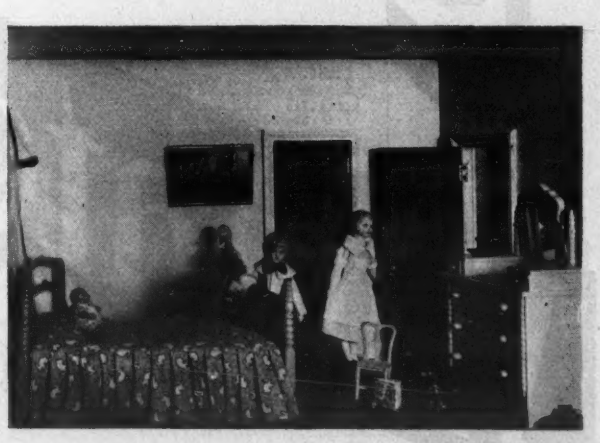
A cream cotton net was used for curtains. The drapes are soft silk of slightly lighter green than the rugs.

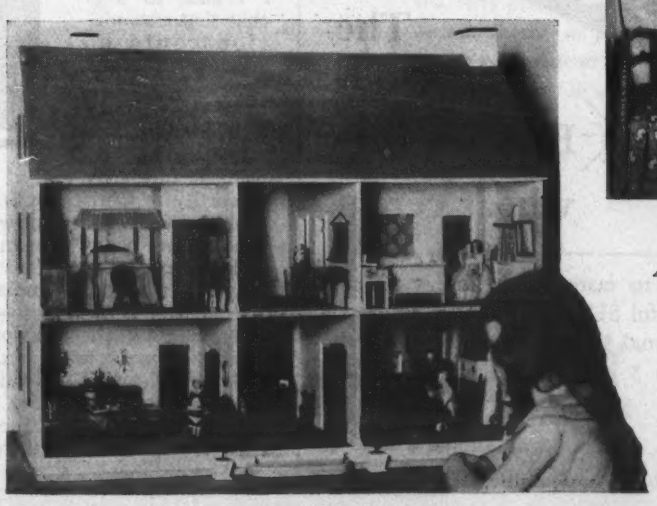
It will be great fun to furnish this doll house.







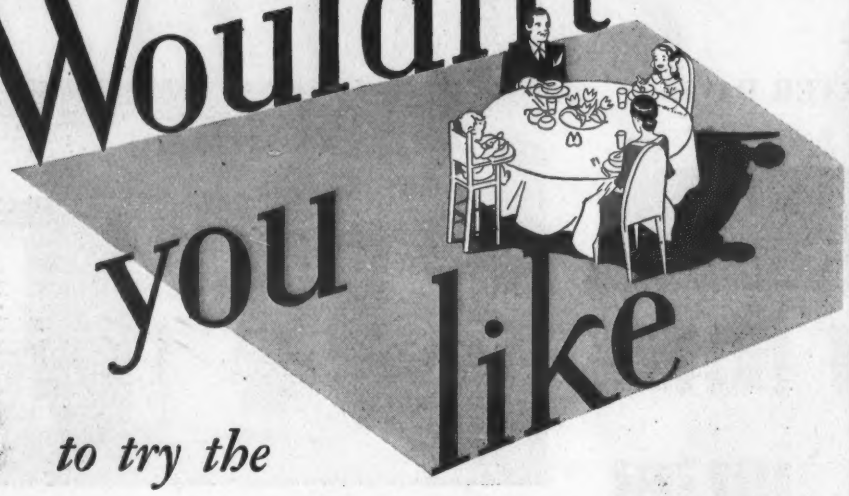




*The front and rear sides of the doll house are detachable. Each room is easily accessible for furnishing and refurnishing. To contemplate the fascination of having an entire house in miniature form to decorate and furnish makes one wish juvenile days were back. Yet here is an admirable chance to begin instructing young daughters in the art of making a real home. Some day the problem will need to be met in a real way.*

*An architectural plan for this doll house has been drawn to scale. It is presented in regular Journal House Pattern form. The charge is one dollar. Send your request for Journal Doll House Pattern to the Architectural Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Make the heart of some Little Sister happy this Christmas by giving her a Doll House Pattern.*

# Wouldn't you like



*to try the*

## SUN-BROWNED *cereal*

*. . so delicious*

that millions of children and grown-ups welcome it eagerly every morning.

*. . so nourishing*

that doctors have urged it for over 50 years.

*. . so quick-cooking*

that it takes only 2 minutes to prepare.

*. . so inexpensive*

that it costs less than 1¢ a dish.

Tastes Good

# Wheatena

The delicious SUN-BROWNED wheat cereal

3 delicious servings FREE

We want you to taste the delicious flavor of this wonderful SUN-BROWNED wheat cereal—Wheatena. Just mail this coupon and we'll send you 3 generous servings FREE.

*Name*.....

*Address*..... LHJ-12-30

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.


## *A New Home From an Old House*

*(Continued from Page 60)*

touches, such as a hanging corner shelf painted blue to match the wastebasket, contributed much to the success of the room. A beige Kentucky coverlet covered the bed, and the dressing table held toilet articles in a clear apricot color.

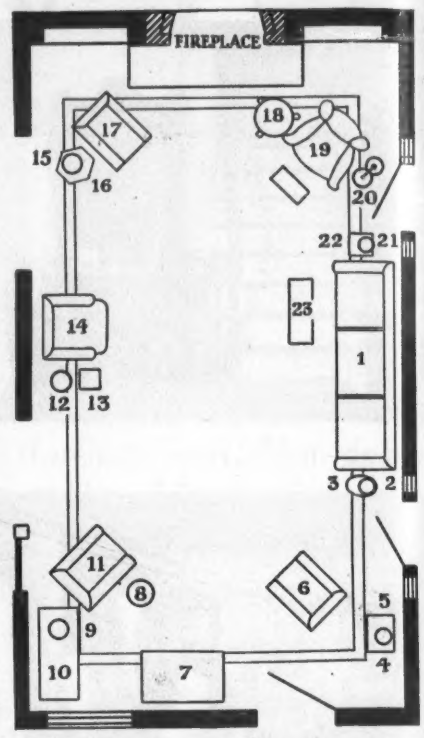
These are only a few of the problems which we encountered in bringing out the beauties of this old house. More windows, fewer partitions, an abundance of fresh white paint, softly tinted walls and dark floors served as a highly successful face-lifting operation. Livableness and comfort, without extravagance, pleased the owner and made the project worth while.

LIVING ROOM

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Table | $ 45.00 |
| 1 Wing chair | 135.00 |
| 1 Occasional chair | 52.50 |
| 1 Occasional chair | 67.50 |
| 1 Table lamp | 20.90 |
| 1 Bridge lamp | 45.00 |
| 1 Pair of urns for shelves | 15.00 |
| 1 Room-size rug | 85.00 |
| Draperies | 103.85 |
| Total | $569.75 |

CHILD'S ROOM

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Bed, unfinished, made special | $47.50 |
| 1 Chest, unfinished furniture | 11.95 |
| 1 Bench, unfinished furniture | 1.59 |
| 1 Dressing table, unfinished furniture | 7.50 |
| 1 Corner hanging shelf, unfinished | 1.50 |
| 1 Wastebasket | 1.00 |
| 1 Chair with slip cover of chintz | 30.00 |
| Chintz flounce on vanity | 17.70 |
| 1 Bed coverlet | 3.95 |
| 1 Box spring and mattress, special size | 50.00 |
| 1 Rug, 4′ 6″ x 6′ | 20.00 |
| Draperies and curtains | 32.07 |
| Total | $224.76 |




*Living Room—1. Sofa. 2. Small lamp. 3. Side table. 4. Rookwood vase. 5. Cabinet. 6. Armchair. 7. Radio. 8. Small table. 9. Table lamp. 10. Dropleaf table. 11. Lounge chair. 12. Floor lamp. 13. Small side table. 14. Upholstered chair. 15. Table lamp. 16. Lacquered table. 17. Armchair. 18. Tilt-top table. 19. Wing chair. 20. Bridge lamp. 21. Small lamp. 22. Side table. 23. Coffee table.*

## *Two Strong Men*

*(Continued from Page 9)*

a drink, when he was hot and tired from a day's successful fighting?

Christ forgot His pain to turn and comfort a dying thief who was crucified beside Him, a criminal whose sufferings assuredly were no lighter than His own.

If all these were not instances of glorious strength, then I do not understand the meaning of the word. But the supreme exhibition of a Strong Man's power was still to follow. I think it was the strongest thing ever said or done; and I think you will agree with me. I will explain it as briefly as I can. I am speaking of the strange words:

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

I used to wish that that exclamation could be stricken from the Bible. It seemed to me the cowardly wail of a spirit that was broken. It seemed hideously unworthy of Christ the Strong. I felt I could not worship anyone who whimpered thus in mere bodily pain and whose Faith and nerve went to pieces at an ordeal I have seen criminals undergo bravely.

Long ago I said this to my father, a clergyman and the most profound Bible student I have ever known. Very simply and very clearly he explained it to me, explained it beyond any possibility of further doubt. He explained also its connection with the next words which were spoken on the Cross—the words, "*It is finished!*" which he showed me, from the Greek, are more rightly translated, "That is fulfilled!" Here is the key:

Turn to the Twenty-second Psalm — a psalm written many centuries before Christ's birth. It is one of the "Messianic Psalms"—the psalms which prophesied what Christ was to do and to bear. In that psalm occur the prophetic words "*They pierced my hands and my feet. . . . They part my garments among them and cast lots upon my vesture.*" Throughout the psalm there are similar forecasts of the Crucifixion of the coming Christ.

The Twenty-second Psalm begins: "*My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?*"

It was known by its first line, as were all the other psalms. They were not numbered, as at present, until long afterward.

Even as we speak nowadays of Jesus, Lover of My Soul, or Rock of Ages Cleft for Me, or Nearer, My God, to Thee, mentioning them by their first lines and not by their numbers in the various hymn books, so the ancients spoke of the psalms by their first lines, their numbers not yet being compiled. Bear that in mind.

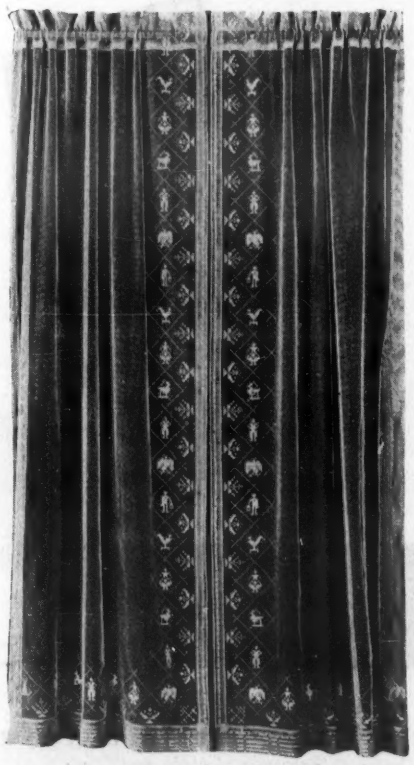
Mary and the other women and John and one or two more disciples stood weeping

*(Continued on Page 109)*

# Lurelle Guild's

## EARLY AMERICAN COLLECTION INSPIRED THIS *Scranton* COLONIAL *Lace*

WE asked Lurelle Guild to design a group of smart glass curtain laces for today's homes in accordance with fashion's latest dictate, "Lace at every window." His collection of many delightful old samplers provided him immediate inspiration, for he found trees, flowers, houses, human figures and decorative borders. Here were quaint, delightful and correct motifs for the new Scranton Colonial Laces, and under the skillful pencil of this trained artist and decorator they are grouped and scaled so cleverly that they will seem to have been planned for your own particular windows. So charmingly adaptable, too, are these new Scranton Window Laces that in this new group of twelve we have christened "Colonial" you can find a design suited to any window in your home.



*In the Colonial pattern shown at the left and at the window, Mr. Guild has caught the gaiety and quaintness of the early American period. This pair of curtains is known as* "COLONIAL DESIGN NO. 2" *and retails at from $3 to $4. Altogether there are twelve smart patterns in this range of curtains known as Colonial Laces and all are moderately priced. Ask to see them at your favorite store. In case you do not find them, write us and we will see that you are served through your store or decorator nearest your home.*

LURELLE GUILD, *artist, decorator and author of "The* GEOGRAPHY *of* AMERICAN ANTIQUES," *says that "few know fully the correctness and smartness of Colonial Lace at the window." His Scranton Colonial designs are authoritative as well as beautiful. If you would have your window drapings introduce the greatest beauty into your rooms, use these laces. The folder* "COLONIAL LACES *designed by* LURELLE GUILD" *will tell you more about this interesting group. Write for a free copy. So that you may see just how this lace is made, we shall be glad to send you an attractive table runner made with Colonial Lace. Use the coupon below.*

SCRANTON LACE CO., Dept. 500
Scranton, Pennsylvania
Gentlemen:—

☐ Please send me, free, the interesting folder "Colonial Laces designed by Lurelle Guild."

☐ Enclosed find 25¢ for Colonial Lace Table Runner.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

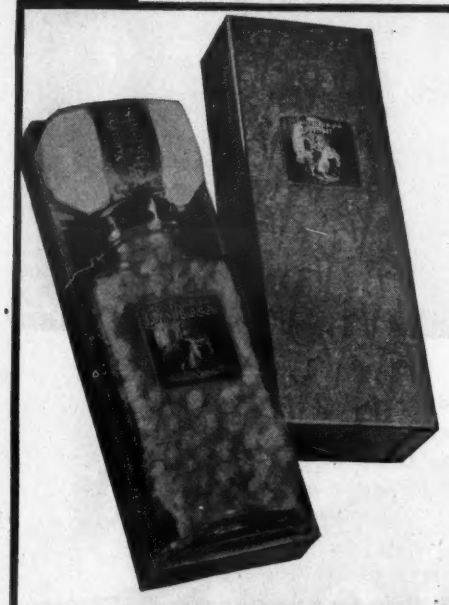
# SCRANTON *Drapery Fabrics*

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

*Preferred by Londoners of fashion . . . Lavender in Yardley gift packages to bring fragrance to an American Christmas*

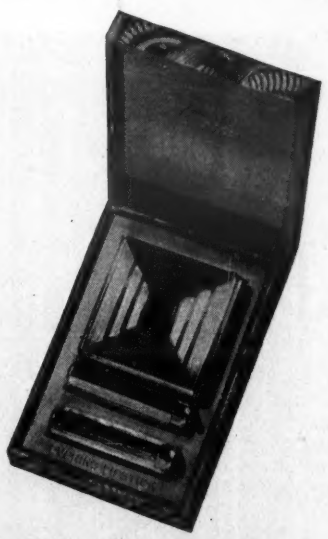
*Soap, Shaving Bowl, Shaving Stick, Talc and Aftershaving Lotion, $5.*

*Soap, Complexion Cream, Cleansing Lotion and Face Powder, $5.*



*Lavender Bath Salts and Soap, $1.50.*

*The Compendium Set, containing complete lavender series, $12.50.*



*The Yardley Triple Compact, $3.50*

More than a hundred and fifty years have passed since the first fine Yardley soaps and perfumes were offered to a Georgian world of grace and elegance. In London today, Yardley toiletries are still the choice of smart Mayfair and aristocratic Berkeley Square. And now they are offered to *you*, distinguished gifts for an American Christmas. No farther away than your nearest store, enchanting gift sets in that treasured fragrance of English Lavender await your choice. There are too many to be catalogued completely, but here is a bath bowl, amusing and luxurious invention. Here are those delightful crystals to perfume a bath so refreshingly; dusting powders like fairy mist; a silken, fragrant complexion cream, in a cunning carved pot; English Lavender itself, to bring back the wind-blown perfume of purple moors. All these and others you will find, packaged interestingly and distinctively, at prices from $1.25 to $12.50, wherever you are accustomed to shop. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 33 Old Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City; Toronto; Paris.

*(Continued from Page 106)*

at the foot of the Cross. ("Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister . . . and Mary Magdalene . . . and the disciple standing by, whom He loved.") They had seen His hands and His feet pierced. The soldiers had divided His garments among them and had cast lots for the outer coat, or vesture, He had worn. In all things the Twenty-second Psalm's solemn prophecies had been fulfilled.

Yet these people who loved Jesus were weeping for Him as though He were a mere mortal who was about to die. They, like everyone else, believed now that He was only a man and that He was suffering the death of a man and was to be lost to them forever.

Forgetting again His own agony, He sought to console them by reminding them that all these things had been forecast long ago as to what must befall Christ as the prelude of His Resurrection and of His eternal deathlessness.

So He called out to them the first line of the Psalm's prophecy; and then He said: "That is fulfilled!" In other words: "Remember what was foretold of Me in the Twenty-second Psalm! It is fulfilled!"

With that understanding of the text's meaning, you will see it was not the whine of a coward, but a selfless attempt to comfort those whose grief-shut eyes He sought to open to the Glory which was at hand. It was the Strong Man's final earthly act of self-forgetfulness for the sake of others, the supreme sublime demonstration of His strength.

If you think this simple explanation is not borne out, as to the meaning of Christ's last words and His effort to enlighten His followers' dull ignorance as to what really was occurring, you will find its full confirmation in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke. This tells of Christ's meeting with two of the disciples, as they plodded homeward, heartbroken, from Jerusalem, on the third day after the Crucifixion.

The two did not recognize their risen Lord. They babbled freely to Him of their grief, telling Him how once they had hoped that Jesus might be "He which should have redeemed Israel," but that now He was dead. And Christ made answer:

"'O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?'

"And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself."

I wish I might find less clumsy words than are mine, to show forth the shining strength that was mighty enough to crush all thoughts of self and to seek to sustain those about Him. For that was the very climax of divine power. Compared with it, Samson's slaying of the lion with his bare hands was as silly child's play.

The strength that is exercised for one's own glory and the superstrength that is exercised for others—to me that is the world-wide difference between the strength of Samson, the Fool, and the strength of Christ, the Son of the Living God.

---


# *Do You Need $50.00 for Christmas?*

*I simply must have more money for Christmas!*

WOULD $50.00 extra money see you through your Christmas shopping?

Would it buy not only every gift on your list but the things which you really WANT to give? That electric percolator for mother, the watch which John has wanted so long, the little evening bag for sister, pretty remembrances for friends?

## *$50.00 in One Month!*

IF SO, let The Girls' Club help you to earn your Christmas money. Mildred Skinner, one of our members, has often found her Club profits mount to $50.00 in a single month, so there is still ample time for you to earn between now and Christmas! Instead of worrying just *how* to spend your dollars, why not use the precious time EARNING MORE DOLLARS TO SPEND?

A Club member who is also a busy housewife and mother says:

**The time the Club helped me most was just before Christmas. Any mother with four children and a limited amount of money will know what that experience means. —Mrs. Wickline, *Virginia.***

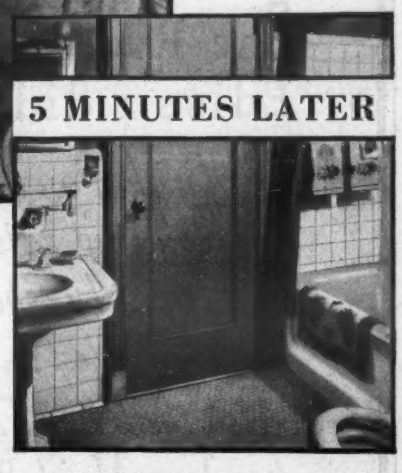
And Miss Shaw, of Washington, writes enthusiastically:

**I believe everyone knows the thrill of finding extra money. This is what I experienced after joining The Girls' Club. I saw my money steadily growing and when I awoke Christmas morning, I felt very glad that the money I had earned was helping to make others happy.**

## *Don't Delay Writing!*

BUT—the time is growing short, so don't put off writing! Drop a note TODAY asking for the details of our Club. The work is easy, pleasant and profitable, it offers the opportunity to earn the money you *need* and *want*, and there's no expense to you except that of a stamp. Just address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
963 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA




# That messy bathroom in the morning!

## *Never mind*... GOLD DUST *will slick it up in five minutes*

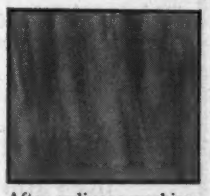
EVERYBODY'S bathroom is a mess after the family gets through with it in the morning. But don't sigh over it! Five minutes with Gold Dust will make it spotlessly clean again.

Gold Dust works faster than other cleaners. Because it contains lots of real *dirt-dissolving soap*.

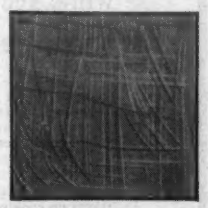
Every cleaner has its place—but nothing can take the place of Gold Dust for getting rid of grease and dirt . . . quickly . . . antiseptically.

Use nothing but Gold Dust for the bathroom and kitchen porcelain, for the woodwork and floors. It does not harm their surfaces, for it contains no grit. That's why so many women insist on Gold Dust. It is quick, safe and easy to use. It takes the backache and the drudgery out of every heavy-duty cleaning task.

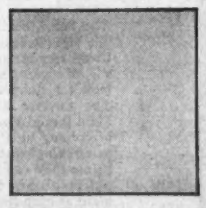
Gold Dust is at your grocer's now. The kitchenette package costs 5c; the household size is even more economical. Give it a try and see the difference!



After ordinary washing, woodwork often looks gray and smudgy, not quite clean.



Harsh cleansers are so likely to scratch and mar your painted woodwork, tile and porcelain.



Gold Dust, the ideal soap for dirty dirt, cleans things clean. It works quickly—easily—safely.

FOR DIRTY DIRT USE

# GOLD DUST

# Sun-Maid raisins are the triumphant achievement

of our little group of raisin-growers who decided to do for the Raisin Business what Edison did for Electricity

*We banked on the American Housewife appreciating raisins at their cleanest, juiciest, plumpest, fragrantest and flavor-fullest. . . . And she did!!*

*Also that her Family would find in her Sun-Maid Pies and Cakes and Desserts an extra succulence and tastiness that would cause requests for second, third and even fourth helpings. And they did!!*

## Hush!!!

Some of our processes are secret but the extra goodness and fruity flavor of Sun-Maids cannot be hid.

*And may we remind you,* we've done all this for you while keeping the price at a point which makes Sun-Maid raisins easily the lowest-priced food luxury going.

The Sun-Maid Nectar [Red Box] is a round, fat seedless raisin, tempting to eat by the handful as a between-meal treat. Wonderfully energizing to Little and Big Kids alike! The Nectar is a raisin for that polka dot effect on salads and garnishings, where no cooking is required. And for baking into cup custards and cakes and things where delicacy is desired. Notice the Nectar fragrance, so like the fragrance of the grapes as they hang full ripe on the vine.

The Sun-Maid Puffed [Blue Box] is a big, plump, fruity fellow; best friend of pies and sumptuous cakes and all cooking occasions where we look for richness and fine flavor. The surprise story of these Sun-Maid Puffed Muscats is that instead of coming in a sticky mass, to be painstakingly separated, one by one, before they can be floured (as with old-fashioned Muscats) they are moist as ever, but free-flowing from the box. Another Sun-Maid Secret!

Has your family ever luxuriated in Raisin Sour Cream Pie or praised you for Butter Scotch Bread Pudding? They will, dear lady, if right this minute you clip the coupon, stick it in an envelope or write a penny post card and hail the friendly postman. Either will bring promptly your free copy of the *Sun-Maid Raisin Cook Book.*

SUN-MAID RAISINS outsell all other brands of packaged raisins combined; for the best of Good Raisin reasons! SUN-MAIDS are the pick of the crops of the finest raisin vineyards in all the world and both the Puffed and Nectar processes are exclusive with SUN-MAID.

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS, Dept. 112, Fresno, California

Please send me my free copy of the Sun-Maid Raisin Cook Book.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____


# Magic on the Ivory Coast

*(Continued from Page 13)*

a camera. Now after five years, though badly down at heel, they still retained a vestige of their martial glory, which the Kroumen had sensed and found not to his liking.

Therefore, next morning, since this Kroumen proved to be the dominant rascal of the two, Mr. Harris came announcing that we were free to return whence we had come, and added that his only reason for advising us strongly neither to linger nor go farther was that the territory was not safe for strangers. On this point I found myself quite heartily, and for the first time, in accord with Mr. Harris.

Two of my porters had skipped during the night, but the others gathered and we prepared to go. Mr. Harris had the dull impudence to hang round with a sick crocodilish smile, watching us distribute the loads and offering advice. The Kroumen I never saw again. He was made of different stuff. He was through.

It was an unprideful going away. That we went with a whole shirt was due neither to ruse nor valor that could be bragged of later. I had lost face with myself, and had lost face a little with my porters. They knew I had been licked and that we had narrowly escaped worse, negatively.

RECROSSING the Cavally, to a place where everybody was friendly and people waited who were fond of me, would be a comfort of getting home, but Wamba would know how to take most of the joy out of that with her well justified I-told-you-so's. I had run away from Wamba, and I was coming back with my tail between my legs.

She was waiting at the river camp, where anxious Mori had rejoined her with the rest of my porters. They came down to the bank and shouted questions as we recrossed the vine bridge, for we had hoped to be gone perhaps a week. We had a sheep killed, and while it was cooking, Bugler and I told our story.

When we came to the part about the boots, Wamba made me repeat it and stopped her scolding. It seemed to mean something to her that it hadn't meant to me. Her way of understanding it was a way quite different from my white way of understanding. If I could reproduce in white language her black conception of the episode's significance, it would throw some light, I think, on real Fetishist psychology. But it is going to be difficult, and if I can do it at all, it will be by comparison with certain of our more familiar white conceptions.

Forcedly I regarded the episode of the boots as simply a lucky accident. Wamba, on the other hand, believes that nothing is an accident. She believed, therefore, in this case, that the whole Liberian incident was written implicitly and foreordained in my acquiring the boots five years previously.

SHE believed that in acquiring them I unconsciously obeyed the voice of a Fetish—here something like our old conception of a guardian angel—and that the boots themselves were consequently *grigris;* that they contained and controlled this future fate in embryo.

For just as the Harlem Negro believes that the clearing-house lottery numbers tomorrow may be "dreamed" in advance, and therefore must exist already somewhere in the embryonic future, Wamba believes that all possible future events exist in embryo. This sounds like purest fatalism, but it is not. For she believes also that the future, if foreseen, may be to some degree controlled. And the real purpose of Fetish consultation and divination is to decipher and control the future.

Those of us whites who are fatalists at all usually believe in a predestination, or providence, or kismet, which cannot be changed or escaped from. What is going to be will be, we say. But Wamba believes differently. She believes that fate, though written, projects itself into the future not as a straight line, but fan shaped, in myriad alternate paths multiplying to infinity. She conveyed this difficult concept to me by an ingenious analogy: I am walking in an unknown forest. There are as many directions to walk as there are points of the compass. I know nothing of what awaits me in any direction, but in all directions fate awaits me, things already written in the sense that they exist already, and are there inevitable, but alternate, depending on the path I take.

IN ONE path there is a tree from which I will pluck refreshing fruit. In another, a panther waits to leap upon me. Beside another path, there is a spring of good water. In another direction there is an elephant trap into which I will fall and be impaled on the stakes. In still another a friendly camp where I will be well treated. All these things are written fan-shaped in the future. All are true potentials.

And we must assume, as so often is the case in the actual forest of human life, that no process of logic or reason can disclose whether it is better for me to turn to right or left. And since I am continually moving in some path or other from the cradle to the grave, since even stopping to stand still is a form of moving, no tiniest choice in the most trivial matter, no event itself, however trivial, is without its potentiality to change one's future life, to save or to destroy.

Therfore, the Negro primitive consults the Fetish; therefore he devises charms and *grigris* to protect him in the labyrinth. If we have no faith in his methods we can at least begin to understand why he deems it necessary to try to do something. We whites often recognize, and sometimes with a shock, that despite all our processes of logical foresight, we walk also in this blind labyrinth, not knowing where any path will lead. But our very logic seems to teach us that there is nothing we can do about it.

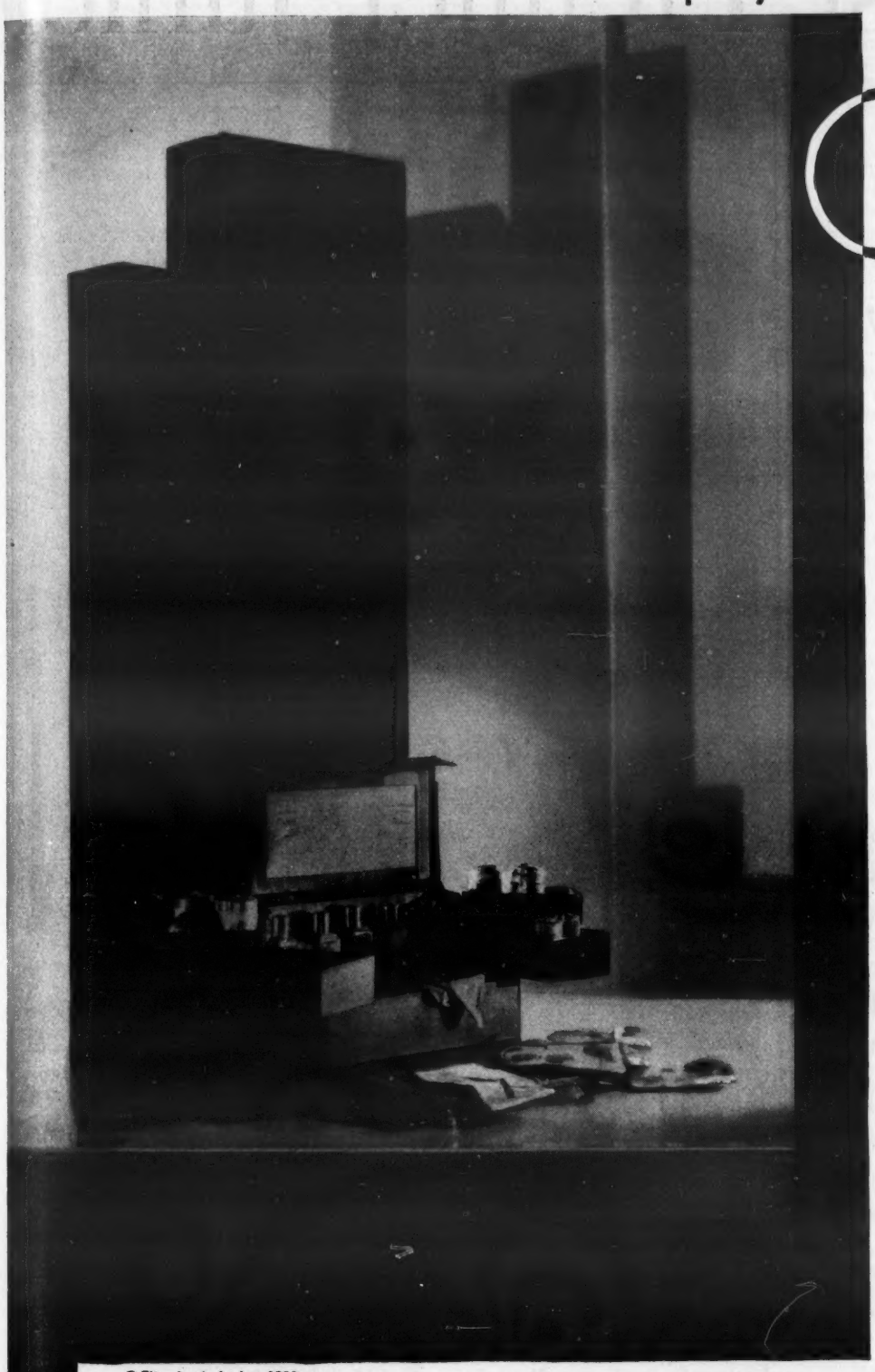
THE gate clangs shut and you miss your train by a split second because you fumbled for change when you bought a morning newspaper; and in the evening newspaper you read the list of the dead. Usually the drama is less sudden, less spectacular, less final, but if you look back you will discover just as fatally a hundred cases in which seemingly pointless hazards or decisions changed your life.

Fate, providence, blind luck, or Wamba's fan-shaped future. A pair of boots in Haiti pinched Major Davis' feet. That was five years ago. Tomorrow, for all I know, I may do some pointless thing like going to the corner café for a simple errand and set in train another absurd sequence that will make me five years hence a multimillionaire or in the gutter.

Now the basic difference between Wamba's mind and mine, or yours, is that while we regard all such sequences as unpredictable and therefore uncontrollable, she

*(Continued on Page 113)*

# the soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives



© Elizabeth Arden 1930

## GIVE YOURSELF at Christmastime

"Elusive, subtle substance of the soul,
that ever gives of self, and yet remains intact."

Give your best, your highest ideals, your tenderest emotions, expressed in a thing of beauty. The best of you should reach those who receive your gift. This beauty you thought you wanted for yourself—if you would keep it—you must give it! Beauty grows as it is shared. An ancient proverb says:

"There must be two to bring any beauty into the world.
One to say it—and one to hear it."

The great desire for loveliness has been planted in our hearts, impelling us to gather beauty—just to scatter it again! Thus we glimpse the Cosmic purpose, the divine pattern in our yearning to be beautiful. This is the ebb and flow, the rhythm of the Universe! • So give your beauty gladly—with prodigal abandon—in laughing and loving and high endeavor to soothe and bless the world. The soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives.

● ELIZABETH ARDEN'S BEAUTY BOXES are filled with the loveliness every woman longs for. They are a true "gift of beauty." If you want to be really luxurious, there is a handsome leather traveling case, so completely equipped that it is a boudoir all in itself.

For a charmingly satisfactory small gift there is a box of rose lacquered metal, holding just enough for a week-end. And, in between, there are special cases for motoring...and for short visits and long ones...each ingeniously fitted with just the preparations you are sure to need...in such sweet ribbon-tied jars and bottles that each package is like a little greeting in itself! $3.85 to $125.

● PERFUMES...the woman who receives one of Miss Arden's exquisite perfumes for Christmas will be truly thrilled. There are four fragrances—Mon Amie Elizabeth, La Joie d'Elizabeth, L'Amour d'Elizabeth, Le Rêve d'Elizabeth (irresistible on furs.) Whether you select the Twin Package, containing two perfumes at $6, or the gorgeous thirty-two ounce bottle at $125, you are assured of distinction.

● COMPACTS...Loose powder cases are the smartest thing. Miss Arden has three styles for you to choose from. ARDENETTE is gold, flat, octagonal, cleverly engine turned. $3. There is room for a generous supply of your favorite powder with a separate puff compartment. DOUBLE ARDENETTE is the same glistening case, with a round pat of compact rouge included. $4.

● BLACK AND SILVER ARDENETTE...The same chic octagonal case for loose powder interpreted in enamel...black with a modern design of silver and just a touch of gray-blue. $4.

● POUDRE D'ILLUSION...Elizabeth Arden's most exquisite powder in a satin-lined box. Illusion, Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana and White, $3. Two favorite shades of this same lovely powder...Mat Foncé, for daytime and Poudre de Lilas for evening... have been packed in an unusual silver box that is charming enough to be a gift in itself, $3.

● BATH SALTS...Rose, Pine or Nirvana, as you prefer. Invigorating crystals in transparent jars with satin bows that give a real holiday air, $1.75, $3, $5.

● FRAGRANT SOAPS...velvet to the touch, with a delicate aftermath of fragrance. An enchanting variety from which to choose.

● *Elizabeth Arden's book "The Quest of the Beautiful" will tell you how to secure for yourself the precious gift of loveliness through the scientific care of your skin. It will be mailed on request.*

# ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK • PARIS · LONDON · BERLIN · ROME · MADRID

# Now the finest Premier Junior ever built

*yet only*

## $37.50

THE NEW PREMIER JUNIOR

*More powerful—more thorough. Light weight. Motor-driven brush. Ball-bearing motor. No oiling. New-type, trouble-free rubber-covered cord. Floor polisher for giving a glistening, wax finish.*

WE are proud to announce this latest Premier achievement. Its performance, its economy will win added fame. Basically, it is the same fine Premier Junior which has won thousands of friends. But it comes with many refinements.

One improvement is increased power. Its suction is equal to last year's big Premier Duplex. Therefore, it is the most powerful Premier Junior ever built. It cleans more thoroughly. It finishes its job more quickly.

Superlative adjectives cannot make this a finer cleaner—only our experienced engineers can produce improved models. The performance of the Premier Junior surpasses mere claims.

Note the Premier Junior features listed under its picture. Never have we been able to offer so much for so little.

With the Premier Junior, we recommend the Premier Spic-Span, instead of attachments. Two all-purpose, efficient cleaners for about the price of one. Each for its specialized duties—the larger for floors, rugs and with an attachment for polishing floors—the smaller for furniture, hangings, clothes, stairs and the many "tricky" places where dust collects.

In any comparison we feel sure you'll award these Premiers first place. If you have a large home you'll want to consider the Premier Duplex instead of the Junior.

Visit a Premier dealer for a demonstration or ask him to give it in your own home. In the meantime write for a remarkable free booklet by Harriet Cavell, entitled "A Cleaner Home for Less Money."

Prices slightly higher on West Coast and in Canada.

*PREMIER SPIC-SPAN* $14.50

This price includes deodorizer and blower.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

*(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.)*, Dept. 1312, Cleveland, Ohio

*Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto. Foreign distributors, International General Electric Company, Inc.*

(Continued from Page 110)

believes they form a mysterious pattern and can be to some degree deciphered. This, I think, is one of the fundamental elements of the black primitive psychology.

*V.*

WE ARRIVED one afternoon in the central village of a chief called Mabya, asking shelter for the night. This Mabya had panther teeth braided in his hair, and seemed on first impression a formidable personage. Our welcome, though hospitable enough, was not exuberant. His *griot* was a rather savage fellow who seemed to be in a permanent bad humor and not partial to traveling strangers. When we met the chief for the usual preliminary palaver, the *griot* glared about as if daring anyone to contradict him, and shouted:

"When his father made him he made a panther."

We agreed politely that this was true, but the *griot* seemed unmollified. He continued:

*"At present it is time to talk,*
*But no one dares to talk roughly with him.*
*This is the great forest*
*Where all men must walk gently.*
*This is the great forest;*
*Only the panther is at home here."*

The Panther himself proved to be, however, on closer contact, a very benevolent and good-natured panther. In addition to the profusion of teeth braided in his hair, he wore a felt hat cocked on one side, and had a sympathetic face in which it seemed to me there was a certain wily humor. One gathered that the *griot's* words were merely a manner of speaking.

Panther Teeth saw us comfortably installed in the guest house and offered what immediate hospitality of palm wine, meats and fruit the village afforded. Even the shouting *griot* turned out to be in private life an amiable soul and brought us six fresh eggs that evening.

They had learned who Wamba was, and it seemed that in Panther Teeth's river-camp village not far distant, there was a little affair that she might be just the person to help straighten out. It would be a great service to Panther Teeth if she could get to the bottom of it, he said, because he was very fond of fresh fish and hadn't had any for a number of weeks.

To be precise, his fisherman had been bewitched and the fish would no longer enter the wicker-basket traps, though, as everybody knew, the river was still full of them. And up to now his local Fetishers hadn't been able to do anything.

SO WAMBA went to the other village on that same day to investigate, refusing to let me go with her for fear that my presence would hamper her activities. Panther Teeth, pleased at her promise to help him, sent for his drummers and dancers to entertain us meanwhile.

I produced the usual gifts, including a striped Diula robe and a clasp knife for Panther Teeth, also a briquet, the drymesh sort, with which he was delighted.

Two brothers of Panther Teeth had appeared early in the afternoon, one in a squirrel-skin cap with tails attached, like Daniel Boone, the other in a derby. They were minor chiefs and sat beside us. They had brought me a very big bowl of raw rice, piled high, on which reposed a monstrous dead dried catfish, black and hard as wood, curled round himself, with his tail in his mouth. He looked as royal as a papier-mâché peacock in a festal Max Reinhardt banquet procession, but I knew that he was full of little bones and would outstink a nest of skunks when he began cooking. So I gave him surreptitiously to Mori, who put him away in his baggage and who still had him when we returned to Dananae weeks later.

From time to time Panther Teeth and I had been retiring to my hut for a drink. After the two brothers came, it was polite to invite them also.

The dances, mask buyings, gift givings were now over. We notables sat in the public square while the assembled villagers, men, women, babies, dogs and goats, stood or squatted around in a solid circle, watching us sit.

I must explain that sitting is a frequent pastime for notables in the forest. Life isn't all excitement and beating on tomtoms. You just sit, several of you, not even gossiping, not waiting for anything, like an old woman and her shadow in a rocking-chair on a farm veranda in Kansas. Except that usually several hundred people watch you sit, as if you were the Prince of Wales.

When one writes of adventure, there is a tendency to gloss the parts that were not adventurous. But looking back, it seems to me that a full third of the time


## *When Giving is a Pleasure*

WHAT a pleasure making out your gift list can be when you write the "LADIES' HOME JOURNAL" opposite the names of many of your friends!

You can be sure such a gift will thrill them—a gift that will bring them every month the most diverting fiction, pages on smart entertaining, fashions and accessories from Paris, beautiful pages of color photography.

And we'll announce the glad news of the pleasure to come with a charming Norman Rockwell announcement card. It will be sent in your name to every friend and will arrive in the holiday mail.


I have spent intimately among primitive groups, whether in jungle, mountain or desert, has been spent in sitting. Normally this time we would have just sat until dark, or until we got hungry.

Toward five o'clock, however, Panther Teeth bestirred himself, contrary to all local social precedent. He announced that he and Mori and I were going for a little stroll. The two brothers deemed this an agreeable idea and prepared to accompany us. Panther Teeth explained again that it was he and I and Mori who were going for the stroll.

So we started, and when we got to the outskirts of the village, we found not only the two brothers at our heels but the entire population following us. Panther Teeth demanded loudly to know whether he was the big chief or whether he wasn't. They stood crestfallen, sadly watching our departure.

All this struck me as a slightly mysterious if trivial performance. Ivory Coast chiefs do not habitually invite their guests for casual strolls.

"What do you suppose he is up to?" I asked Mori in French as we disappeared from sight of the village, along a little side trail. Mori replied that he hadn't any idea.

It was a one-man trail and we padded along single file, with Panther Teeth in the lead. Very soon we came to a trail barrier, but not a Fetish barrier—merely a sign of private domain. Then on we went, saying nothing and seeing nothing for fully three kilometers. Mori and I finally began to get hot and tired and to complain. Why hadn't we taken hammocks and porters if we were going so far, and was this a joke, or what was it all about anyway?

Panther Teeth, smiling like a baby, said, "No, it's just a little way farther. I want to show you my ducks. . . ."

"Is he making fun of us?" I asked Mori.

"No," said Mori, "he's got something to show us and we must humor him."

So we went on for another kilometer and arrived ridiculously in the heart of the jungle at a prosperous duck farm. Why it seemed to me so ridiculously incredible there, like a railroad buffet restaurant or an ice factory, I don't know, unless because it was so completely commonplace. It surprised me more than if it had been the mythical white goddess. Five thousand miles into the heart of the black African jungle, with the last long miles on foot, led by a savage chief with panther teeth braided in his hair—to see a duck farm!

A proper poultry yard—it was just that. True, it was surrounded by bamboo instead of chicken wire, and the caretakers' houses were mud thatched, but when you looked at the dozens of ducks waddling about and quacking, dozens of little ducklings, too, and Panther Teeth clucked to them, and they came waddling around you, and he gave you handfuls of corn to feed them and asked you to see how fat they were—you were out of Africa and back on Hal Smith's farm in Connecticut, and after you had fed and praised the ducks and said how cunning the ducklings were, and then there wasn't anything much else to do about it, you'd go back up to the house and turn on the phonograph.

WE SAT for a while and tossed the corn and praised the ducks and said how cunning the ducklings were, and then there didn't seem to be anything much else to do about it, and it was coming twilight, so we started back to the house.

We dropped behind a little on the trail, and I said, "Now, Mori, you have seen it, will you please tell me what it was all about—why he brought us there?"

Mori said, "Well, I have been thinking, and I think I know. The chief here couldn't send his two brothers away, for they were guests. With us remaining, they also would have remained, and wherever we went in the village they would have politely accompanied us. But when we get back it will be after dark, and they will be gone. You will see."

I offer this analytical gem of Mori's to the learned Doctor Lévy-Brühl for his next Sorbonne volume on the soul and mentality of the primitive. For Mori was right. We had walked ten miles to look at some ducks in order that Panther Teeth might guzzle my bottle without sharing it with his brothers.

When Bugler came with coffee next morning, Wamba was asleep on the mat. She had returned from the river village late in the night, tired, and hadn't bothered to awaken me. However, she was full of news. All that Panther Teeth had cared about, apparently, was getting his fresh fish, but the bewitchment of the fisherman, who was a popular young fellow, involved more than his wicker traps, and the river village was in an angry turmoil. It was a double bewitchment that had come upon the fisherman. His wicker-basket fish traps no longer caught fish. But also he was having trouble with his wife.

SO THAT when Wamba had arrived, she told me, the entire village had taken the whole matter publicly in charge. There was to be a trial by ordeal—no rare occurrence but the commonest method of solving problems of guilt in the forest when ordinary divination failed.

As for herself, she was simply to be one of the umpires, a natural choice, since she was a person of known magical prestige, yet completely outside personal motivations touching the village group, and therefore agreeable to all factions. It was to be completely public. She had to go

# *Testing Recipes*

**ELEANOR SMITH**
***(Home Economics Lecturer)***

I WISH you could visit our Home Economics Department.

If you are one of the housewives who has heard me lecture during an Occident Better Baking School in your locality, undoubtedly you recall some of the service we offer you.

Our staff of lecturers consists of eight University women—all trained in home economics work. We have one hospital dietitian—and work very closely with our own chemical laboratory in determination of food values.

New recipes are being developed constantly here in our own department—and better baking practices evolved to save time in your kitchen.

This department is maintained solely by the company I serve—the Russell-Miller Milling Co.—millers of Occident Special Patent Flour. It is operated entirely for *your* benefit. We are glad to give you the new recipes we develop and test—to tell you about time and labor-saving short cuts for your own kitchen.

If you've attended one of my Occident Better Baking Schools, you know all about the qualities you obtain in Occident Flour that cannot be had in any other. You've tasted the samples of baked goods I distributed from the platform. You know why Occident gives you finer flavor in your baking—why it keeps your bread and cake fresh longer.

But, if you have not attended one of our Baking Schools, let me tell you about these things. Mail the coupon below and I'll send you the recipes in which you are particularly interested, together with answers to any questions you may have about baking.

---

*Home Economics Department* 11
*Russell-Miller Milling Co.*
*Security Building, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Send me recipes and baking suggestions for the subjects marked "X."

☐ Bread ☐ Cakes ☐ Pies ☐ Pastries
☐ Quick Breads ☐ Muffins ☐ Cookies

Name .....

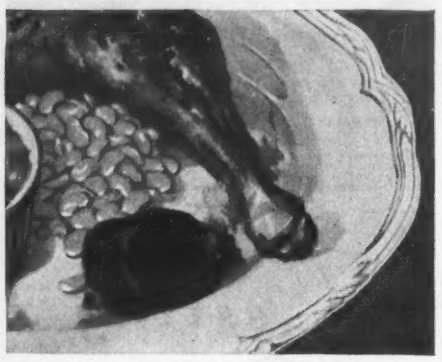
Address .....

City .....State .....

Grocer's
Name .....

# Festive Dishes *in* Infinite Variety

## ~ Memorable in flavor and so easy to prepare . . . .



SAVORY cranberry sauce, superb in texture and color—appetite-teasing in its promise of poignant flavor! Tiny green lima beans, mellow, delicately perfect! Pumpkin pies, pungent, golden, marvelous! Highlights of festive dinners, served by hostesses who know the satisfactory simplicity of enlisting Stokely assistance in entertaining. Clever hostesses—saving themselves hours of preparation—treat their guests to the finest possible flavors!

All Stokely vegetables, and there's a variety to suit every menu, are picked and packed the same day, then cooked under pressure in hermetically sealed, golden-lined cans. That's the secret of their fresh, garden flavor--the secret of their richness in vitamins and food value.

Tune in on Sally Stokely's radio hour—new menus, recipes—and most important, the story of *table-testing*. Hear her tell how she table-tests each Stokely product in home recipes to insure finest flavor on your table. Write for new book of table-tested recipes, "Vegetables for Health and 50 Ways to Serve Them" FREE.

STOKELY BROTHERS AND CO., INC.
Heyburn Building, Louisville, Kentucky

STOKELY'S
VEGETABLES
PACKED IN CANS WITH

Try Stokely's Corn, Honey Pod Peas, Tiny Green Lima Beans, Cranberry Sauce and more than 20 other delicious vegetable products. Table-tested and packed the better Stokely way in golden-lined cans, speckless, spotless, free from discoloration.

back that morning. Did I want to come along with her now, or follow later?

I could see it then? But anybody could. That's what she was telling me.

So we went down to the river village, and thanks entirely to Wamba rather than to any foreknowledge or initiative of my own, we saw the whole proceedings.

In my opinion—after having met and talked with the young fisherman, whose name was Koro, and after having had a look at himself and his fish traps—we had before us here a case of authentic, actual bewitchment—that is to say, black sorcery in effectual operation, whatever you may choose to suppose black sorcery to be.

His misfortune had come upon him about two weeks before. And there was no reason for it, no normal ordinary reason. He was an expert fisherman. And the river was still full of fish. He had a young desirable wife, and he had never had any trouble with her before.

BUT suddenly Koro could no longer catch any fish, and he was having real trouble with his wife. The whole village believed that he was bewitched, and I believed it too. I mean that I believed it literally, without shifty materialistic rational qualifications of any sort. Real magic is never materialistic. I do not believe that witchcraft can crack a skull or make a wall fall down. But witchcraft can destroy a man and can destroy a house by means more subtle, though just as deadly.

Concerning the means they planned to use for the discovery of the guilty person, I felt less certainty of magical conviction. For when any group is put under a prolonged and dangerous nervous strain, the guilty individual is quite likely to be the one who cracks. But Wamba, who should know a great deal more about it than I do, said my reasoning was beside the point, that the Fetish really worked in the poison, and that to prove it she—or I if I chose—being totally innocent and outside the affair, could drink a gallon of the stuff, whereas, as I should see, the guilty one would be writhing in agony.

Be that as it may, if the proceedings which followed were typical, they went to prove at least one thing—that an extraordinary amount of nonsense has been written about forest poison ordeals, particularly about their crooked, faked control by the witch doctors.

The poison had been brought in from the forest that morning—a bushel at least of thick, freshly cut bark from a tree called the Yri-ble, red tree or blood tree. The whole village was gathered round watching the preparations for brewing it into a liquid. I picked up and examined some pieces. They were big rough chunks, six or eight inches in diameter, about two inches thick. The outside was black, rough, corrugated, like an elephant's skin. The inside, where it had peeled off from the wood, was an ugly, rich, fat, fibrous substance, with streaks of red serrated with white fat streaks. The red streaks were slightly granulated like drying blood. It glistened wetly and exuded thick drops. It was more like animal tissue than vegetable. It was like colored pictures of tissue you see in anatomy books.

THE brewing was not a ritual or witch-doctor business at all. What surprised me was that it was as matter-of-fact as mixing a big bowl of punch, except for the keen-eyed watching of the three umpires, who were the fisherman's father, the local witch doctor and Wamba; except also for the keen-eyed, close unofficial watching of the eighteen or twenty persons who must undergo the ordeal.

These the commands of the Fetish had gradually weeded out from the small community. The point here is difficult to explain. For they were not all suspect in our police-court sense. They were selected only, as nearly as Wamba could make me understand, "as being the ones capable of having done it." Curiously enough, Fisherman himself, as accuser, must also drink, as must the three umpires.

A big, iron, family cook pot, the largest in the village, had been brought, scrubbed with sand and filled with water. Holding a chunk of bark over the pot, a man began scraping with a dull iron knife. As the scrapings dropped into the water a woman stirred with a stick.

The effect on the surface of the water was exactly as if they were adding soap. It lathered and foamed pure white on top, but the water underneath became gradually an opaque, dirty red. The man scraped at least a dozen chunks into the water, while the three umpires tasted

from time to time, spitting it out afterward. Finally they agreed it had the proper strength.

Although it was late in the afternoon, the sun was still hot and there was a discussion as to where the drinking should take place—stupidly, I thought, like people arguing about where they should spread a picnic.

They decided on a stony platform, shaded, at the river's edge. Thither the bowl was carried, sloshing.

The witch doctor, who had meanwhile put on his headdress, came masked and ringing a bell and made mumbo jumbo over it, calling on the Fetish to deal justice. It was like opening a murder trial with prayer. For the first time it began to seem serious and real—a little shuddery if you like. The casualness up to then had prevented me from feeling any sense of reality, almost disappointed me that it had not been more theatrical.

WHAT followed also, for a time at least, was matter-of-fact rather than dramatic. The eighteen, whom I now counted, ten women and eight men, of various ages, all stripped of their personal *grigris* to prevent countermagic, sat in a loose circle with the pot in the middle. Around the pot were the three umpires, including Wamba, the accusing fisherman and myself, permitted to sit there as Wamba's protégé.

There was a calabash cup, gourd handled, also scraped with sand, about the size of an ordinary goblet. The witch doctor first filled and drained it in a single draught, then the umpire who was Fisherman's father, then Wamba, then Fisherman himself. Then, one at a time, each of the eighteen arose and came and drank, returning to sit in the circle.

The big bowl was still three-quarters full and I wondered why so much had been brewed. Wamba said it was because one never knew how much would be needed, that they would presently drink again, and keep on drinking until something manifested itself. Meanwhile they sat quietly, with strained waiting faces.

I felt myself getting vaguely uncomfortable, beginning to be nervous—and then unpleasantly realized why. The thing inside me which makes me sometimes do things against all rime or reason was stirring and poking at me. It was an urgence not at all of courage and not exactly of curiosity, but the old, almost stupid urge, the psychological or pathological necessity to taste and experience everything possible. Perhaps also, no matter how silly it may sound, there was a slight embarrassment akin to social self-consciousness, due to the fact that all the others were participating and I alone left out. But this is all probably too finely spun to be the truth.

It simply came upon me that I had to drink some of the stuff, as a child will deliberately hurt itself, or as Chekov's man found it necessary to let a dog bite him. This last is the nearest, if you can understand it.

I said, "Wamba, don't you think I ought to drink some of it too?"

She was not surprised, and not worried. She said, "You are a black white man, not like another. You can do as you please about it. You didn't bewitch the fisherman, so it can't possibly hurt you."

She gave me a gobletful and I tasted it. I was satisfied then and wished that they weren't watching me, but I drank it all. It was bitterish, but not very bitter. It had a faint, unpleasant resinous flavor, and a flavor of fetid, decaying vegetable matter. But none of these was its chief characteristic. It was a violent astringent. Without causing pain it puckered the inside of the mouth and the mucous membrane of the throat, like the worst of unripe persimmons. It tasted like stuff that would certainly produce a bellyache, no matter how guiltless one might be.

PRESENTLY in fact I began to have a sharp but not agonizing bellyache. The witch doctor had watched me curiously, nodding his head. I think he saw a strain in my face. He said with kindly, plain intent to reassure me, "You will feel it, but be not afraid. In this matter your heart is pure and it cannot possibly harm you."

So that was what an ordeal by poison was. All those eighteen people sitting around there, guilty or innocent, had, each of them, a sharp bellyache just as I had, and a strained face. Given their belief in the superadded fatal magic element, increase the sharpness of the bellyache, and it seemed to me quite easy to understand how guilty conscience could do the rest, even to the point of causing death in agony—even without the poison per se being toxically deadly. But at twilight, though they had all drunk again, the strain remained static and torches were brought. Numbers of them were moaning, praying, invoking the Fetish to be done with it. The witch doctor and Wamba from time to time called loudly on the Fetish.

And then, without warning, the climax came. It came in the form of an agonized screech as a woman, without rising from where she sat, threw herself forward, wallowing and writhing, screaming incoherently, upon the ground.

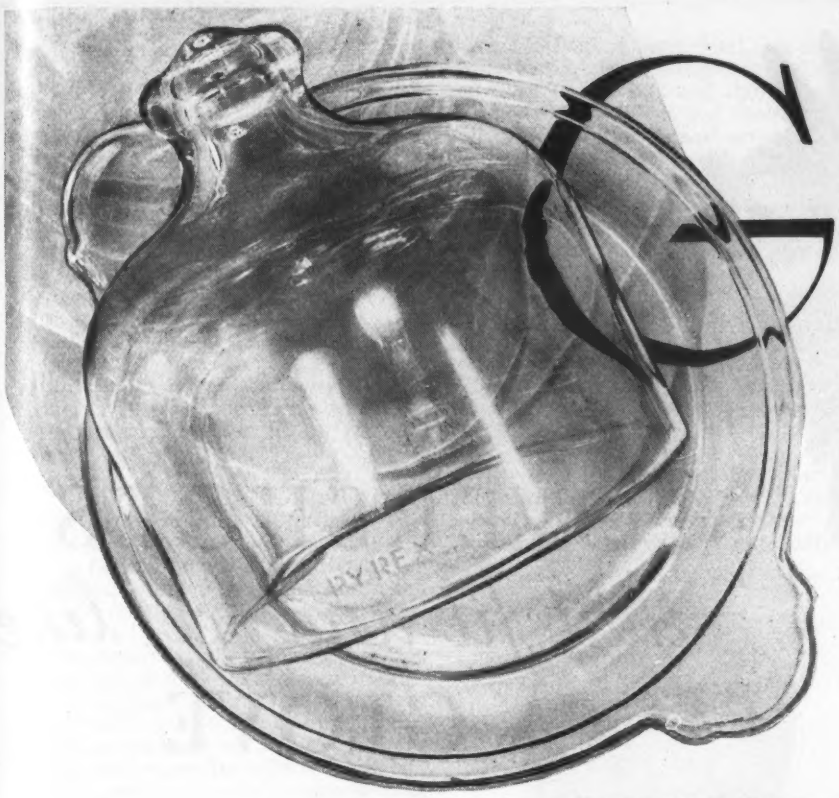
And the woman screaming her guilt there, wallowing, begging for mercy, was Fisherman's own wife.

What followed quickly now was past my understanding, and they were all too excited, even including Wamba, to take time for explaining. The witch doctor and Fisherman's angry father bent, questioning the woman, and the father rushed up toward the village followed by the witch doctor. They were back in a few minutes and Wamba said, "It was true. They have found it and destroyed it."

THE others who had drunk were wading meanwhile into the river. Men picked up the writhing woman and took her down into the water. I thought it was an execution, that they were going to drown her. Wamba pushed me toward the water. I saw that they had the woman holding her so that she could drink, then pounding her on the stomach to make her vomit. They were all drinking and vomiting. Wamba made me drink and vomit, too, interminably, until my stomach was cleaned out.

They carried the woman back up into the village and took her into Fisherman's hut, her own hut. Men went in with her. The rest stood outside. It wasn't finished.

*(Continued on Page 117)*




# GIFTS

## *sparkling with beauty that work menu-magic*

THESE shining gifts of Pyrex ovenware enable good cooks to work veritable menu-magic by bringing extra flavor to everyday foods . . . cutting dishwashing time almost in half, and adding new beauty to the dinner table.

The luscious dishes baked in gleaming Pyrex resistant glass have a savory taste that the cookery of old-style kitchenware can never quite duplicate.

Foods baked in Pyrex ware go proudly . . . directly . . . from oven to table, eliminating many pots and pans. And each one is served at its peak of perfection. Stuffed tomatoes, baked apples, crumb-crusted dishes au gratin, cooked *and served* in Pyrex dishes, run no risk of breaking apart before they are passed!

These good-looking gifts that never wear out will cost you as little as 10¢ apiece for the popular custard cups, or $5.15 for the 10-piece set that completely equips the bride's kitchen for all regular baking needs.

In the center illustration at the bottom of the page are the new Refrigerator Dishes . . . each one designed to do the work of three. The lucky lady who finds these under her Christmas tree can prepare dinner foods in the morning . . . keep them iced and fresh all day . . . bake them to succulent goodness . . . and serve in tempting style . . . all in the same dish!

**PYREX BELL-TOP DISH** seals in the juice and flavor and serves foods piping hot. Eggs, fruits, mushrooms and meats cook to perfection in this graceful dish. Both pieces, **$1.25.**

**COVERED CASSEROLES** are ideal for savory meat dishes, baked fruits or vegetables, deep-dish pies. Two-quart size, round, square, or oval, is **$2.00.** At slightly higher cost you may order engraving on entire dish or cover only, as shown here.

The new Divided Dish and the Pyrex Two-Piece Dish are winning a golden reputation for usefulness . . . and the captions under their pictures give just a hint of the menu-magic that they hold for clever cooks!

Among the glass and china of the hardware and department stores in your own city, you will find all these Pyrex dishes and a host of others. Many pieces are engraved in graceful designs similar to that shown above . . . a smart touch for Christmas giving.

Each piece of Pyrex ovenware is a gift of sparkling beauty, well suited to the Christmas season . . . a gift of so many uses that it belongs to every season!

### *FREE . . . Book of 30 Menus*

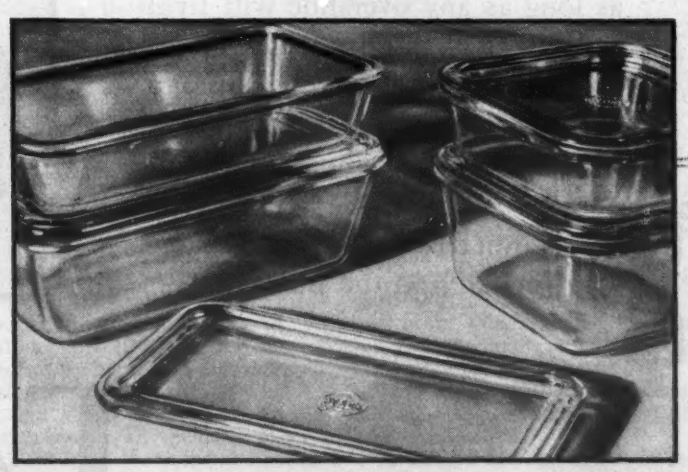
**Write Corning Glass Works, Dept. O-76, Corning, N. Y., for booklet of meals cooked in 20, 30, 45 minutes.**

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

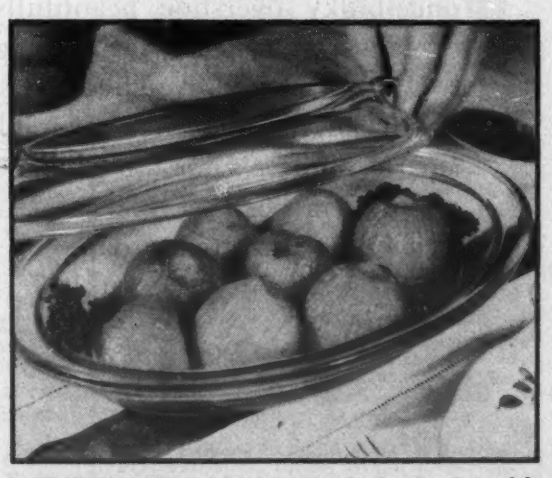
*Address*_____

Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.
Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THE DIVIDED DISH** bakes two foods at once, or cooks one food in two ways. The same dish au gratin and plain, to please all the family; foods highly seasoned for grown-ups and in simple form for the youngsters . . . are everyday duties for this dish. Only **$1.50.**

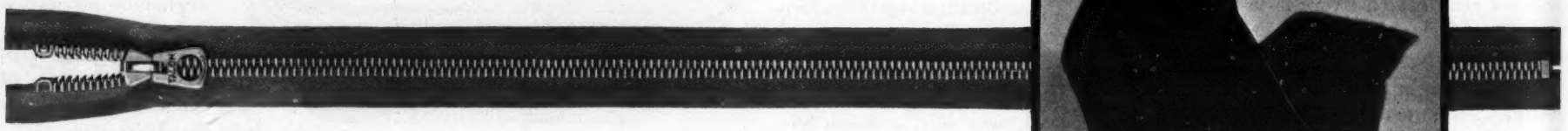


**THE PYREX REFRIGERATOR SET** will do triple duty for busy housewives. Any one piece in the set of four takes the place of mixing bowl, icebox dish, baking pan and serving dish. Cooks to perfection meat, fruits, vegetables and puddings. In four styles and sizes, from **85¢** to **$1.40** each, or **$4.40** for the set.



**THE TWO-PIECE DISH** bakes foods the flavorful, new, waterless way. The steam drips down from the top of the dish and foods simmer slowly in their own juices. Or, turn the top over and there's a matched set of good-looking dishes that cost only **$2.00!**

# OVERSHOES
## *—that fit and feel like*
# A GLOVE



*SMART as the word itself is this new suede cloth overshoe with concealed Talon Fastener and a cuff that hugs the ankle snugly.*

•

*FEATHER-LIGHT as well as fashionable are these Talon-fastened overshoes. All rubber, in gunmetal moire finish with contrasting trim.*

YES, overshoes that fit and feel as comfortable as a glove . . . that look as trim and tailored as a glove . . . and that are almost as *light* as a glove, are gracing the smart feminine feet of 1930!

In these new, sylphishly-slim creations, the total absence of ungainliness is largely due to the presence of Talon Slide Fasteners —the fasteners that have made the once-bulky overshoe beautifully, gracefully and smartly form-fitting!

Talon-fastened overshoes are so much smarter . . . immeasurably smarter! There's not a wrinkle, not a single pucker, not one solitary bulge to distort a dainty foot or amplify an ankle.

And they're so convenient! . . . they can be slipped on in an instant and off in a twinkling. No buttons, no buckles to bother with —just one quick pull on the little metal pull-tab, that's all!

A very *gentle* pull, we might add—for Talon Slide Fasteners work incredibly easy. They never stick or jam. They won't pull apart. They can't rust—and they'll last as long as any overshoe will live!

With all their advantages, you'd expect Talon-fastened overshoes to cost a *lot* more—but they cost very *little* more! Price them—and see!

And remember—*genuine* Talon Fasteners have the name TALON on the pull-tab.

# TALON

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

THE SLIDE FASTENER THAT ALWAYS WORKS

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY • MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

*(Continued from Page 114)*

"What are they going to do with her?" I asked.

"It is well," said Wamba. "The trouble is past."

Next morning Wamba and I returned to the big village. I have tried in recounting this affair of Fisherman's bewitchment to suggest margins of possible rationalization for those who have no patience with belief in magic of any sort whatever. But in the late afternoon there came a sequel which you may explain or not, as you like. There came, in short, Fisherman with a fine string of fish for my friend Panther Teeth, newly caught, fresh from his fish traps.

*VI.*

WE WERE back again at last in the Bin-Hounien territory, welcomed and lodged at Doa, ancestral village of the Yafouba chief San Dei.

We had returned to participate in the sacrifices on the tomb of his dead brother, the old chief Bou.

This occurred on the following morning. It was neither so pomp endowed, impressive nor orgiastic as some of the sacrificial ceremonies I had seen in Haiti. The procession formed at an inclosure on the village edge, where the sacrificial bull had been penned up. It was a young piebald bull, black and white. It was to be led to the bamboo mausoleum and its throat cut there—by whom? Simply by the village butcher, which gives an important key to the whole ceremony. Rather than partaking the qualities of a mysterious and holy rite, we were a band bearing gifts to a man who was dead, but doing it very much as if he were a man alive. I, for instance, after consultation with Wamba, as to what might be most suitable, carried my last bottle of wine. She brought white kola nuts wrapped in a packet of green leaves.

The procession which we formed was noisy and not solemn. It was preceded by the tom-tom beaters and blowers on ivory trumpets. My bugler Klon, by the chief San Dei's request, was already stationed over yonder at the mausoleum's entrance, sounding his military fanfarades. If the dead chief's soul were in the vicinity, above or under ground, it could hardly fail to hear that brazen summons.

The bull, led by the butcher, was dragged along behind the drums, its flanks slapped and prodded by his assistants. The butcher had strips of green palm leaves tied like bracelets round each wrist. These made his hands the hands of another person, of an unknown man, so that the soul of the bull would not know who had slain it.

SAN DEI strutted now at our head, sweating under his thick cotton robes and winter European hat of black velours, waving his folded umbrella, surrounded by his howling *griots*, who shouted the greatness of the two brothers—the older brother yonder in the tomb, the other who had poisoned him six months before and now came offering pious sacrifice.

I wondered if San Dei had had a strip of green palm twisted round his wrist when he had offered Bou the fatal cup. Is old Bou's soul unaware as the bull's will be what hand hurried it across the mortal threshold? And what about Bou's son here, already marked for the same exit?

What about him indeed? Nothing surely that any white could hope to understand, for there he was, the young chief Yo, who knew that he would soon be sleeping in a smaller tomb beside his father, marching dutifully beside us with the classic filial bowl of rice—Black Hamlet, unrevengeful. What a family! The wives came following, shaven-headed, their immense brass anklets clanking like those of captives from a Piranese nightmare prison . . . . and then came the crowd.

Bou's tomb inside its fetish-hung inclosure was a simple mound. Arriving there and holding back our lesser offerings, the bull was dragged in without ceremony of any sort and thrown upon the mound. Its throat was slashed wide and deep, the head almost severed, and the blood gushed enormously. I was surprised to see how much blood the earth could drink up, and how quickly.

The old dead chief, however, was well pleased, I hoped, with the good gifts we brought him. The bowls of rice, of fruit, of oil, the fine white kola nuts, were laid there piously and seemed as likely to please a dead man as flowers, ribbons, terra cotta wreathes, cast-iron crosses. With Wamba's help, holding a stone, I knocked off the neck of my last wine bottle and offered its contents to the dead chief.

We went outside the inclosure to where the crowd was waiting and San Dei made a speech. It was a curious discourse, addressed partly to his people and partly to

the dead man. He puffed, strutted and became oratorical, pacing up and down as he spoke, perspiring, and gesticulating with his umbrella, like a United States senator canvassing in rural districts.

First he reviewed ancestral family glories and tribal prosperity; then pronounced a long encomium on the strength and virtues of the dead chief Bou, addressing him in the first person. He assured Bou that he had been a great chief, an elephant in war and a mighty voice in counsel. All had trembled before him and he had been first among men. He had been the husband of all the younger men, who had been as women compared with him.

Well, then, San Dei, my friend, I wondered, if all that is true, how are you going to explain why you put him underground? Or is that a point on which to preserve a polite silence?

But there I did him an injustice. He was leading up to it. Bou had been the strongest and the wisest, he proclaimed, but being chief was a hard job, and Bou, it seemed, had eventually begun to get old and tired. Having ruled so well and for so many years, he deserved to be relieved of the burden. In short, he hoped that Bou would understand—San Dei was still addressing him directly—that they had really done him a loving favor in poisoning him, and that he should be grateful and still help them in the spirit world. Surely he must realize that everything had been done for the best.

Of course it wasn't quite so definitely expressed as this, but since the whole tribe had been in a sense San Dei's accomplices, every one understood what he was talking about and deemed it a wise discourse.

YO ALSO had been listening with a respectful and profound attention, but it seemed to me that in applauding he was a shade less enthusiastic than the others. He was not, however, during the time I knew him, very enthusiastic about anything—a fact scarcely to be wondered at under all the circumstances.

The bull was being cut up there in the sunshine and pieces distributed to notables and heads of families. An old poor man, whose family held the special privilege like a knighthood in payment for some ancestral act of prowess, danced for the entrails and carried them away in a huge basket. Feasting and drinking lasted all the afternoon and long into the night.

The evening of the day which followed brought a strange experience, the most difficult and unsatisfactory experience of this whole African adventure. I dislike even to approach it. To a more open, credulous and believing mind, it might easily have been the climax, the great high spot. To a tight mind, it could have been arbitrarily dismissed as a piece of amazing trickery.

But my mind had no pigeonhole in which it could be made to fit. I had wanted desperately to see it, but I realized immediately after I had seen it that it left me unsatisfied and at a loss, and although many months have now elapsed, it leaves me at a complete loss still.

IT INVOLVED, of course, the strange business of the children who were pierced by swords.

Wamba had been able to persuade them where I had not. The two baby girls and the jugglers had been summoned and had been shut up all day secretly in the witch doctor's inclosure. Night came and we gathered in the torch-lighted public compound. The big village crowd, the natives themselves, were nervous, quiet, and almost as if terrorized. There were old ones who said it ought not to be done. I remembered what San Dei had said on the former occasions when they had refused to do it: "There is real magic. But it is dangerous. The recovery does not always take place."

The two children, impassive as if drugged, but able to stand and move about, open-eyed like somnambulists, were brought out by the jugglers. And then whatever it was that happened, happened.

There is a personal problem involved here, and not a new problem, but one which as a writer I have hitherto consistently evaded. I feel that I should not evade it any longer, but how to approach it is very difficult.

Similar problems, on a few rare occasions—personal to me and also involving what I ought to write—arose in Arabia, in Kurdestan and Haiti. I could arrive at no conclusion and completely eliminated every reference to them in the text. To me they present an insoluble dilemma, because on the one hand *I do not believe in miracles, or that magic can produce physical materialized phenomena of any sort whatever;* and on the other hand *I am convinced that in the face of certain phenomena, no hypothesis of charlatan trickery is any good either.*

ALL the bad fiction-traditional stage props were there—night, torchlight, superstition, crowds hysterical, and mumbo jumbo raised to its *n*th power. Anything like laboratory control was nonsense. Yet the ordinary hypotheses of trickery—yes, I know them all; group hypnotism, substitution of simulacra, puppets introduced by sleight-of-hand, and so on—were simply no good in the face of the close visual and tactile evidence.

For there were the two living children, close to me. I touched them with my hands. They were three-dimensional warm flesh. And there equally close to be touched and seen were the two men with their swords. The swords were iron, three-dimensional, metal, cold and hard. And this is what I now *saw* with my eyes, but you will understand why I am reluctant to tell of it and that I do not know what *seeing* means:

Each man, holding his sword stiffly upward with his left hand, tossed a child high in air with his right, then caught it full upon the point, impaling it like a butterfly on a pin. No blood flowed, but the two children were there, held aloft, pierced through and through, impaled upon the swords.

The crowd screamed now, falling to its knees. Many veiled their eyes with their hands and others fell prostrate. Through the crowd the jugglers marched, each bearing a child aloft, impaled upon his


The PARKER GAMES

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE
Camelot
by GEORGE S. PARKER

CAMELOT, by the author of Rook, is the latest popular success in games. Two forces of knights and men in the center of the board confront each other in battle array.

Jump, canter, capture, smash with a Knight's Charge and clear the way through your opponent's forces to his goal!

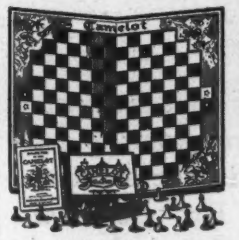
**What noted game experts and authorities say of Camelot**

"In Camelot Mr. Parker has originated a brilliant game of extraordinary fascination. Easily learned, its liveliness of action opens the field for adroitness and strategy of the highest type. Camelot is one of the few really great games." MILTON C. WORK

"Camelot is a masterpiece in games. It is a new delight!" E. V. SHEPARD

"Unlike any other game in its unique atmosphere and charm. It has added another pleasure to life." MRS. PRESCOTT WARREN

"The coming of Camelot is an important event in the history of games." ELIZABETH CLARKE BOYDEN



**CAMELOT**

Camelot will be found surprising and amusing even when lightly played. Each succeeding game will develop the player's skill and delight. There are never two games alike—the variety is endless. Camelot is played upon a handsome folding board, made in the following editions, in different designs and bindings, with playing pieces varying in quality of finish.

No. 96, Fine Edition, in rich binding . . Price, $10.00
No. 80, Lancelot Edition, heavy board . Price, $3.00
*No. 50, STANDARD EDITION,* Red . . Price, $2.00
*No. 40, POPULAR EDITION,* Red . . . Price, $1.50
No. 25, Cheap Edition, Green . . . . . Price, $1.00
AT DEALERS' or by mail.

**ROOK—*The Game of Games***

Quick climaxes, exciting moments. A charm all its own. With rules for all Rook games, including the fascinating new game, DISCARD ROOK. The largest selling and most popular Home Game in the world. Price 75c. at DEALERS' or by mail.

The Rook Book by Allen E. Sams on Discard, Dixie, and Partnership Rook. Cloth, $1; paper, 50c, at DEALERS' or by mail.

A simple game of skill

**PEGITY**

Great fun for *old* and *young*. Exciting, entertaining to watch or play. Learned in 2 minutes. Price, $1.25 at DEALERS' or by mail.

Other Famous PARKER GAMES: Touring, PIT, Pollyanna, Lindy, Wings, Ping-Pong, Halma, Pastime Picture Puzzles, etc.

"The Standard of Excellence in Games."

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM MASSACHUSETTS

# The Giant and the Pygmy

© 1930 M. L. I. CO.

EITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes—chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

For the sake of your own personal comfort you want to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time. For your own personal safety and that of your friends you *ought* to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time.

There are many different kinds of colds—hard to distinguish one from the other. All of them are threats and one leads to another.

The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat is so weakened by Cold No. 1 that the way is opened for dangerous germs to enter.

Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant, to enter. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Take no chances the next time that symptoms of catching a cold are shown by you or someone in your family. Consult your doctor and dispose of the Pygmy quickly, before he can open the door for the Giant. At such a time a skilful doctor is your best ally and you will be wise in following faithfully his orders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free, its booklet, "Just a Cold? Or—" to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department 1230-J.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.


sword, and disappeared into the witch doctor's inclosure.

My first mental reaction, purely automatic, was that I had seen jugglery turn suddenly to ritual murder. But whatever had happened, it was not that. I was assured that in an hour or more, "if things didn't go wrong," we would see and touch the children, alive and well.

For once I said nothing at all to Wamba. I knew there was nothing she could tell me that I could believe or understand. I had no doubt that the children would reappear alive, but my mind had reached its old balking point. I would reject the evidence of my senses rather than accept literally a physical miracle, and I believe I shall do so until I die.

And thus it was—please understand I mean no silly blasphemy but am trying to make clear something very difficult—that when these two children were brought out presently, and I touched them, and they were still warm flesh, it convinced me of nothing whatsoever except that there may perhaps be elements in this unholy jungle sorcery, just as there were unknown elements perhaps in the recorded holier miracles of other days, which transcend what science knows of natural law, but not our possibility of ultimate knowledge.

Wamba said that with all her wisdom she could not help me further. She said that if I consented to remain there always and gave up everything, including even my white ways of asking, she might eventually make me understand, but that it would be a road from which there could be no returning.

Her words were painful to me, and familiar. But they were the words which only saints, or madmen, the very wise or the very simple, have ever truly dared to follow.

So we occupied ourselves with other matters; there was leave-taking, and I went away into the country of the Guerés.

---

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Among the Guerés Mr. Seabrook met cannibal chiefs and cannibal chefs. What he learned about cannibalism from the cannibals themselves will be told in the January Journal.*

## Canyon Walls

*(Continued from Page 19)*

the wall trail; she gathered armloads of wild flowers; she helped where her help was not needed.

Monty missed in her the gay allure, the open coquetry, the challenge that had once been marked.

In the mornings and evenings while he was at work near the barn or resting on his porch she watched him, thinking herself unseen. She peeped from behind her window curtain, through the leaves, above her sewing, from the open doors—from everywhere the great, gray, hungry eyes sought him. It began to get on Monty's nerves. Did she hate him so that she planned some dire revenge? But the eyes that watched him in secret seldom or never met his own any more. Sometimes his consciousness took hold of Mrs. Keetch's strangely tranquil words, and then he had to battle fiercely to recover his equilibrium.

But one August night when the harvest moon rose white and enormous above the black canyon rim he felt such a strange impelling presentiment that he could not leave his porch and go in to bed.

The hour was late. Only the insects hummed in the melancholy stillness.

A rustle startled Monty. A dark form crossed the barred patches of moonlight. Rebecca! She passed close to him as he drooped on the porch steps. Her face flashed white. She ran down the lane and stopped to look back.

"Dog-gone! Am I drunk or crazy or just moonstruck?" ejaculated Monty, rising. "What is the gurl up to? . . . Shore she seen me heah. . . . Shore she did!"

He started down the lane and when he came out of the shadow of the cottonwoods into the moonlight she ran, fleet as a deer. Monty stalked after her. He was roused now. He would see this thing through. If it were another of her hoydenish tricks!

MONTY lost sight of her at the end of the lane. But when he reached it and turned into the field he espied her far out, lingering, looking back. He could see her moon-blanched face. She ran on and he followed.

Rebecca was making for the upper end where that day the alfalfa had been cut. She let Monty gain on her, but at last with a wild trill she ran to the huge silver-shining haystack and began to climb it.

When he reached it Rebecca had not only gained the top but was lying flat, propped on her elbows. Monty went closer—right up to the stack. He could see her distinctly now, scarcely fifteen feet above his head. The moonlight lent her an exceeding witchery. But it was the mystery of her eyes that seemed to end all for Monty. Why had he followed her? He could do nothing. His threat was but an idle memory. His anger would not rise. She would make him betray his secret and then, alas! Canyon Walls could no longer be a home for him.

"Howdy, Sam," she said in a tone that he could not comprehend.

"Rebecca, what does this mean?"

"Isn't it a glorious night?"

"Yes. But the hour is late. An' you could have watched from your window."

"Oh, no. I had to be out in it. . . . Besides, I wanted to make you follow me."

"Wal, you shore have. I was plumb scared, I reckon. An'—an' I'm glad it was only fun. . . . But why did you want me to follow you?"

"For one thing, I wanted you to see me climb your new haystack."

"YES? Wal, I've seen you. So come down now. If your mother should ketch us out heah ——"

"And I wanted you to see me slide down this one."

He was lost and he could only look the query she expected.

"And I wanted to see—terribly—what you'd do," she went on with a seriousness that must have been mockery.

"Rebecca, child, I will do—nothin'," replied Monty almost mournfully.

She got to her knees and leaned as if to see him closer. Then she turned round to sit down and slide to the very edge. Her hands were clutched deep in the alfalfa.

"You won't spank me, Sam?" she asked in impish glee.

"No. Much as I'd like to—an' as you shore need it—I cain't."

"Bluffer. . . . Cow-puncher. . . . Marble-hearted fiend!"

"Not thet last, Rebecca. For all my many faults, not thet," he said sadly.

She seemed fighting to let go of something that the mound of alfalfa represented only in symbol. Surely the physical effort for Rebecca to hold her balance there could not account for the strain of body and face. All the mystery of Canyon Walls and the beauty of the night hovered over her.

"Sam, dare me to slide," she taunted.

"No," he retorted grimly.

"Coward!"

Then ensued a short silence. He could see her quivering. She was moving, almost imperceptibly. Her eyes, magnified by the shadow and light, transfixed Monty.

"Dare me to slide—into your arms," she cried a little huskily.

"Witch! Would you ——"

"Dare me!"

*(Continued on Page 121)*

© 1930 P. W. A. C.

# *SHE PAYS $40 FOR HER HATS . . .*

## but she knows the price of oranges to a cent!

SHE can, and does, pay cheerfully for what she wants . . . but she doesn't want to pay more than she has to for *anything*.

What woman (and the larger her income grows, the truer this seems to be) really does?

That's why Piggly Wiggly attracts so many of her type. Women who pride themselves on their careful judgment . . . monied women who so often are among the thriftiest!

San Diego's Mission Hills . . . Milwaukee's Whitefish Bay . . . each smart center the country over has its Piggly Wiggly stores, where the wealthy (and thrifty) women of that community shop daily.

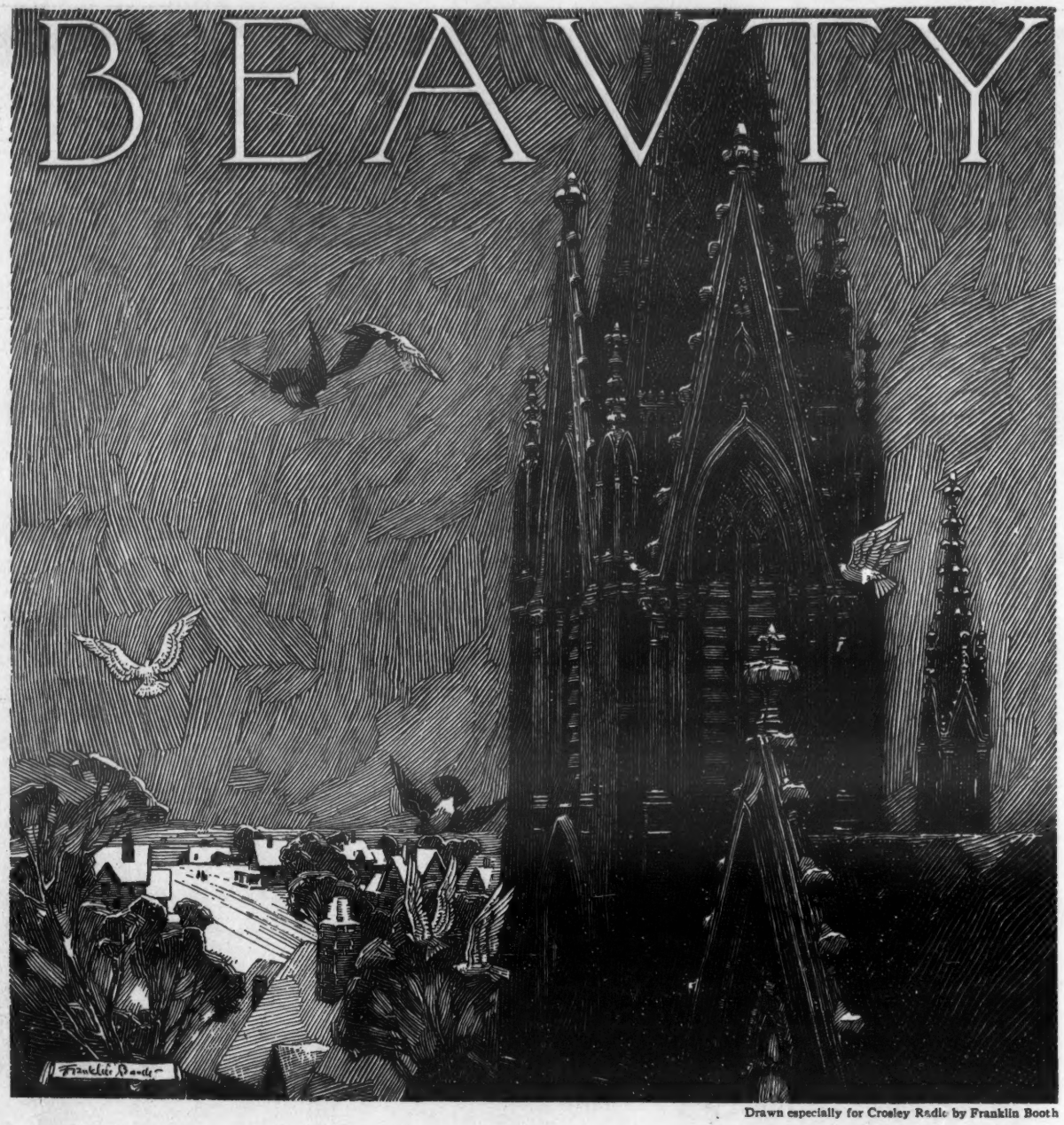
They have found that at Piggly Wiggly they're sure of the finest foods at consistently low prices. Volume buying, volume selling, give Piggly Wiggly customers this advantage.

But low prices aren't the only reason Piggly Wiggly's 3200 pleasant stores are thronged daily. 2,500,000 women prefer the Piggly Wiggly way of choosing for themselves—every day!

They like to compare prices on the big, swinging tags. They like to select the famous, packaged foods from neat shelves . . . the fresh, crisp produce from shining bins . . . unhurriedly, independently. Shopping at Piggly Wiggly is smart . . . modern!

You, too, will enjoy this sensible vogue in marketing. Follow the trend of the times! Why not visit a Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood today.

P I G G L Y • W I G G L Y • S T O R E S




Drawn especially for Crosley Radio by Franklin Booth

# You're there with a CROSLEY

## The NEW Buddy

Here is something entirely NEW in radio .... a real sensation .... a NEW and utterly exquisite mantel, clock or table type self-contained A. C. electric radio receiving set so light in weight and small in size as to be readily movable from place to place in the home. It can also be moved from house to house under the arm. It is especially ideal for efficiency apartments where space is at a premium. Contains the same type receiving set as The PAL and The MATE. Employs three Screen Grid tubes. Nothing ever equaled it at so low a price ..... $64.50 WITH TUBES

BEAUTY .... hours of reverent music .... voices of bells, and the wing-beat of birds at dusk .... Yuletide carols .... an organ's soft, prayerful voice drifting out across miles of snow .... or the jolly greeting of Kriss Kringle himself, proclaiming to the world his love of little children. Beauty everywhere, in all lands .... a spiritual beauty, given life by the quality of a great organ in a centuried-old cathedral .... the orchestration of priceless bells that were ten years in the making.

RADIO .... it is the function of modern radio, at its best, to bring all these seasonal joys into our homes and to place YOU, at a moment's notice, in the very presence of the singer and the song. But, just as one bell is cast of surpassing quality of tone .... just as one organ may echo the master craftsman's skill and sympathetic understanding .... in this same manner there is a superlative in radio. CROSLEY ideals and quality live up to such high traditions.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Home of *"the Nation's Station"*—WLW
CINCINNATI

*Also manufacturers of* CROSLEY *Battery Radio Receiving Sets, the* CROSLEY ROAMIO *Automobile Radio Receiving Set, and the famous* AMRAD RADIO

## The CROSLEY NEW Companionship Series

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

### The Pal

A marvelously beautiful cabinet, 25⅝ inches high, suitable for use as an end, bedside or occasional table. Contains the same receiving set and power speaker as The MATE and employs the same number and type of tubes. The price is amazingly low for the quality and performance ..... $74.50 WITH TUBES

### The Mate

A delightfully designed and executed cabinet that harmonizes with any surroundings in the home. It contains an entirely new receiving set and power speaker. Employs three type -24 Screen Grid tubes, one type -45, and one type -80. The unusual value of The MATE at the exceptionally low price is self-evident ..... $79.50 WITH TUBES

## The CROSLEY NEW Leadership Series

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

### The Director

A particularly beautiful cabinet containing a receiving set employing three Screen Grid tubes type -24, one type -27, two type -45, and one type -80. Positive automatic volume control, local-distance switch and dynamic-power speaker are features of this set. Astonishingly low in price ... $107.50 LESS TUBES

*Available with D. C. chassis at same price.*

### The Arbiter

*Electric Phonograph and Radio Combination*

A truly versatile instrument that provides complete entertainment for any occasion in the modern home, complete in a cabinet of superlative beauty. The same super-selective and sensitive radio receiving set and dynamic-power speaker as in The DIRECTOR. A marvelous electric phonograph and radio combination for what you would ordinarily expect to pay for a radio receiving set alone .. $137.50 LESS TUBES

*Available with induction type self-starting motor at $147.50*

# CROSLEY RADIO

*(Continued from Page 118)*

"Wal, I dare—you, Rebecca. But so help me, I won't answer for consequences."

Her laugh, like that other sweet wild trill, pealed up, but now full of joy, of certainty, of surrender. And she let go her hold, to spread wide her arms and come sliding on an avalanche of silver hay straight down upon him.

*VI.*

NEXT morning Monty found work in the fields impossible. He roamed about like a man possessed and at last went back to the cabin. It was just before the noonday meal. Rebecca hummed a tune while she set the table. Mrs. Keetch sat in her rocker, busy with work on her lap. There was no charged atmosphere. All seemed serene.

Monty responded to the girl's shy glance by taking her hand and leading her up to her mother.

"Lady," he began hoarsely, "you've knowed long my feelin's fer Rebecca. But it seems she—she loves me too. . . . How thet come aboot I cain't say. It's shore the wonderfullest thing. . . . Now I ask you, fer Rebecca's sake most—what can be done aboot this heah trouble?"

"Daughter, is it true?" asked Mrs. Keetch, looking up with serene and lighted face.

"Yes, mother," replied Rebecca simply.

"You love Sam?"

"Oh, I do."

"Since when?"

"Always, I guess. But I never knew till this June."

"I am very glad, Rebecca," replied the mother, rising to embrace her. "As you could not or would not love one of your friends it is well that you love this man who came a stranger to our gates. He is strong, he is true, and what else he is matters little."

Then she smiled upon Monty. "My son, no man can say what guided your steps to Canyon Walls. But I have always felt God's intent in it. You and Rebecca shall marry."

"Oh, mother," murmured the girl rapturously, and she hid her face.

"Wal, I'm willin' an' happy," stammered Monty. "But I ain't worthy of her, lady, an' you know thet old ——"

She silenced him. "You must go to White Sage and be married at once."

"At once! When?" faltered Rebecca.

"Aw, Mrs. Keetch, I—I wouldn't hurry the gurl. Let her have her own time."

"No, why wait? She has been a strange starved creature. . . . Tomorrow you must take her, Sam."

"Wal an' good, if Rebecca says so," said Monty, with wistful eagerness.

"Yes," she whispered. "Will you go with us, mother?"

"Yes," suddenly rang out Mrs. Keetch, as if inspired. "I will go. I will cross the Utah line once more before I am carried over. . . . But not White Sage. We will go to Kanab."

ONE way or another, it did not matter to Monty. He rode in the clouds. He could not believe in his good luck. Never in his life had he touched real happiness until then.

The drive to Kanab, with fresh horses and light load, took eight hours. And the news spread over Kanab like wildfire in dry prairie grass. Almost before Monty knew what was happening he was in the presence of the minister.

So they were married. Monty feared they would never escape from the many friends and the curious crowd. But at last they were safely in the buckboard, speeding homeward. Monty sat in the front seat alone. Mrs. Keetch and Rebecca occupied the rear seat. The girl's expression of pure happiness touched Monty and made him swear deep in his throat that he would try to deserve her. Mrs. Keetch had evidently lived through one of the few great events of her life. What dominated her feelings Monty could not divine, but she had the look of a woman who asked no more.

That suppertime was the only one in which Monty ever saw the Widow Keetch bow her head and give thanks to the Lord for the salvation of these young people so strangely brought together, for the home overflowing with milk and honey, for the hopeful future.

The winter passed, and spring came, doubling former activities. They had taken over the canyon three miles to the westward, which, once cleared of brush and cactus and rock, promised well. The problem had been water and Monty solved it. Good fortune had attended his every venture.

Around the middle of April, when the cottonwoods began to tinge green and the peach trees pink, Monty grew restless about the coming event. It uplifted him one moment, appalled him the next. In that past which seemed so remote now he had snuffed out life. Young, fiery, grim Smoke Mason. And by some incomprehensible working out of life he was about to become a father.

On the seventeenth of May, some hours after breakfast he was hurriedly summoned from the fields. His heart appeared to choke him.

Mrs. Keetch met him at the porch. He scarcely knew her.

"My son, do you remember this date?"

"No," replied Monty wonderingly.

"Two years ago today you came to us. . . . And Rebecca has just borne you a son."

"Aw! . . . How—how is she, lady?" he gasped.

"Both well. We could ask no more. It has all been a visitation of God . . . Come."

AN ANXIOUS week passed and then all seemed surely well with the new mother and baby. Monty ceased to tiptoe around. He no longer awoke with a start in the dead of night.

Then one Saturday as he came out on the wide porch, at a halloo from someone, he saw four riders. A bolt shot back from a closed door of his memory. Arizona riders! How well he knew the lean faces, the lithe shapes, the gun belts, the mettlesome horses!

"Nix, fellers," called the foremost rider, as Monty came slowly out.

An instinct and a muscular contraction that had the speed of lightning passed over Monty. Then he realized he packed no gun, and was glad. Old habit might have been too strong. His hawk eye saw lean hands drop from hips. A sickening terrible despair followed his first reaction.

"Howdy, Smoke," drawled the foremost rider.

"Wal, dog-gone! If it ain't Jim Sneed," returned Monty as he recognized the sheriff, and he descended the steps to walk out and offer his hand, quick to see the swift penetrating eyes run over him.

"Shore, it's Jim. I reckoned you'd know me. Hoped you would, as I wasn't keen aboot raisin' your smoke."

"Ahuh. What you-all doin' over heah, Jim?" asked Monty.

"Main thing I come over to buy stock fer Strickland. An' he said if it wasn't out of my way I might fetch you back. Word come thet you'd been seen in Kanab. An' when I made inquiry at White Sage I shore knowed who Sam Hill was."

"I see. Kinda tough it happened to be Strickland. Dog-gone! My luck jest couldn't last."

"Smoke, you look uncommon fine," said the sheriff, with another appraising glance. "You shore haven't been drinkin'. An' I seen furst off you wasn't totin' no gun."

"Thet's all past fer me, Jim."

"Wal, I'll be damned!" ejaculated Sneed, and fumbled for a cigarette. "Mason, I jest don't savvy."

"Reckon you wouldn't. . . . Jim, I'd like to ask if my name ever got linked up with thet Green Valley deal two years an' more ago?"

"No, it didn't, Smoke, I'm glad to say. Your pards, Slim an' Cuppy, pulled that. Slim was killed coverin' Cuppy's escape."

"Ahuh. . . . So Slim—wal, wal," sighed Monty, and paused a moment to gaze into space.

"Smoke, tell me your deal here," said Sneed.

"Shore. But would you mind comin' indoors?"

"Reckon I wouldn't. But Smoke, I'm still figgerin' you the cowboy."

"Wal, you're way off. Get down an' come in."

MONTY led the sheriff into Rebecca's bedroom. She was awake, playing with the baby, and both looked lovely.

"Jim, this is my wife an' youngster," said Monty feelingly. "An' Rebecca, this heah is an old friend of mine, Jim Sneed, from Arizona."

That must have been a hard moment for the sheriff—the cordial welcome of the blushing wife, the smiling mite of a baby who hung on to his finger, the atmosphere of unadulterated joy.

When they went out again Sneed wiped his perspiring face and swore at Monty: "——, cowboy, have you gone an' double-crossed thet sweet gurl?"

Monty told him the few salient facts of his romance, and told it with trembling eagerness to be believed.

"So you've turned straight?" ejaculated the sheriff.

"Yeh," replied Monty, "an' I'll be true to these women. . . . An' one thing I ask, Sneed. Don't let it be known heah why I'm with you. . . . I can send word to my wife I've got to go to Arizona . . . Then afterward I'll come back."

"Smoke, I wish I had a stiff drink," replied Sneed. "But I reckon you haven't anythin'?"

"Only water an' milk."

"Good Lawd! For a cowpuncher!" Sneed halted at the head of the porch steps and shot out a big hand. His cold eyes had warmed. There was friendliness in his voice.

"Smoke, can I tell Strickland you'll send him some money now an' then—till thet debt is paid?"

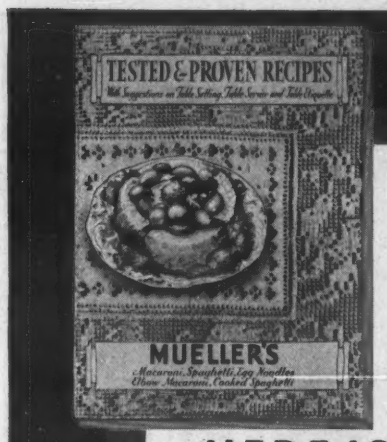
MONTY stared and faltered: "Jim—you shore can."

"Fine," returned the sheriff in a loud voice, and he strode down the steps of the porch to mount his horse. As he climbed into the saddle he called back: "*Adios*, cowboy. Be good to thet little woman."

Monty could not speak. He watched the riders down the lane, out into the road, and through the looming canyon gates to the desert beyond. His heart was full.

He thought of Slim and Cuppy, those young firebrand comrades of his range days. He could remember now without terror. He could live once more with his phantoms of the past. He could see lean, lithe Arizona riders come into Canyon Walls, and be glad.

(THE END)


HERE IS A BOOK *You Really Need*

What a book for the housewife! The new Mueller Recipe Book is just the kind of a book you have often wished for. It contains all the information you need to enable you to prepare delicious meals easily and quickly—and to serve them correctly.

This new book has been called the most valuable book ever offered *free* to American housewives. It contains scores of tested and proven recipes and a host of suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

**New Recipes and Etiquette Suggestions**

The new Mueller Recipe Book is illustrated throughout in full, natural colors. By following the simple directions given, you can easily prepare dishes as tempting to the eye as they are pleasing to the taste—and every dish will abound in nourishment. The etiquette suggestions in this remarkable book will help you to entertain faultlessly. Mail the coupon for your copy today! It is **FREE!**

*For Assured Success*

Be sure to ask for MUELLER'S when you order macaroni products. Made from farina—*the heart of the wheat*—Mueller's Macaroni and Spaghetti are most healthful and nourishing. Mueller's Egg Noodles are pure and tasty.

*As a Change from Potatoes*

**MUELLER'S**

MACARONI • SPAGHETTI
EGG NOODLES • ELBOW MACARONI
COOKED SPAGHETTI
*Largest Selling Brand in America*

MAIL COUPON NOW

C. F. Mueller Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Home Economics Dept. L. H.
Send me your FREE Recipe Book with suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

*Name*.....
*Address*.....
*Town*.....*State*.....

. . is here! Yet storms themselves will not harm us if we are adequately protected against them. The surest protection against colds is keeping the feet warm and dry . . . and the best footwear protection that money can buy is Firestone Footwear.

Buy Firestone Footwear for all the family the next time you go downtown, so that the first storms won't catch you unprepared. Prevention is better than cure, you know . . . and "storm-protected" means colds averted!

FIRESTONE FOOTWEAR CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

Firestone Footwear
"Reigns when it Rains"

—all rubber gaiters in mocha, brown, gray, black, two-tone mocha, two-tone gunmetal . . . three-button or concealed talon slide closing.

—"Lo-slide" gaiter for men . . . with concealed or visible talon slide closing.

The Mark of Quality

Copyright 1930 Firestone Footwear Company

There was a long blank pause, and then Elsie said: "I don't know that any way to pay fifty thousand dollars would be very pleasant."

"Might I suggest," he returned, "that there are worse obligations to assume than financial obligations?" His tone had an edge to it.

No man had ever talked to Elsie Fenn just like that—cool, remote, keeping his distance, impersonal in manner, and yet incredibly intimate in matter . . . intimate as even her brother might hesitate to be. There was something of the quality of war in it—a shock and alarm, and something of war in the extraordinary excitement of it. Following so quickly on the emotion of her father's death this new emotion made her tremble a little. A sudden knowledge of the real meaning of what she meant to do . . . to marry an old man whom she did not love . . . came to her like a vision.

AND with the remembrance of Mr. Minnersley and her engagement to him came also the recollection that he was coming to dinner . . . his first Christmas dinner in a long time, he had said, for he was a widower of many years' standing . . . and her turkey was already in the oven . . . her turkey . . . much of a week's salary had gone into it.

"Oh, my beautiful turkey!" she cried.

It was not the answer that this elegant gentleman had expected, for he drew himself up a trifle straighter, and Elsie hastened to explain: "I do hope you will stay and dine with us. My brother will feel dreadfully if he misses seeing you. I was just cooking a turkey—with chestnut sauce. Won't you please stay?"

He bowed. He would be delighted.

"Will you wait here, then, or will you come and help me in the kitchen?" She thought: "He's probably never been in a kitchen before—he and his elegance. Well, let him come and see how an American girl lives."

"I will come with you, if I may."

They had made great progress toward friendship by the time that Elsie, brushing the hair from her forehead with the inner surface of her forearm, observed that it was a quarter before seven and she must just run upstairs and change her dress. But she did not go, because he barred the way, stepping between her and the door.

"Miss Fenn," he said, "you must let me speak to you. It may be an impertinence . . . it is an impertinence, as it would be to prevent a stranger from committing suicide, but it is an impertinence a brave man must not shrink from. I am sure from what you have told me that you are thinking of giving yourself to some man in order to pay those debts."

"GIVING myself?" said Elsie, not liking the words. "I am going to marry a kind, honorable man, who ——"

"Whom you don't love at all."

"Whom I respect." Her voice sounded rather weak.

"How old is this respectable man?"

Silence. "Forty?" Silence. "Fifty?"

She spoke. "Fifty-two."

"*Nombre de Dios,*" cried Hernandez, and murmured to himself in Spanish. "Listen to me, Miss Fenn," he said. "For many women this is possible . . . but for you it is madness . . . if you were a cold-blooded, designing girl . . . if you would just use this old fellow to give you pretty things, and take your lovers . . ."

"You must not talk like that," said Elsie. "You don't understand at all. A marriage like mine can be just as fine as any other because I am determined to make it so . . . I shall give as much in loyalty and devotion . . ."

"But you cannot give what you have not got—you cannot love a man you do not love. You think you can because you do not know anything about love . . . you are innocent like a little girl. No one perhaps has ever kissed you . . ."

# One Emerald

*(Continued from Page 11)*

Elsie was so much surprised at seeing a man who had at first appeared a rather stiff Englishman suddenly change before her eyes into a passionate Latin that she answered, "Well, no, not to amount to much"—a phrase which she was always afterward embarrassed to remember.

"But a kiss amounts to a great deal—always; always. You are like a baby walking into the ocean."

"Please don't talk to me like this," said Elsie. "I have made up my mind, and I am sure I am right. You have probably always had plenty of money . . . you cannot have any idea what my childhood was with the horror of those debts hanging over me . . . debts to poor old people I saw every day. I tried—so did my brother—but what could we do? Now they will be paid; that is what matters."

"It's what matters least," said Hernandez, flashing his eyes at her. "You are what matters . . . your youth and beauty and innocence . . ."

*The Gift for Every Mood*

SOMETIMES your friend is the smart hostess . . . sometimes the practical homemaker . . . sometimes she just wants to let herself go in an orgy of clothes. Or again, she's interested primarily in *being* entertained.

Yet it's easy to select gifts that are sure to please when you give the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. For in the JOURNAL'S brilliant monthly budget of good things are features to delight and help your friends of the many moods.

There was a sound in the hallway. The front door opened. The kitchen door instantly blew shut, and Freddie's cheerful voice called: "Here we are, Elsie; I've brought you a friend."

Elsie and Hernandez exchanged the look of two people caught in a situation that can never be exactly explained to the outer world. Elsie sprang to the door, and was not now opposed.

"Oh, Freddie," she began, and then remembering that tears are not out of place in the eyes of a girl who has just heard of her father's death, she added more naturally: "This is Mr. Hernandez, who has come all the way from New York to tell us something about father." Then to the figure standing silent beyond her brother she threw a hasty "How are you, Ambrose," and hurried upstairs—away from all three of them.

She shut the door of her bedroom and looked at herself in the glass. So this was it, was it . . . the thing that made everything quite different . . . that made men commit murder and women break their marriage vows . . . things you simply could not understand anyone doing, until, until . . .

Old Miss Peters from down the road was coming in to dish and serve the Fenns' dinner. It was an old arrangement.

Coming downstairs twenty minutes later, Elsie saw at once that her brother now knew all that she did about her father's death. She might have seen also, if she had a little more experience of the world, that an intense mutual dislike had already developed between Hernandez and Mr. Minnersley. Jealousy, being a passion that goes back to the animal kingdom, has the acute instincts of the animal. It senses danger long before the mind is aware of it. But perhaps jealousy was not necessary to make these two men hate each other . . . each represented all that was most detestable racially to the other. Narrow, uncouth, fat and money-grubbing were the adjectives that rose in Hernandez's mind as he looked at Mr. Minnersley's shrewd long-lipped face and his unpressed clothes. To Minnersley, Hernandez appeared quite simply a villain from the screen . . . sleek-headed, overdressed and probably lascivious. . . .

DINNER did not promise to be agreeable, or if it must of necessity be sad, it did not promise to be peaceful.

Elsie, who had been silent from the moment she sat down at table and was quite unaware that she had never taken her eyes off Hernandez, and that Mr. Minnersley had noted this fact, said suddenly: "Mr. Hernandez says poor father was so worried at the end about that money."

"No, Miss Fenn, I did not say that," said Hernandez. "Not exactly that." His manner was courteous, but firm. She looked at him. He had said just that in almost those words. Mr. Minnersley had been waiting for an opportunity of cutting into the conversation with a telling sentence. His conscience was not entirely at ease about his engagement, and yet his was not an analytical mind, and he could not have said why.

A week or so ago, she had come to him asking for an interview. She wanted to consult him about methods of paying her father's debts . . . was there any arrangement by which the bank could lend her such a sum of money, by a mortgage on the house and some guarantee on her salary? No, he had said, the banking laws did not permit. He hesitated, thinking that no law forbade him to make an unsecured loan. And as he looked at her he became aware that he wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything in all his life, and that she might be had for fifty thousand dollars. . . . He treated her as he had been treating customers for many years, selling her the idea of the necessity of paying her father's debts, until there seemed no escape for her. Any method that made it possible. And then he suggested a method. She might marry him. No, his conscience was not quite clear.

Now he said very loud: "Well, Fenn needn' a-worried . . . those debts will be paid . . . paid to the last penny." He smiled benevolently at Elsie.

"Oh, of course, they will be. I am sure of it," said Hernandez. He did not look up from the slice of turkey he was cutting—cutting with the edge of his fork, for the bird was tender.

Minnersley stared at him. "I don't see how you're so sure of it," he said rather roughly.

HERNANDEZ looked up. "Could anyone suppose," he said, "that people like Doctor Fenn and his sister would use their father's legacy for any other purpose?"

"What legacy?" said Freddie.

"The legacy that I come here to bring you," answered Hernandez, and he turned an innocent and slightly surprised face from one to the other.

"You haven't mentioned a legacy," said Elsie and Freddie together.

Hernandez's expressive hands shot upward. "But why else am I here—but to bring what I could not trust to others." A slight increase in his accent suggested

*(Continued on Page 124)*

All for Beauty

# Three Choice Powders

*Of guaranteed purity, individually blended for every skin*

**HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S**
**FACE POWDER**

*The finest textured powder in existence. For the fine-grained skin*

**LUXURIA**
**FACE POWDER**

*A medium weight clinging powder. For the normal or average skin*

**AYERISTOCRAT THEATRICAL**
**FACE POWDER**

*A non-clogging adhesive powder. For the skin inclined to shine*

*In White, Flesh, Rachel, Ayerbrunette, French Rachel and Rose Rachel*

*In addition—six specially luxurious powders of medium weight—exquisitely packaged and rarely perfumed*

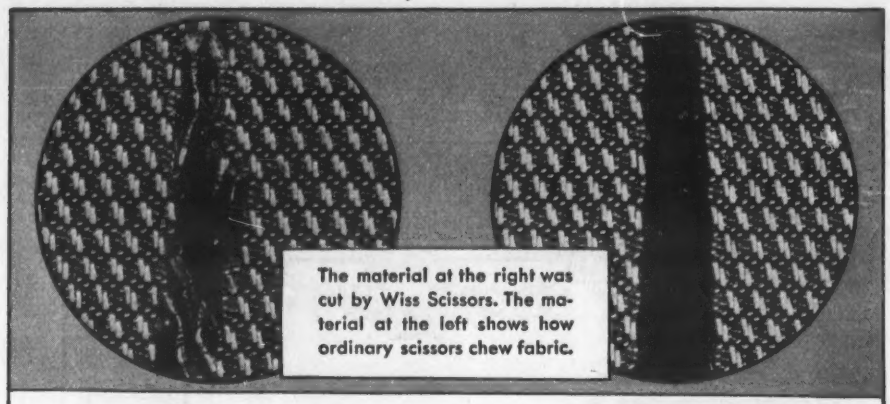
DARLING—SWEET MISS MARY—PRINCESS CHARMING—RED ROSE—VIOLETTE PETALES—FACE POWDER DE LUXE

*By the makers of the famous*
*Luxuria Cream*

# HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
INCORPORATED
# BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

LONDON NEW YORK PARIS

© H.H.A. INC. 1930




DON'T RUIN FABRICS WITH POOR SCISSORS

Every fabric whether sheer or heavy puts demands on scissors that only quality scissors can meet.

That's why women are buying more Wiss Scissors today than ever before. They know that the perfectly aligned blades of Wiss Scissors remain sharp, cut clean and protect fabrics.

Fabric and pattern manufacturers all point out that the best ally for home sewing is a fine pair of scissors.

WISS SCISSORS
Wonderful Cutters
J. WISS & SONS CO., Est. 1848, Newark, N. J.

*Christmas!* Replace Mother's out-of-date sweeper with this NEW BISSELL

MODERN mothers find the carpet sweeper the handiest, quickest, easiest way to keep rugs and carpets clean of everyday dirt, lint, and litter. Housekeeping authorities advise it.

Now the famous Bissell sweeper that your mother knew has been doubled in usefulness. A new improvement — "Hi-Lo" Brush Control—enables you to sweep any surface from bare floors to thickest tufted rugs—easier! No hard "bearing down" on the handle.

Why not a modern, improved Bissell for Christmas? Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new model. Bissells with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyco" models) cost only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50c more in West and South). At furniture, department and leading hardware stores. The Bissell Booklet mailed on request. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

*(Continued from Page 122)*

that a poor foreigner was indeed at a disadvantage. "It is an emerald. Your father of course had opportunities to acquire stones at bargain prices. This one is worth—and I am a judge of emeralds—about"—he cocked an eye at the ceiling as he reflected—"about fifty thousand dollars, a little more or less according to the market."

Elsie and Freddie stared at each other, hardly taking in their good fortune, but Mr. Minnersley saw himself being cheated out of the great bargain of his career.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said.

Hernandez turned slowly, until his shoulders squarely fronted Mr. Minnersley. "You do not believe what I say?"

This was exactly what Mr. Minnersley meant, but motives of decency rather than of fear made him answer: "No, I mean that I don't believe a fellow like Josiah Fenn could possibly have got hold of a fifty-thousand-dollar stone honestly."

"You will be glad," answered the other, "to know, then, that I can assure on my word of honor that this stone was honestly obtained."

"He must have starved himself to do it," said Minnersley.

"WELL, you know, Mr. Minnersley—or no, perhaps you do not know—but men have done more than that for an ideal." The tone was civil, but Minnersley felt the insult.

"Well, I'd like to see that stone," he returned.

Two of Hernandez's lean fingers went to his waistcoat pocket. "But certainly," he said. "I will show it to you—with Doctor Fenn's permission."

He took out a flat folded paper, opened it . . . a deep green pool of light was revealed . . . as if a forest, or an English lawn had become liquid and concentrated itself into one drop of color. Elsie gasped. Hernandez continued: "Of course if you wish I will leave it with you today, but it would be more regular to have it appraised and a release given to me. If you wish to turn it into cash I should be glad to negotiate the sale. I know the market better than you, I fancy."

Freddie, who had been staring with his elbows on the table, suddenly dropped his face in his hands. "My poor father," he said. "After all these years ——" When he took his hands away he looked five years younger.

But Mr. Minnersley had been reflecting. "I think this is all very queer, very fishy, if you ask me. You talked to us half an hour before dinner without mentioning any legacy." And for once Elsie found herself in agreement with her future husband.

"That was stupid and careless of me," said Hernandez. "But after all, Mr. Minnersley, what could I gain by deceiving you in the matter?"

"I'm trying to think," said Minnersley.

"THE only other explanation," said Hernandez, courteously helping him out, "is that I am making Doctor and Miss Fenn a present—a rather valuable present to two strangers, isn't it, Mr. Minnersley?"

"I have heard of men giving jewels to pretty girls before now," said Minnersley.

"Only heard of it, I'm sure," answered Hernandez. "But I see what you are thinking." He turned to Freddie. "The theory would be, I suppose, that I arrive at your door, I fall violently in love with your sister at first sight. I happen to have a valuable emerald in my pocket, and I see a way of freeing her from an engagement which seems to promise disaster." He smiled, his brilliant sudden smile. "Is that the idea, Mr. Minnersley?"

"I say there's something queer about the whole thing."

"I am sure there would be nothing queer about falling in love with Miss Fenn at first sight," Hernandez continued politely. "I will go further. I will say that if I had fallen in love with a beautiful young lady, and if I had an emerald in my pocket and if by sacrificing it I could free her from a disgusting entanglement, I—any man—would behave exactly as Mr. Minnersley suggests."

Freddie laughed, as he supposed he was meant to do; but Elsie did not laugh.

"It does sound a little fantastic," said Freddie.

"Ah, Mr. Minnersley is more romantic than he looks," said Hernandez. "He believes in love at first sight." He turned to Elsie. "And you, Miss Fenn, do you believe in it?"

Elsie raised her eyes, dragged them up until they met his, and he and she looked at each other.

THEN the door from the kitchen opened, and Miss Peters, who had already waited long beyond her usual time, put her head in and said:

"Well, Elsie, I'll be going along ——"

Elsie sprang up and disappeared. In a trance as she was, she was yet able to go through her customary ritual with Miss Peters. She thanked her, and offered her two dollars—the money was always seen as a great surprise by Miss Peters, and accepted only as a politeness to Elsie.

Elsie did not return to the dining room. She went into the little hall meaning to slip upstairs to her own room and sit down and think . . . think clearly . . . but as she entered the hall, she saw the front door was open, letting in a blast of cold dry air. Hurrying to shut it, she found herself face to face with Hernandez who had, he said, gone out to speak to his chauffeur. "Oh, Mr. Hernandez," she said, without giving herself time to think, "I want to ask you something."

Without a word, he caught up the heavy blue overcoat which was lying on the wagon seat near the door, and wrapped it about her. Then he drew her out and shut the door behind her. They stood alone and unseen on the little porch.

"What is the truth?" she whispered. "That emerald, was it really my father's, or was it . . . was it ——"

"The truth," he answered, "is whatever you want it to be."

"What I want it to be?"

"YES. If the idea of being under an obligation to me is distasteful to you, why, then, the emerald was your father's, and you will never see me again. But if by any chance it is not distasteful to you, if it is even agreeable to you to know that I care so deeply for your future that I would sacrifice all my mines to save you from the embraces of that horrible old man, why, then, I might confess that the emerald is a stone that I was bringing north to have set in a ring for my mother—at least I was until I thought of a better use for it. Is that idea distasteful to you, my darling?"

"No," said Elsie, and added quickly as his arms went round her, "but don't kiss me, please."

"Not if you say no. But let us be clear. If you found yourself under the necessity of marrying the man who paid your father's debts would you rather I was that man or Mr. Minnersley?"

"I think," said Elsie, "that that is the silliest question I ever heard."

He smiled. "Then I will ask you one not so silly. Why did you say I must not kiss you?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," said Elsie.

And inside, Mr. Minnersley was just lighting his cigar, and the flare of the match as he drew in a long breath lit up the lines of his shrewd, materialistic, old face. He was explaining to Fenn that you must be on your guard with these foreigners . . . they weren't to be trusted . . . especially with women . . . they seemed to turn women's heads.

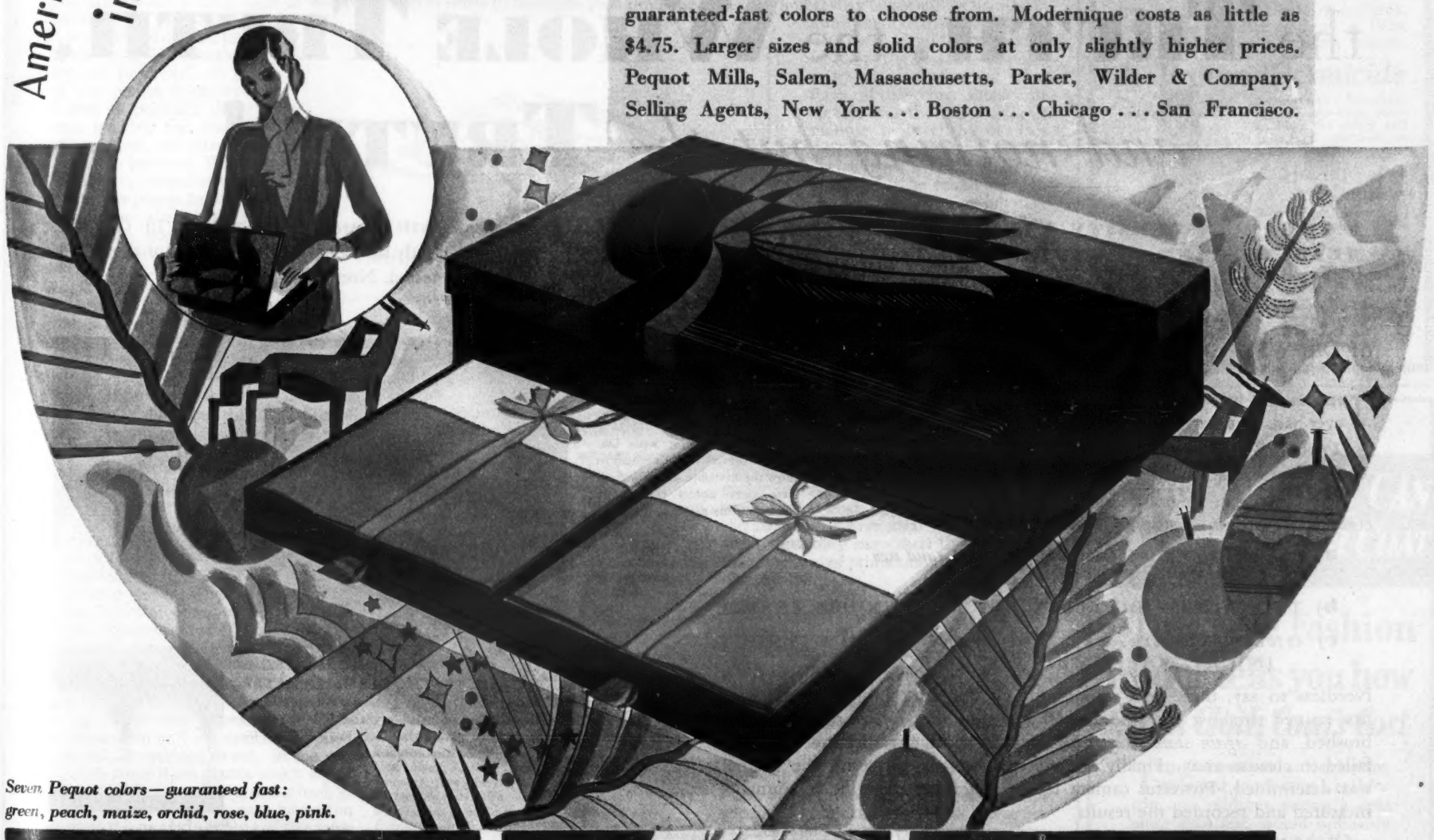
But Fenn wasn't listening. He was thinking what a wonderful Christmas . . . a new world . . . his father's debts off his shoulders . . . honorably paid.

America's most popular sheets, for gifts, in sets that are irresistibly modern and

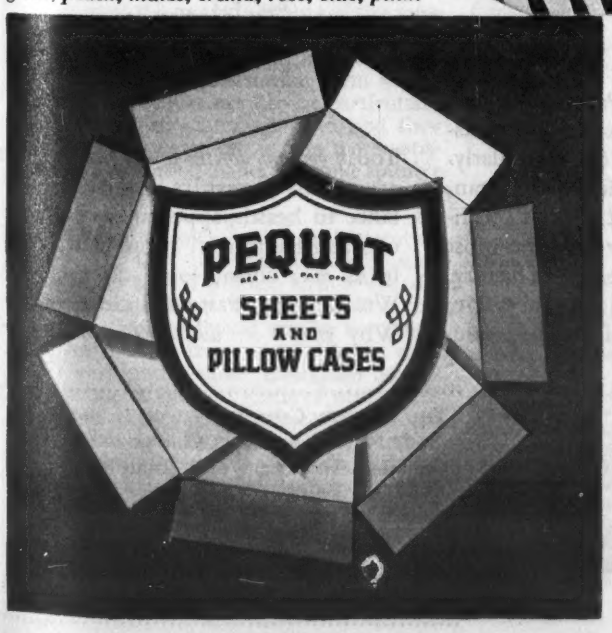
SMART!

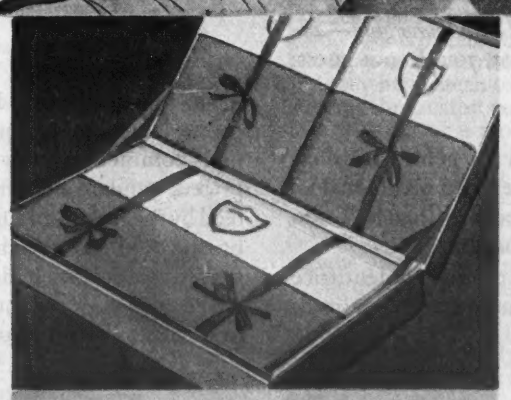
SHUT YOUR EYES! Make three wishes about the Christmas gifts you're going to *give!* First wish: "Let my gift be gay and gift-y." Second wish: "Let it serve long, beautifully, and usefully." Third—and very important: "Let it be the price *I* want to pay!" Now—open your eyes wide and look again at this page. Every single wish is answered! For these smart new Pequot sets have a straight-from-Paris, Christmas-morning spirit. And then—their usefulness is *double.* The sheets and pillow cases, being Pequot, are sure to give long, long wear; and the boxes make charming cases for handkerchiefs or gloves. As for your third wish—there are lovely Pequot sets priced all the way from $1.65 to $9.50—one of which will just suit your pocketbook. Your gift is *sure* to be appreciated, for Pequot is the most popular brand of sheets in America!

The Pequot Modernique Set (below) is quite the smartest of the season! Nestling under its sophisticated black and silver cover is a snowy-white sheet with a lovely rose hem. There are two adorable drawers, each with a pillow case to match the sheet. Seven guaranteed-fast colors to choose from. Modernique costs as little as $4.75. Larger sizes and solid colors at only slightly higher prices. Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts, Parker, Wilder & Company, Selling Agents, New York . . . Boston . . . Chicago . . . San Francisco.



*Seven Pequot colors—guaranteed fast: green, peach, maize, orchid, rose, blue, pink.*



● PEQUOT SHOW BOX

Sheets and pillow cases, both in color and white, in these pastel-tinted boxes! Priced between $3.95 and $8.00, depending on sizes, on color, and on whether one sheet or two. Solid colors slightly higher.

● PEQUOT CEDAR CHEST

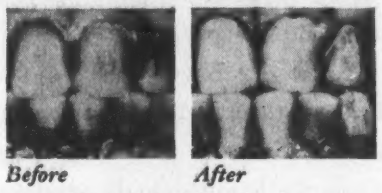
Really, a rich, *double* gift! Either one or two sheets, with two pillow cases. Priced from $5.95 to $9.50, depending on sizes and on whether one sheet or two. Solid colors are slightly higher.

**WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TEETH ARE BRUSHED! THESE NORMAL TEETH SHOW RESULTS OF TESTS.**

Here are four typical examples from tests referred to below. Teeth stained (to show both visible and invisible dirt) both *before* and *after* brushing.

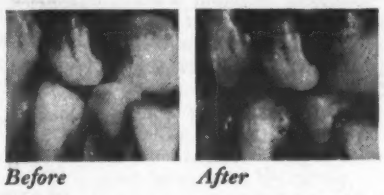
*Before* *After*

Dentifrice "9" did not clean at all. But the tests showed that it injured enamel.



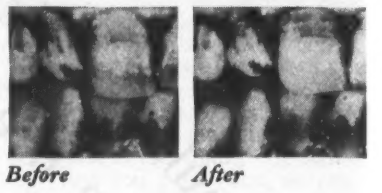
*Before* *After*

Dentifrice "3" did not clean teeth—but it did not injure enamel either.



*Before* *After*

Another dentifrice—"No. 5"—which did not clean teeth and did not injure.



*Before* *After*

Still another—Dentifrice "6"—did not clean, but didn't scratch or erode.

# About *one* dentifrice: the **TRUTH**, the **WHOLE TRUTH**, *and nothing but the* **TRUTH!**

**A GREAT UNIVERSITY LABORATORY MEASURES AND PHOTOGRAPHS THE**

**1)** *cleansing thoroughness*

**2)** *safety to enamel*

**of DR. WEST'S—and nine other tooth pastes.**

THIS is the first information, of this kind, you have ever had. It is startling—and important.

*Demonstration, in advance, showing exactly* what DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste will do to give you cleaner, brighter teeth.

Here are the findings of tests on these 10 dentifrices, conducted by the laboratory of a leading university:

**a)** SEVEN DO *NOT* CLEAN TEETH *(and two of these seven injure enamel)*

**b)** TWO OTHERS DO CLEAN, BUT BOTH INJURE ENAMEL

**c)** ONLY *ONE*—DR. WEST'S—*CLEANS* TEETH WITHOUT INJURY TO ENAMEL

Needless to say, these tests were thorough but fair. Normal teeth were first stained to show invisible as well as visible dirt, *before* brushing. Then brushed, and *again stained after brushing* to show any dirt the dentifrice failed to cleanse away. Finally the effect of each dentifrice on the enamel was determined. Powerful camera lenses and exact scientific instruments measured and recorded the results.

Of the ten dentifrices tested, DR. WEST'S *alone cleaned teeth thoroughly—and did it without injury to enamel.* About this dentifrice, at least, you do not guess; you are sure.

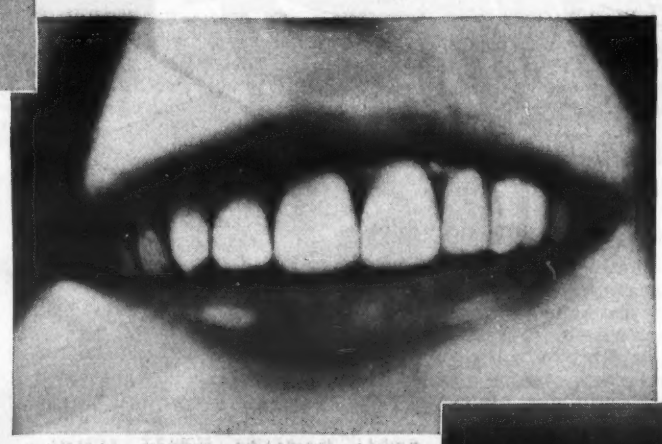
### *Gentle polishing does it*

This safe cleansing and brightening ability comes from *two* gentle polishers added to pure vegetable cleansers. Although much softer than tooth-enamel these polishers work together and restore the natural smooth brilliance. To do this with only *one* polisher would be risking dangerous harshness.

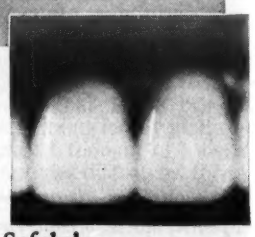
In addition, DR. WEST'S provides every other good result any dentifrice can safely give: protection and stimulation for gums; mouth acids neutralized; the whole mouth keenly and delightfully refreshed.

NORMAL TEETH STAINED **Before** cleansing with DR. WEST'S (*above*). Stain applied to show the invisible dirt which all teeth carry unless thoroughly cleaned. Only *dirt* is stained.

NORMAL TEETH CLEANED BY DENTIFRICE "10" (DR. WEST'S)—under exactly the same tests given each of the nine other dentifrices tested. Note these photographs:



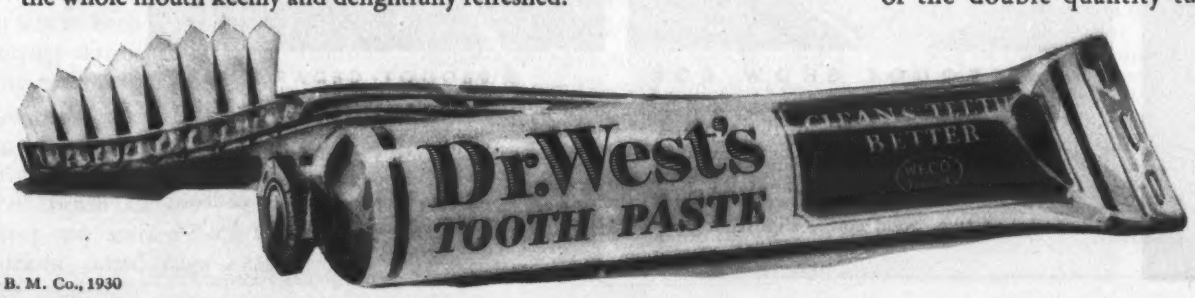
NORMAL TEETH STAINED AFTER cleansing with DR. WEST'S (*above*). All dirt cleaned away—visible and invisible. Same stain is applied here as in first photo—but there was *no dirt left* for it to stain, so no discoloration shows.



**Safely!** Magnified photo of enamel, after equivalent of 10 years' brushing with DR. WEST'S, showed safety—no scratching or injury of enamel!

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste saves you money, too—greater quantity, by measured volume, than any other similarly-priced, standard dentifrice. It is guaranteed by the makers of DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. And has already won the most sensational success in dentifrice history. All stores have it for you: big tube, 25c; or the double quantity tube, 40c.

Today *get some for the whole family.* Here are positive results of vital importance to health, appearance, even success and happiness! Some other dentifrices *may* clean; some do *not.* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste *does* clean—*safely!* Why *guess . . . when you can be sure?*




THE WESTERN COMPANY (LHJ) 12-30
307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

© W. B. M. Co., 1930

# Winter Mulches for Any Garden

By LOUISE BUSH-BROWN

THE question of winter mulches is indeed a perplexing one. Which plants should be mulched and which should be left unprotected, when the mulch should be put on and when it should be removed, what materials should be used and how heavily they should be applied—these are all points which must be taken into consideration.

The winter mulch should never be applied until the ground is well frozen and the plants have become thoroughly dormant. In one's anxiety to do everything possible for the welfare of the garden one is apt to be overzealous and to put the mulch on too early. If this is done, however, it is very likely to stimulate a late and rather succulent growth. Particularly is this true when a long spell of warm Indian-summer weather follows a sudden early cold snap.

A winter mulch serves two important functions. It protects the plants from severe cold and it prevents the alternate freezing and thawing of the ground, the effects of which are so harmful. Winter-killing is very often due to the fact that the plants have been heaved out of the soil by the action of the frost, the roots dried or broken.

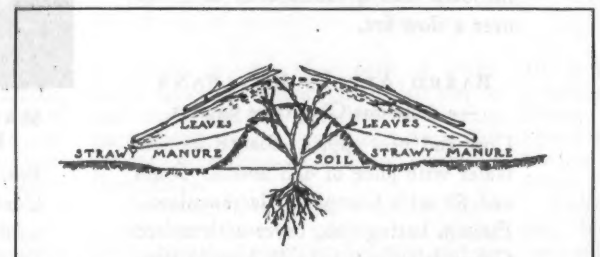
ROCK GARDEN MULCHES. The winter mulch for the rock garden presents a very special problem and unless one exercises wisdom and good judgment the results may be most disastrous. Many worthy alpines have been literally smothered to death by well-intentioned but unenlightened gardeners. We must bear in mind the fact that most of our rock-garden plants come from high mountain regions and in these native haunts they are usually buried under a covering of snow from late fall until spring. Most of these mountain plants are able to withstand extremely low temperatures but suffer sadly from excessive moisture during the winter months. Therefore in providing winter protection for them it is really dampness that we are guarding against and the ill effects of alternate thawing and freezing rather than severe cold.

Plants with heavy mats of foliage which persist through the winter months need no covering. Their own leaves afford sufficient protection and if a mulch is applied the plants are very apt to rot. In the second group come those plants which are of an entirely deciduous nature, dying back in the fall and remaining dormant below the surface of the ground. Plants of this type are usually able to withstand very trying winter conditions without protection. On the other hand, plants that form woolly rosettes of leaves seem to be particularly susceptible to winter ailments, and they will usually come through in more satisfactory condition if afforded some suitable protection.

Various materials may be used for mulches in the rock garden. It is essential, however, that the material be of such character that it will not form a wet, decaying mat about the plants. For this reason manure should not be used, and leaves of such trees as maples and elms are very undesirable. Evergreen boughs form one of the best kinds of winter protection, as they permit a free circulation of air. Salt hay is excellent if worked in among twigs so that it will not mat down. Oak leaves are also good, as they do not rot easily. If oak twigs are broken in the fall the leaves will cling to them throughout the winter and they make an exceedingly good covering.

A method of winter protection very commonly employed in English gardens and one which might well be used here with equal success is that of using glass. Large bell jars, or "cloches" as they are called in England, may be used, or ordinary pieces of flat glass such as are used in glazing hot-bed sash. The glass should be raised at least six inches above the plants in order to allow for a free circulation of air, being supported on small stones or wooden pegs.

In addition to an actual covering of some sort, there are other precautions which may be taken to make one's rock plants safe during the trying winter months. Where plants are particularly subject to injury from extreme dampness a little collar of stone chips may be built up around the crown in order to facilitate good drainage, and a mixture of sand, peat moss and stone chips may be worked into the soil about the plants to serve the same purpose.




A WINTER PROTECTION FOR THE ROSE BUSH

ROCK PLANTS WHICH THRIVE BEST IF AFFORDED WINTER PROTECTION

| BOTANICAL NAME | COMMON NAME |
|---|---|
| Acantholimon | Prickly-thrift |
| *Adonis amurensis* | Amur adonis |
| Androsace, all varieties | Rock jasmine |
| *Anthyllis montana* | Kidney vetch |
| *Antirrhinum glutinosum* | Creeping snapdragon |
| *Arnebia echroides* | Prophet flower |
| *Arnebia cornula* | Arab primrose |
| *Asperula suberosa* | Woodruff |
| *Calandrinia umbellata* | Peruvian rockpurslane |
| *Campanula, allionii, alpina* and *pulla* | Bellflower |
| Draba, in variety | Whitlowgrass |
| *Eritrichium nanum Wallichii* | |
| *Gentiana verna* | Vernal gentian |
| Leontopodium | Edelweiss |
| *Lithospermum, fruticosum* and *prostratum* | Gromwell |
| Lewisia, in variety | |
| *Omphalodes luciliae* | Navelseed |
| Onosma, in variety | Borage-worts |
| *Petrocallis pyrenaica* | |
| Phyteuma, in variety | Rampion |
| *Potentilla nitida* | Silvery-leaved potentilla |
| *Saxifraga, apiculata, burseriana* and *oppositifolia* | Saxifrage |
| *Silene acaulis* | Moss campion |
| *Soldanella, alpina* and *pusilla* | Moonwort |

ROCK PLANTS WHICH REQUIRE NO WINTER PROTECTION

| BOTANICAL NAME | COMMON NAME |
|---|---|
| Acaena, in variety | New Zealand burr |
| *Aquilegia, alpina* and *glandulosa* | Columbine |
| *Alyssum saxatile* | Goldentuft |
| *Anemone pulsatilla* | European pasqueflower |
| Arabis, in variety | Rockcress |
| Arenaria, in variety | Sandwort |
| Armeria, in variety | Thrift |
| *Aster alpinus* | Rock aster |
| Aubrietia, in variety | |
| *Campanula carpatica* | Bellflower |
| *Campanula rotundifolia* | |
| *Cerastium tomentosum* | Snow-in-summer |
| Dianthus, in variety | Garden pinks |
| *Gypsophila repens* | Creeping baby's breath |
| Helianthemum | Sun rose |
| Heuchera, in variety | Alumroot |
| Iberis, in variety | Hardy candytuft |
| Iris, dwarf rock-garden varieties | |

| BOTANICAL NAME | COMMON NAME |
|---|---|
| Linaria | Toadflax |
| Linum, in variety | Flax |
| *Nepeta mussini* | Nepeta |
| *Papaver alpinum* | Alpine poppy |
| *Phlox divaricata* | Blue phlox |
| *Phlox subulata* | Moss phlox |
| *Phlox amoena* | Amoena phlox |
| Primulas, in variety | Primrose |
| *Saponaria ocymoides* | Rock soapwort |
| Saxifraga, most varieties | Saxifrage |
| Sedum, in variety | Stonecrop |
| Sempervivum, in variety | Houseleek |
| Silene, most varieties | Catchfly, campion |
| *Thalictrum alpinum* | Alpine meadowrue |
| Thymus, in variety | Thyme |
| Veronica, in variety | Speedwell |
| Wahlenbergia | Tufted rockbell |

ROSE GARDEN MULCHES. In the latitude of Philadelphia and northward tea and hybrid tea roses require winter protection unless they happen to be planted in an unusually sheltered location. The earth should be mounded up about the bushes to a height of five or six inches and some form of covering should be spread over the beds. Strawy manure is excellent for this purpose. In the spring the coarse straw which has not decayed may be raked off and the balance of the mulch may be worked into the soil at the time the bed is leveled, adding valuable fertility. In some of the colder sections of the country it is customary to place wide planks or ordinary chicken wire along the edge of the rose beds, filling the spaces between with straw or leaves until the bushes are completely covered. The leaves should be held in place by light boards or evergreen boughs. Another method of protecting roses which is very satisfactory is that of covering each individual bush with salt hay. This affords a very neat and effective protection. After the hay has been wrapped around the bush the wisps at the top should be bent over and tied securely in order that they may shed the rain. Another method of protection is shown in the illustration.

MULCHES FOR HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS. In the North, the perennial beds and borders need some form of winter protection. Various materials may be used—straw, leaves, salt hay, strawy manure, evergreen boughs and tobacco stems. If leaves are used, only such kinds should be selected as will not rot quickly. Leaves from elm and maple trees rot very easily and will soon become a soft and soggy mass, doing considerably more harm than good as a winter covering. Oak leaves are excellent and sycamore leaves are also good. Tobacco stems have recently come into favor as a material for winter mulches and they have much to recommend them. Perhaps the greatest point in their favor is that they act as a repellent against field mice, those wretched little rodents which work such havoc in our gardens during the winter months. Tobacco stems may be purchased by the bale from most seed dealers and as they rot very slowly they may be used for several seasons.

The depth of the mulch will depend to a large extent upon the severity of the winter climate, varying from two to three inches in comparatively mild sections and from four to six inches in regions of severe cold.

When the beds are being mulched care should be taken not to cover the crowns of such plants as foxgloves, Canterbury-bells, hollyhocks, garden pinks and anchusa. The mulch should be worked in well around the roots, but the crowns should be left free of all covering, as they have a tendency to rot.

For Real Results

Lucky Tiger

For Hair and Scalp

FOR a clean, vigorous scalp and beautiful hair, use Lucky Tiger daily. Delicately perfumed; will not discolor, and is safe for both children and adults. Used by millions, and is the popular favorite at Palm Beach and other sea beach resorts.

A Proven Germicide

Exhaustive bacteriological tests have proven both the safety and germicidal efficiency of Lucky Tiger.

A Single Application

Stops that unpleasant itching—a single bottle often corrects the most annoying scalp irritations. Largest seller at Barber Shops, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

NOW..YOU CAN OWN A FUR COAT

This Free Fashion Folder tells you how ..at a Cloth Coat's Cost

THIS Winter you can enjoy the style and comfort of a real fur coat . . . without paying a cent more than you would ordinarily pay for a cloth coat. Send, at once, for FREE fashion leaflet . . . describing and illustrating these genuine fur coats . . . in a variety of colors . . . and in models based on Paris styles. Write today . . . and ask your local dealer to show you the new LASKINLAMB coats.

Laskinlamb

A product of J. LASKIN & SONS, Inc.
130 W. 30th St., N. Y. Factory: Milwaukee, Wis.

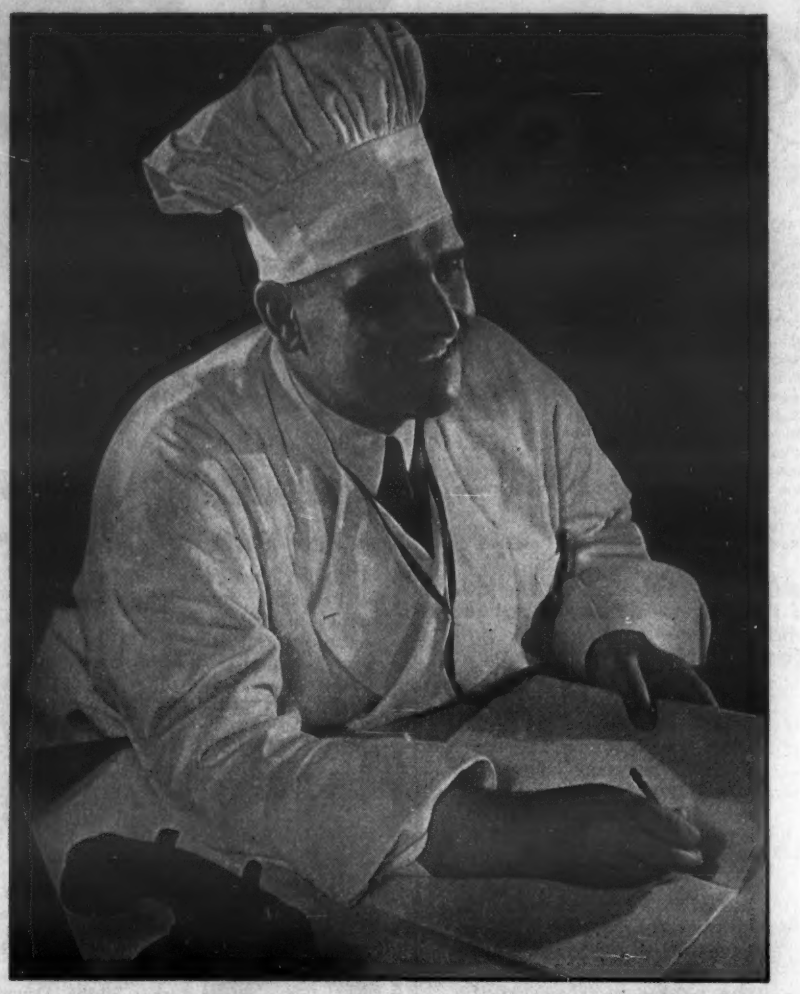
J. LASKIN & SONS, Inc., 130 West 30th St., New York L. H. J. 12-30

Gentlemen: Please send me FREE Style Book. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



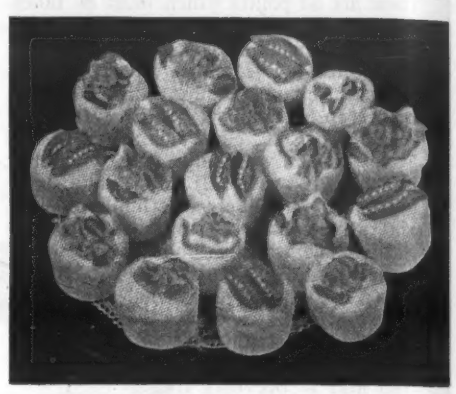
*Sabatini presides over the kitchen at the New Delmonico's. His early training was received in the kitchen of the Royal Palace in Rome where his father served the King of Italy for 25 years.*

**SWEET POTATOES SANDERSON**
**—for your Holiday Menu**

Cut sweet potatoes into shapes as shown above. Wash, dry, and place in moderately hot fat. Increase heat until potatoes rise. Drain and fry again in very hot fat —to effect puffing. Make small opening and fill each puff with sauce made by melting ¼ pound of Campfire Marshmallows with 4 tablespoons of cream over a slow fire.

**BAKED APPLES ROYLEANA**
**—a delicious Christmas dessert**

Core and peel apples. Blanch in cold water with juice of half lemon. Drain and fill with Campfire Marshmallows. Place in baking dish, cover with melted Guava Jelly, and bake ½ hour in slow oven to glaze. Place apples on thick layer of farina mush in a vegetable dish. Top each with maraschino cherry. Brush with melted sweet butter. Reheat in hot oven and serve at once.



**MARSHMALLOWS DECORATED IN CHRISTMAS COLORS**

Beat white of one egg until stiff, add Confectioners' sugar, beating constantly until the frosting will hold its shape. Divide the frosting and color with vegetable colorings in red and green. Make flowers upon the Campfire Marshmallows using a decorating tube or pastry bag. These dainty and colorful candies match the gaiety of the Holiday Season.

# Guests of famous Delmonico's enjoy these Campfire dishes by SABATINI

OLD Delmonico's was a shrine for epicures—who made eager pilgrimages to enjoy the most glorious dinners New York could offer.

Today, the cuisine of the new Delmonico's lives up to this great tradition under the leadership of the same celebrated chef, Sabatini.

Sabatini, himself, selected these three delectable recipes from his personal collection and promises that you will not find them difficult.

"Fortunately for all of us," he says, "people no longer desire rich, heavy desserts. They enjoy dainties, lighter dishes, like the three I have chosen. So the delicate flavor and tender freshness of Campfire Marshmallows make them a perfect ingredient."

Great chefs have discovered countless delightful daily uses for Campfire Marshmallows. Now clever hostesses and housewives enthusiastically follow their lead—find Campfire Marshmallows both delicious and decorative in all manner of interesting recipes.

Use Campfire Marshmallows in frozen or baked desserts. Their snowy whiteness adds a tempting touch to your most enticing salads—makes hot beverages more appealing. And as a wholesome candy they are favorites with children and grownups alike.

**GUARANTEED *fresh!***

By a special packaging process the tender freshness of Campfire Marshmallows is sealed inside each package. Every one reaches you with the contents as light and fluffy as when it left our immaculate kitchens.

Buy Campfire Marshmallows in the handy 1 lb. packages or in the popular 10c size.

*Sold only in packages!*

Campfire Marshmallows *are sold only in packages* so their freshness and flavor are protected against exposure and handling by careless fingers. By a special process they are sealed tightly even from the air.

*Send for our Free Recipe Book*
(by the world's greatest chefs)

Write for this fascinating free gift from eighteen world-famous chefs—a new kind of cook book filled with their most treasured recipes. "How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows" gives you scores of easy-to-make suggestions for luncheons, teas, dinners.

MARCIA CAMP, Angelus-Campfire Company L. H. J.—12-30
531 South Sangamon Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me free a copy of "How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows."

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

*Grape-hyacinths are particularly lovely in the rock garden.*

# Small Bulbs for Rock Gardens

By ANDERSON McCULLY

THE rock garden is rich in small bulbs that bloom very early in the year. Many of these may also be used in the front of the border, and the majority are happy in any well-drained good garden loam. In choosing for the rock garden, we of course keep to the lower-growing sorts, flowers that remain in scale and type.

You all know the crocuses, but have you tried any of the species ones? These have smaller flowers than the Dutch kinds, but they bloom much earlier, when even lesser flowers will seem striking. *Crocus imperati*, a pale lilac with outer buff, is usually the first of these to flower, bringing its cheery message well before February is over, even sometimes in January. The mauve *C. sieberi* follows this very closely, and is striking because of its brilliant orange stigmata. This contrasts well with the deep yellow *C. susianus* that blooms about the same time. *C. susianus* is strikingly marked with a rich brown flaking on the back of the petals. *C. tomasinanus* is the latest of this group, and shades from light mauve to deep purple.

The snowdrops (Galanthus), snowflakes (Leucojum), and glory-of-the-snow (Chionodoxa) are a group of small and very early bulbs that naturalize quite happily in rock garden, border, shrubbery or woodland. They all form fine little colonies when left to themselves, and should be planted where they can remain undisturbed. Plant them with a background of some dwarf or trailing conifer, particularly of the cedar family, for happy effect. They stand out well against the stones too. *Galanthus nivalis* is best for Northern gardens, *G. ewersi* for Southern. Cover them with about two inches of soil; and mulch them in winter with a little leaf mold or well-rotted manure.

The spring snowflake *(Leucojum vernum)* also carries dainty nodding blooms of white; but these are tipped with green, and a little taller, six or eight inches. Their preference is for a sandy loam. Plant them about two inches deep and four or five inches apart, in little groups.

## Old and New Bulbs

THE glory-of-the-snow is mostly used in two different varieties, the earlier *Chionodoxa sardensis*, and the following *C. luciliæ*. Both should be planted about three inches deep and grouped rather closely, two or three inches apart, or say a dozen bulbs for the equivalent of a nine or ten inch square. Each dwarf flower spike carries about one dozen gay little bells. *C. sardensis* is a rich deep-blue self color. *C. luciliæ* is sky blue with a white heart. They do well in either full sun or half shade and are beautiful in sheeting naturalized masses, as well as rock-garden pockets, spreading, crossing and reseeding themselves.

The muscari, or grape-hyacinths, have always been more or less used in border and naturalized planting; but now that we have learned to rock-garden, they are coming rapidly forward, for it has seemed to need the background of stones to bring out their true beauty. Most of them bloom with, or follow the chionodoxas; and they may be planted in sun or shade in practically any garden situation. An occasional top dressing of bonemeal or well-rotted manure is all that is necessary to keep them happily increasing from year to year. Heavenly Blue is one of the best blues, and masses well. *M. botryoides album* is a much-used white. It is often planted with its blue type. *M. conicum* has such very dark blue flowers that it is called the Black Grape-hyacinth. There is also an amethyst-colored one in *M. amethystina;* and a shredded petaled form in the feathered hyacinth *(M. plumosum, M. monstrosum)*.

The scillas (squills) are to be had in a number of varieties. *Scilla sibirica* is among the first to bloom, coming usually between the crocuses and the narcissuses. This is also the smallest and the most brilliant of the family, being only three or four inches in height, and having pendulous bells of an extremely bright blue. There is a white form, *S. s. alba*. These are exceptionally hardy and, though preferring sandy loam, may be placed almost anywhere in full or half shade, or in full sun. Set them about three inches deep, in clumps of a dozen or so.

*Scilla bifolia* is even earlier, and is also a dwarf rich blue. It is a good companion for the yellow winter-aconite, blooming at about the same time. *S. nonscripa (S. nutans)* is the common blue squill, with flower spikes of a dozen or so deep blue bells. This is taller than the first two mentioned, and blooms along with the May-flowering tulips. It should have a fall mulch. Plant three inches deep.

*Scilla hispanica (S. campanulata* of catalogues) is the Spanish squill, often called the wood hyacinth. It is more tender than others of the family, but comes through nicely with a good winter mulch. This rather prefers some shade, and is fine in the shelter and against the background of conifers, as well as in the rock garden. Plant it about four inches deep. It responds to a mulch of well-rotted manure.

The tulip species are not quite so readily pleased in gardens as are the bulbs already mentioned, being more inclined to disappear instead of multiplying.

*Tulipa clusiana* and *T. kaufmanniana* are probably the best known of these, though there are even lower-growing ones. *T. clusiana* is the Lady Tulip, and is listed around eight or nine inches, though I find it frequently exceeding this.

*Tulipa kaufmanniana* has now branched out into several varieties. It is somewhat earlier than the Lady Tulip, coming usually in early April. It is more often listed around six inches in height, but those I have seen have always been somewhat taller. This, too, is quite variable; but is more usually a brilliant carmine-marked, large, cream flower with yellow center. The flower opens out flat. This has a reputation for naturalizing rather well in light shade. Plant the bulbs six inches deep.

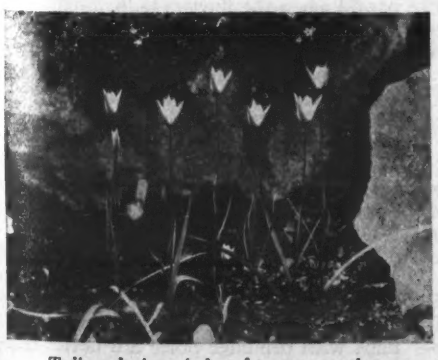
*Tulipa dasystemon* is much lower growing, about three inches, but with flowers of very much the same size as the foregoing. These are showy yellow and white, growing often several to a stem. It is much more attractive than it sounds, with its pointed petals and rich center. *T. persica* is a good little dwarf of about the same height. It is yellow, marked with bronze.

## New Western Bulbs

THE brodiæas are a varied and beautiful race of small Western bulbs. As a class they have comparatively little foliage and much bloom, bearing their waxy long-keeping flowers in a loose umbel at the top of a naked stem. In general, they need a light, sandy, gritty soil in the sun, and should be planted about two inches deep, then forever left to their own devices.

There are quite a number of worthy members among them, and you are safe to choose from the catalogues, though probably you will have to buy from the Pacific Coast to acquire much range in variety. Brodiæas make very good and lasting cut flowers, and are something we should better know in gardens.

These small spring bulbs combine pleasingly with one another, and with many of the dainty flowers of early spring. One cool rock-garden pocket was very beautiful with blue chionodoxias, white snowdrops, yellow violets, pink *Calypso borealis*, and yellow baby primroses. The *Calypso borealis* is a small, bulbous pink orchid that generally passes as a ladyslipper. Place a little peat moss around it, and give it a moist shady nook. *Calypso bulbosa* is very similar, and the one most usually carried in the Eastern United States.



*Tulipa clusiana is best for sunny pockets.*

*Scilla hispanica is often called the wood hyacinth.*


UNFETTERED FINGERS

Shears D17, 7 inches—Price, $1.55

No tired fingers when you use Remington shears or scissors. They do not bind or drag in opening or closing, but respond to the lightest pressure. Each blade is forged from a single piece of high-grade shear steel, hollow-ground to a keen-cutting edge. They are beautifully finished, nicely balanced and fit the fingers to perfection.

Remington shears and scissors are sold where good cutlery is sold. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send his name and the price, and you will be promptly supplied with the pair illustrated, D17. Remington Cutlery Works, 941 Barnum Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

*Ask your dealer to show you The Remington Standard American Dollar Pocket Knife.*

REMINGTON ARMS CO., Inc.
*Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition*
Remington

© 1930 R. A. Co. 3436

Every FEAST should feature

Give your holiday dinner the superb allure of Parke's Tea. Its ruby richness, celestial aroma and satisfying flavor reveal new delights to the seasoned epicure.

PARKE'S GOLD CAMEL TEA BALLS

Used by Institutions, Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals, Clubs, and Tea Rooms. Always ask for Gold Camel Tea. SEND COUPON for a Gold Camel Cover-Holder with Drop-Catcher.

L. H. Parke Co.,
1133 N. Front St.
Phila., Pa.

Send me prepaid a Cover-Holder with Drop-Catcher, and a box of 10 Gold Camel Tea Balls. I enclose 25¢.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

GIFTS of pottery inspire delight at your thoughtfulness and the good taste of your choice. Particularly fascinating are the new Roseville creations. Charm of contour and beauty of color impel one to choose these bowls, jars, vases and candlesticks. And the loving craftsmanship they reveal captures, as surely as the holiday season comes, the heart of the recipient. Ask to see Roseville displays at leading gift shops and department stores.

*A free copy of the booklet, "Pottery", sent on request.*

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY COMPANY, Zanesville, Ohio.

ROSEVILLE POTTERY

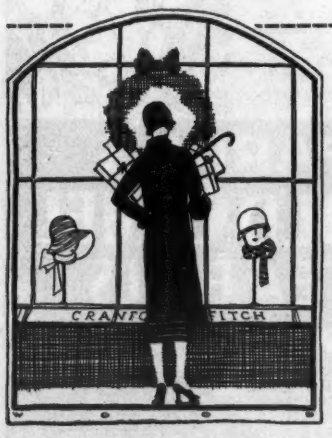
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
988 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me the details of your earning plan without expense or obligation.

Name.....Age.....
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Street.....

City.....State.....



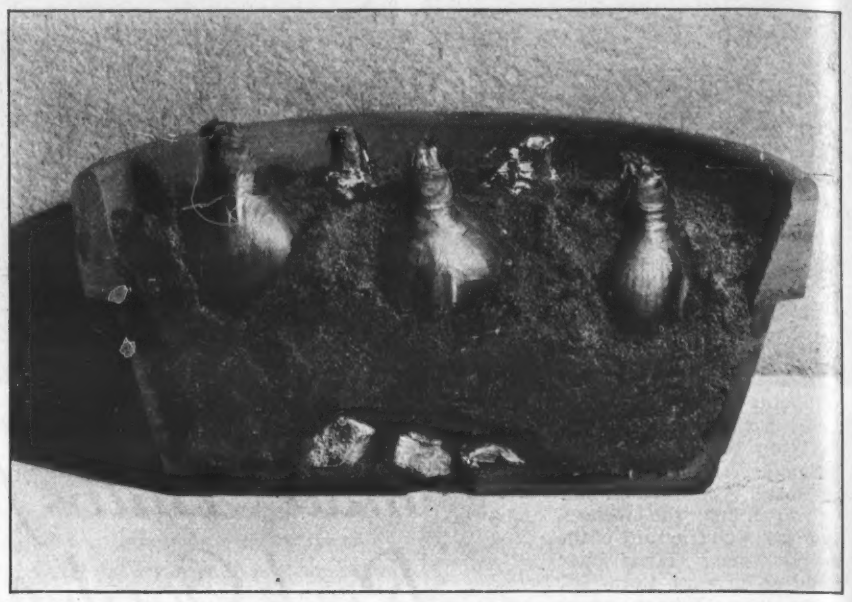
Do You
WINDOW SHOP
And Then
WALK AWAY?

THOSE shop windows gay with new things—of course they fascinate you. You're feminine.

But how much more fascinating to "look around" when you can step into a shop and step out again with the frock or the hat that just suits you.

Why not make shopping the joyous thing it may be when *your purse is padded with dollars that you have earned yourself?*

We'll be delighted to tell you of our dignified and pleasant earning way, when you send us the coupon above. (You'll find that every spare minute will prove *so* profitable!)



*A cross section of bulb pan with bulbs in place.*

# Bulbs for Winter Bloom

By F. F. ROCKWELL

A FEW dollars invested in bulbs and pots, plus a few hours' work, equals four months of flowers indoors! Everyone loves to have daffodils, tulips, crocus or any of the other gayly colorful and irresistibly cheerful harbingers of spring. Their smiling presence breaks the backbone of the longest winter, triumphantly defies the most somber gray-skied days.

## Lily-of-the-Valley

UNLIKE tulips and other bulbs, the lily-of-the-valley "pips," which are strong individual buds with roots attached, do not require any preliminary rooting before being forced. Merely place them in pots, azalea pans or deep bowls, and keep them in a dark place for ten to fourteen days before bringing into heat and light; this keeps the flowers from starting ahead of the foliage, and both should be developed to obtain the full beauty of the plant. The ends of the roots can be trimmed off somewhat, to suit the depth of the container, but this should be fairly deep. Place the pips an inch or so apart, with the tips *above* the surface. Water only moderately until active growth begins. Though they will come to flower in a hot temperature, if kept moist, the spikes will develop better and last much longer if grown cool—not over 60° F.

## Paper-White Narcissus

MOST popular of all bulbs for growing indoors is the paper-white narcissus. It is the quickest to bloom, and all that is necessary in the way of culture is to place a few bulbs in a bowl of pebbles or pearl chips, with sufficient water to keep the roots constantly moist. A few lumps of charcoal mixed with the pebbles is advantageous, as it helps keep the water sweet. Push the bulbs well down into the pebbles so that they will be firm enough to support the top growth. Keep moderately cool.

## Hyacinths

HYACINTHS are cheaper now than they have been for years. It is a good time to buy generously of them; the bulbs, if properly cared for after blooming indoors, may be used again.

In buying hyacinth bulbs it is not at all necessary to get the expensive "exhibition" size. Small bulbs of the same varieties will flower just as well, and give more graceful spikes. Three to seven should be placed close together in a bulb pan.

Grow cool, remove the spikes as soon as the flowers fade, and keep the foliage green as long as possible. The bulbs can then be used again for planting out-of-doors, or flowering inside.

## Sweet-Scented Tulips

TULIPS of all kinds may be grown indoors, if one is not anxious to get them too early in the new year, but on the whole the Single Early type is the most easily handled and satisfactory.

It is not generally known that a number of the Single Early and Cottage tulips are delightfully fragrant. Take advantage of this fact in selecting varieties to plant now for bloom indoors after the New Year's holidays. One variety to make sure of is Fred Moore, a most artistic terra cotta shade with golden tints. Prince of Austria, red-orange, and its wonderful new sport, General De Wet, a flaming orange; Yellow Prince, with the odor of a Maréchal Niel rose, and its improved form, Goldfinch, a clear, pure, self color; and Proserpine, carmine rose, are other Single Earlies which add fragrance to beauty of form and color.

## Containers

THE many kinds of bulbs and roots adapted to growing indoors in winter vary greatly in size and shape. The indoor bulb gardener should, therefore, provide herself with a variety of containers.

Most generally useful is the earthenware bulb pan. This is simply a shallow flowerpot; it can be placed in a saucer, or better, inside a bowl or shallow jardinière just as the plants are ready to flower, being removed to make ready for another panful when the flowers fade.

For large, deep bulbs, such as some of the daffodils and lily-of-the-valley roots, azalea pans, in shape halfway between a bulb pan and an ordinary flowerpot, are better. This type is also good for calla lilies, amaryllis, and other similar bulbs making a large top growth, as it does not tip or blow over so easily as the ordinary flowerpot.

Often bulbs are planted directly in decorative bowls of various types. Except for paper-whites, Chinese sacred-lily—a narcissus—and others grown in pebbles and water, this is a poor plan, as pots or pans with drainage holes are better during the preliminary stages of growth.

# "CLEANED at last"

*A drama in three acts played every week by millions of women . . .*

## ACT ONE

*When the scene opens, Mother is disclosed placing the week's soiled garments in her washing machine for a thorough soaking.*

## ACT TWO

*Mother reads while washing machine slushes and tumbles clothes about, loosening dirt and grease. (It's easier than hand rubbing, Mother!)*

## ACT THREE : THE CLIMAX - *Cleaned at last*

*As the curtain rises, Mother is seen, evidently pleased with the course of events. She is passing garments through a Lovell Pressure Cleanser, humming softly as she does so.*

Action? There's action a-plenty in this little drama of the home. And as in all good dramas, the real climax of the weekly wash comes in the third and final act. Then it is that the deciding battle takes place between Mother and the last specks of dirt, grease and soap . . .

For no matter how thoroughly clothes are soaked and slushed about in the first two "acts" of the washing, always there are stubborn bits of grime, tiny specks of dirt, and undissolved particles of soap which still remain clinging to the rough threads of fabric. They are not dislodged by the motion of the clothes in water. Something more is needed to make the garments thoroughly clean and lustrous once again.

Come now to Act Three. Enter the "Hero", the Lovell Pressure Cleanser, *part of the standard equipment on most leading makes of washing machines.* It is the *pressure* applied by the patented resilient rubber rolls of this cleanser that makes the last and most stubborn bits of foreign matter let go their hold of the garments. They are forced out and sluiced away with the excess water. Thus a Lovell Pressure Cleanser is actually far more than a means for drying clothes. It is a real cleanser as well.

When you make your choice of a new washing machine, be sure there is a Lovell Pressure Cleanser on the one you select. Make the "Third Act" of your weekly wash a *cleansing* process, too.

Lovell has prepared a Free Booklet giving more information on "The Secret of a Whiter Wash." A copy of this interesting booklet will be gladly sent without obligation upon request. Write to Lovell Manufacturing Company, Erie, Pa.

PRESSURE IS NEEDED TO MAKE CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN

# LOVELL PRESSURE CLEANSER

© L. M. Co., 1930

**Both machines combined in one**

***and at the price of one* $19.50**

The new STAR-Rite Magic Maid is a truly magical kitchen helper—a stoutly constructed, double purpose machine that is both a food mixer and, with a quick change, a thoroughly efficient fruit juice extractor.

Now you can save arm-tiring, time-consuming work, and actually mix foods far better than you can by hand. The Magic Maid, with its multi-speed electric motor, two beaters, and 4-quart revolving bowl, mixes batter for cakes, fillings for pies and pastries. Beats or whips eggs, mayonnaise, icings, cream. Mashes potatoes, creams cereals. And, in addition, extracts juice from oranges, grapefruit, lemons and other fruit.

This new STAR-Rite Magic Maid — food mixer and juice extractor complete — retails for $19.50 in leading stores. In case your dealer can't supply, use the coupon.

★ *STAR-Rite* ★

**MAGIC MAID**

The Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 12H, Torrington, Conn.
Gentlemen: My dealer cannot supply the Magic Maid. I enclose $19 50 (in Canada, $22.50) cash, check or money order. Kindly send me the Magic Maid complete prepaid. If, after 10 days' trial, I am not entirely satisfied, you are to refund my money in full.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

BELL'S SEASONING

Delicious Stuffing *for* Roast Turkey and other roasts

10c **BELL'S SEASONING**

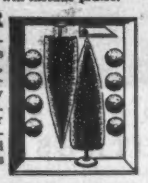
Write for free booklet containing many new recipes. Address Wm. G. Bell Co., Dept. B-2, 189 State Street, Boston, Mass.

**NORTH RIDGE PINES**

are unusual decorations for Card Tables, Favors, Party Prizes. Realistic, durable, inexpensive. Miniature, graceful pines, lifelike in color, win instant praise.

**SPECIAL OFFER**

2 large pines 12 inches high, 8 favor pines with place cards, complete set on special introductory offer for only $1.00. Ask your dealer or send direct to factory. Postpaid. Send name and address with $1.00.



**NORTH RIDGE PINES, FREEPORT, ILLINOIS**

MAKING IT EASY TO CARE FOR Silverware

**EASY TO KEEP YOUR SILVER FROM TARNISHING**

FREE BOOKLET TELLS HOW

Associated Silver Company
4450-56 RAVENSWOOD AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Please Send Free Booklet

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ L-1


# White Magic

*(Continued from Page 23)*

She did not seem to hear him, but dug busily—deeper—around the rose bush.

"And if the Tuan and the Mem make the Magic to the White Buddha on the day that is coming ——"

The Mem was used to his blunt questions; usually she answered them with laughter. But there was impatience in her tone as she shook her head. "There is no time, Maku! And no need!"

*No need?* He looked at her with wide-open eyes of amazement. *No need!*

"Ay, but it is the Evil Unseen One who speaks so!" he cried. "The Mem must not listen!"

She looked up, astonished. "What are you talking about!"

"But if the Mem will make the Magic to the Tuan Jesus, then the Unseen One will be driven out, who stands between her and the Tuan ——"

"That will do, Maku! You are speaking of what does not concern you at all!"

"And the spirit of the Tuan Jesus will come, and there will be peace—and love ——"

She stood up and threw down her trowel. "Be silent! If you speak of such things again I will send you away!"

She swept past him to the house. And he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

IT WAS the hour of midday rest. The village slept. Only Maku sat on his heels under the shade of a hut and looked out at the blinding glare with eyes that saw nothing because of the despair that was in him. He had come to the village to find the *Guru*, and the *Guru* had gone!

Tomorrow the Mem would be gone! And the Tuan would be alone! Ai, no, it must not be!

But one small hope had remained to Maku. Had not the *Guru* said that the kind Tuan Jesus listened to the prayers of all with an equal ear? That rajah and coolie were alike before him? Then he would himself make the Magic, and outwit the Evil One, and there would be peace.

But he had not listened overclosely to the tale—and to make magic, all things must be done rightly and in order.

"O Tuan Jesus!" he cried in despair. "O White Buddha, who hears the prayers of rajah and coolie with an equal ear, help me to remember! It is I, Maku, Number One Boy of the Tuans, who ask. Evil has come upon them—an evil which must not be. Help me to remember the way of thy magic that it may be driven out. My heart is clean—it is good that I ask."

And he told of the happiness that had been between the Tuan and the Mem, how they had played, and about their laughter.

"Once they were as close as the nail and the quick, O Tuan Jesus! She must not go away! It must not be! I have eaten their rice and their trouble is my trouble. . . . Help me to remember. . . . O Tuan Jesus!"

After a time he fell silent, eyes closed and hands folded between his knees. His thought dug deep into his memory . . . and step by step it seemed that a path opened before him to the tale.

AY, THERE had been a journey! And night came, when they could go no farther—the Mother of the Tuan Jesus, and Joseph—and they had turned their sampan in to a village landing.

For to Maku, who had never been farther than two hills beyond the valley, all journeys were made in a sampan.

But the village was crowded already with strangers—a festival probably—so that there was no place beside the fire to lay their heads. And they made them a bed in the stable, where the beasts were kept. . . . Ay, he remembered that.

And the Babe, the Tuan Jesus, was born there—among the kindly beasts. . . .

Maku saw it all clearly. The silence and the darkness—for those in the house above were asleep. The river flowing past. And the Mother of the Tuan Jesus wrapping Him in her blue sarong and holding Him close when He of the Hairy Face lifted his voice in the jungle. Maku shivered; he, too, had heard it—the hunting call of the tiger at night.

His memory probed deeper. There had been a star, and there were Three Wise Kings who had learned the meaning of the star, and had come to the Great Prophet with gifts. Swiftly the paddles of their rowers must have flashed as they hastened, following the star. Their sampans, green and red, rested at the river landing while they came bearing their presents of rice, and betel, and golden fruit—of gems—and silks of many colors. . . . Or perhaps they had come through the jungle—on elephants gorgeous with gold trappings.

With a feeling almost of assurance Maku rose after a time and set off for the wood carver at the far edge of the village, by the river. A little later he sat on his heels in the dim quiet of the hut scented with the tang of many woods, and looked at an assemblage of small figures on the floor before him. All were there but the Child—and that must yet be carved. There had been no child figure in the hut.

"The price cannot be less," said the old carver with finality, for they had bargained closely, and the talk had been long.

A moment more Maku sat in silence. Then he slowly drew forth the money bag from his waist sash and began to count out the coins—slowly, one by one, till the weight of them grew heavy on his heart.

HE HAD not dwelt before upon the cost of the Magic—or what it would mean to him. He had thought only of the Tuans.

He lifted the pile of coins and balanced it against what remained in the bag—and found the bag was the lighter. And it was the price money of Alang, his bride!

Not for many moons could he hope to gather such a weight of coin again. Many a can of milk or piece of fat, many a bottle of kerosene expertly filched from under the watchful eye of Ah Quong, the Chinese cook, had gone to swell this store. Many a lump of sugar, slipped from the saucer as he cleared the table. Ay, not for many moons could he gather it again. And Megat had promised her father the price of Alang when the rice crop was gathered. Ya, ai, the very thought of her belonging to another made his liver crumble in pieces! But if it tore at his heart to part with his dream of Alang—how much more grief did the Tuans feel when they must part with each other!

Suddenly he thrust out the handful of coins to the carver. "So be it!" he said. "The price is fair. And the figure of the Child will be finished before the cicada grows noisy this evening?"

"I have given my word."

Night came swiftly. Maku was glad the Mem had said they would dine out that evening at a neighboring plantation and would not be home until late; and that the other servants had taken the evening off. There was still much to be done, and magic must be made alone.

Already had he swept all the paths about the house, that the way might be smooth and open for the Tuan Jesus to come from any of the ten directions. Already had the tree been chosen and cut and set in a great earthen pot to stand upright in the big living room, the Tree of Many Lights.

But the figures must still be arranged. Many times he set them *so*—and many times he changed them. For if they were not rightly placed, perhaps the Magic would not work.

There were the Wise Ones—three small brown figures which a twist of bright silk for sarong and turban had turned into Three Wise Kings. And Joseph, with a beard for greater dignity. A buffalo with polished horns—dressed in a sort of blanket of gay calico, as one dressed it, by custom, to present to a rajah, for was not this the Rajah of Rajahs? There were goats and hens. And behind the kings came a single elephant to bear their gifts—which was all that the carver had.

WHEN Maku looked at the Mother of the Tuan Jesus, a gleam of pride came to his eyes. There had not been a woman thing shaped in the carver's hut, save only a gilded figure of the Goddess of Mercy. She of the Three Hands. Maku had hesitated—until he remembered that the *Guru* had said the Mother of the Tuan Jesus was herself called the Mother of Mercy. Ay, then it would be fitting; it was right. And he had taken the figure.

For the bed of the Child he gathered tender, new leaves, soft as the down of a young chick, and sweet-smelling grasses. He handled the carven figure with gentle reverence as if it had been the very Babe itself—wondering at the smooth, creamy whiteness of it, and at the rounded limbs, which seemed to have come dimpled and living from the fingers of the old carver.

Maku had given much thought to the gifts which the Wise Ones brought. Rich they could not be, but they must be worthy; that the small Tuan Jesus would find honor and not offense in the offering.

Three kinds of rice there were: parched rice, and washed rice, and saffron rice, which is the gift of honor. Golden, fragrant fruit. A string of tiny cowrie shells for the fingers of the little Tuan Jesus to play with. And betel leaf with the nut of the areca palm, without which no gift is complete in the East.

Maku surveyed his work. He was not satisfied. All this was well enough for a brown child; but there should be some gift which should belong without shadow of doubt to the child of the white men. Otherwise, perhaps, the Tuan Jesus would not understand—and would pass by.

He left the room for a moment, and came back with a stained rubber ball—the ball which the Tuan and the Mem had so often played with when they first came. He set it proudly on the back of the elephant. It was cracked, and the broken edges gaped apart in one spot. But it was a fitting toy for the Child! Had not the Tuan once told him that this was the first toy of a white man child?

SO THE Magic was finished. Was it done rightly? Would the Tuan Jesus come? Maku looked at the small white figure of the Child in its bed of grasses. It seemed to smile at him with promise. He knelt and for a long time he prayed. A gust of wind flung the thrum of the drums loudly through the open windows.

"I have eaten their rice, O Tuan Jesus! Let them be again close with one another—even as the nail and the quick!"

He was still kneeling when he heard the distant sound of the Tuan's motor horn. He sprang up and hurried to the door to welcome them.

They came up the steps together, and for a moment Maku's heart leaped, for the Tuan held her arm just as he used to do, before. . . . But no. When they

*(Continued on Page 135)*

*Patent back, tapestry toe for men*

*The crepe pajama boot is so feminine*

*Formal comfort in leather for him*

*Women are proud to wear the Bridge*

*For men who don't like trimming*

*Brilliant kid D'Orsay—satin lined*

*Men always feel at home in felt*

*Crepe Monte Carlo crossed in gold*

"WHY . . . tell us exactly why more Daniel Green slippers get on or under Christmas trees than practically any other present," we asked Mr. Claus, famous authority on tactful giving.

"That's easy, my dear," said he. "Daniel Greens are grand to receive, correct to give, and ridiculously easy to buy."

Some sense to giving Daniel Greens! Everybody, six or sixty, always needs them, always wants them. And Daniel Green, being a regular crank on quality, makes a gift slipper that lasts.

All this fuss about what to give . . . him or her or anybody . . . keeps Christmas jokes going. But it's silly! Give everybody Daniel Greens.

You'll find a wide, smart choice in all good shops for girls and boys and men and women . . . even for babies. Priced from $2.50 to $10 a pair.

*If you don't see our name on the sole, they are not Daniel Green slippers.*

*Give her this very mule in satin*

*Dear old comforting Comfy in felt*

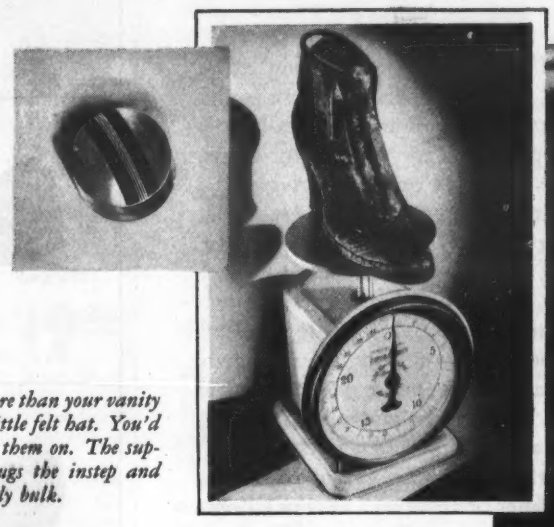
*A Comfy sole for this kid D'Orsay*

*For boys and girls—rose felt or green leather with a sheep collar*

© The Daniel Green Company, Dolgeville, New York

# DANIEL GREEN *Leisure Footwear*

# *So light*..you don't know you have them on



*They weigh little more than your vanity case...or your newest little felt hat. You'd hardly know you had them on. The supple, silk-like rubber hugs the instep and ankle with no unsightly bulk.*

Great splotchy puddles are gay nothings to the bright young things who flit about their business in these smart new Goodrich Shower Boots of silk-like rubber . .

TIME was when a woman canceled her engagements — if she could — on stormy days...or slushed miserably to them in heavy, ugly overshoes that utterly spoiled her charm.

That was before the world went young . . . and *wise.*

Today all the smart young things snap their fingers at the weather. Flit when and where they please. And look ever so enticing.

For they match their winter ensembles with dainty, moiré rubber Goodrich Shower Boots that fit trimly on the instep and slimly on the ankle . . . and weigh almost nothing at all. The smart shops have them in all the proper colors, and in modish fabrics, too. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.

*The young person in chic Goodrich Shower Boots goes nonchalantly to office or class room or tea, fully aware that her legs are beautifully unspattered.*

*Now it's hidden under a smooth binding of rubber—the Zipper fastener—which never gets out of order. The new opening closes in a smooth, smart, unbroken line over the arch.*

*You will be delighted with this slim new tan oxford that snaps so neatly around your ankle. Other models with hidden Zipper closing are accented by a smart new fastener of hammered metal.*

*The easy winners at the house party are the peppy young things who are equally ready for a dance or a keen "cross country." Light footed, warm and graceful in their tweeds and harmonizing Goodrich Shower Boots, they defy the Storm King, yet tap a dry and nicely polished toe later when tea-dance music lilts over the radio.*

*They prance out gaily on a bad night protected in Shower Boots as light as their fragile slippers. No clump-clumping as in the old time arctic. Goodrich Shower Boots fit the foot too slimly. And their smooth, pastel linings protect hose and slippers quite completely.*

# Goodrich *Zippers* ...another B. F. Goodrich Product

## SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

(Continued from Page 132)

reached the veranda his hand dropped and she turned away.

"I have a headache," she said in a tired voice. "I think I will go to bed."

The Tuan did not answer. She paused in the doorway and looked back at him; almost it seemed as though her lips would speak. But with a sudden turn of her head she went on. The Tuan turned quickly then, and lifted his hand as if he would stretch it out to stop her. But she was going swiftly toward her room. So he only let his arm fall heavily. After a moment he sat down on the veranda.

"You may go, Maku," he said. "I—we won't need you any more tonight."

Halfway down the hall Maku paused to take a last look at his work.

He drew a deep breath, closed the door and went softly on down the hall. It never occurred to him to call his Tuans to see. The Magic was done. One must just leave it—and wait. Hope trembled in his heart. Would there be a sign on the tree in the morning, that he might know?

The Tuan sat for a long time, smoking. At last, as he turned toward his room, he noticed a yellow gleam under the living-room door. Maku had forgotten to turn out the lights, he thought in annoyance. He opened the door ——

For a moment he stared. Then he turned and almost ran to the Mem's room, and flung open the door without knocking. "Diana, when did you do it? How ——"

She straightened hastily from the picture on the bureau—his picture—and dashed her hand at her eyes, but she could not hide her tears. "What do you mean?"

"The tree!"

"Tree?"

"Oh!" His voice dropped blankly; the light went out of his face. "Oh! I—I thought that you —— I'm sorry I startled you."

"But I don't understand. What tree? Show me!"

He took her to the threshold.

She stood silent a moment. "Maku!" she exclaimed softly. "It must be Maku!"

THERE was something about the tree that drew them. They went slowly toward it. And as they stood beside it—the blossoming Christmas tree hung with Chinese lanterns—its glow lit their eyes, touched their cheeks, and curved their lips to a tender smile.

Suddenly she caught his arms. "Look! The Nativity! *Oh, Philip!*" She went down on her knees, pulling him with her.

From one figure to another she went, between tears and laughter. "The Three Wise Men—bringing their gifts! Rice and fruit—for the Child to eat! A necklace—for the Child to wear! And look—a ball . . . *our ball,* Philip"—her voice faltered—"for the Child to—play—with ——"

They reached for it at the same moment; their fingers touched. She met his eyes—and hers were misted with tears.

His hand closed over hers—over ball and all. "Diana!" Into his voice had crept a warm, husky softness. "Merry Christmas, Diana!"

She leaned toward him, gropingly—and her head went down on his shoulder.

It was hardly dawn when Maku came into the bungalow next morning. The big living room was dark.

TREMBLINGLY, his heart pounding, Maku searched the tree with his eyes. Nothing! He walked around it. Nothing! Empty as he left it the night before. Only the dead lanterns.

A hard lump gathered in his throat that choked his breathing. He had hoped . . . aye, he had hoped! The *Guru* had said that the Tuan Jesus was kind ——

Suddenly his eyes riveted on something under the tree with a shock of surprise. His sandal! But how —— He stooped to it—but his hand checked halfway and he stiffened, listening.

From the other end of the house came a deep, strident barytone:

*"I love a lassie—a bonnie, bonnie lassie!*
*She's as sweet as the heather in the dell ——"*

The Tuan's voice! It was the only song he knew. He always used to sing it in his bath; but not for many days ——

The sign! In a dazzling flash Maku knew. The Tuan was happy!

Breathless with awe he looked toward the tree—at the Child lying in his bed of grass. The light touched the small carven face with its smile of promise. Reverently Maku knelt down and touched his forehead to the floor. Truly was it spoken that the Tuan Jesus was kind!

He rose and picked up his sandal; something fell out onto his bare foot. He gathered up the three small squares of paper, looked at them unbelievingly, went nearer the light and looked again. Banknotes! Money! More, far more than he had counted out to the carver, more than he had ever dreamed of holding in his hands.

For a long moment he stood there and looked at it—silent. Then a grin surged over his face, and he chuckled in his throat. But truly, he felt a little sorry for Megat. For would he not smudge soot upon his face? Ay, and that today!

## It's So Hard to Make Them Happy

(Continued from Page 18)

kitchen. It needed a lot of steps, that journey, and every one of them was a separate, puzzling problem. Selena, stooping at the oven door, seemed to understand about those steps.

"My goo'ness! You walk out yere all by you'se'f, Grampaw? You gittin' mighty limbuh nem ole feets." She stood up, grinning, while Grampa shuffled across to the chair beside the table. She didn't help him. She even let him manage the difficult task of sitting down, all by himself.

"My goo'ness, Grampaw, you gittin' spry."

He fixed his eyes upon her, baby's eyes, wide, unwavering, empty. Only the white brows gave expression to that look. They were still lifted, inquiring, seeking.

"You wants suffin, don't you, honey? You don' know what it is, but you wants it mighty bad."

She laughed suddenly, a delighted, throaty chuckle.

"I dess bet I knows!"

She crossed quickly to the table, opened the drawer. Grampa sat up straight. He reached out hands that had suddenly stopped trembling. Selena laughed again.

"Look, Grampaw—see c'n you sha'pen up iss big tuhkey-cyarvin' knife dess like you done it las' Ch'ismuss."

She stood back, watching the sure, joyful movement of the round steel against the blade.

"White folks!" The undertone was rich with scornful pity. "Don' know nuffin! Don' even know 't oldeh you gits the mo' you likes to feel you some *use!*"

"Didn't I tell you, Milly?" Ben was standing up to carve. "Just look at him, will you? Mean to tell me he's not having more fun than any of us?"

Milly sighed contentedly. She leaned down to scream lovingly into Grampa's ear.

"Having a happy Christmas, darling?"

"Fine!" said Grampa. His voice was heartier than ever and his eyes, as they watched the shining blade in Ben's hand, were alive and bright. "Fine! Much obliged. Just what I wanted!"

FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

For shoes delightfully smart in appearance, women who care choose FLORSHEIM SHOES—and from the first wearing they know the comfort of the gracefully concealed Feeture Arch.

The Drury Lane . . . Style L-3

$10.50 and $12.50

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY Manufacturers CHICAGO

HORSMAN DOLLS

On Sale Wherever Fine Dolls Are Sold

Watch your child's eyes sparkle and her tiny arms reach instinctively for Horsman Dolls. Three of these snuggly, adorable playmates are pictured. Scores of other Horsman Dolls for every childhood desire.

If your store doesn't carry Horsman Dolls write us for name of dealer

E. I. HORSMAN CO., Inc.
200 Fifth Avenue. - New York

# Very V-e-r-y New . . . . and

## Very Smart for Christmas

So new . . . they've never even been seen before. Appliques of contrasting hues, exquisite bits of embroidery . . . all those charming little details that thrill the feminine heart, are found in these new Munsingwear Under-Fashions and Lounging-Fashions of soft caressing Munsingwear Rayon. She'll adore them . . . the lucky lady who finds them early Christmas morning. She'll adore your perfect taste, too . . . in choosing such a perfect present!

MUNSING Wear
MINNEAPOLIS

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without a gift of Hosiery! Munsingwear Hosiery answers every gift problem, so very fashionably . . . with its miraculous sheerness and its silken mist of the newest shades.

drowsiness. He rolled into the Brant-Kehoe ranch so wide awake that he considered getting his gun and filling up with gas in the village and going on a man hunt for the five pursuers.

"Grand stand, stout fella," he grinned at himself. "If they head back to town they'll barge right into the birds from the station. You'd be a lot of help, wouldn't you, starting only a couple of hours late? Call it a day, young fella, me lad."

Bait, asleep on his doorstep as always, roused rapturously to greet him, and settled down resignedly again at being refused admission to the bunk house. Darrow had a shower and pulled on his thinnest pajamas and cast himself on the bed, but sleep was now as far away as it had been close in the Gales' kitchen. Very well, then; he would just lie there and figure on what he would send the nice big girl as a small souvenir of the evening.

SAYING it with ten dollars' worth of flowers would be his habitual gesture, but flowers were sort of out of the picture here. They'd be dead before they got there from Fresno, anyhow. What could he send her? Books—when the papa was a librarian, and the old ranch house was fairly sagging with 'em besides.

The perfect present would be an order for twenty-five to fifty dollars' worth of beautifying at the Californian Beauty Shoppe. Funny, what he'd been thinking and then what she said. But it wasn't funny that she'd never had a manicure; not so much the thing itself—millions of ladies lived and died without 'em, doubtless, and lived happy and useful lives—but the symbol of it, the idea that a peach of a kid like that had to go without something that cost fifty cents—seventy-five, maybe—because her standard of honor was such that she wouldn't spend a bean on anything but the barest necessities until she'd paid back every sou that the ranchers had loaned to her. And if they didn't lick Gusberger, and she didn't get the job, when could she dig her way out of the house of bondage? She couldn't leave her family, to teach any ——

Young Mr. Darrow Brant sat up suddenly, clasping his ankles with his hands, resting his chin on his knees, staring at the graying east.

That was the perfect present, by gad!

He would hunt up Jim Corey, right after breakfast, and get a list of the yes men to whom the old jelly bean had loaned money, and make Corey take him round to see them. Then, when election time arrived, old Gyp the Malted Milk would find that the "queek young-a man" had "horried" to some purpose.

Yeah; that was the thing to do for June Gale, the earnest young school-teacher who couldn't drive fast—clear the way so she could get the Deerfoot school and teach it long enough to pay off all her debts and marry Jim Corey; settle down—plunk—into the pattern.

## *XXI.*

JIM COREY was civil about it, deeply appreciative, but clearly incredulous. It was plain to be seen that he couldn't conceive of an outsider—and Darrow Brant was an outsider in spite of his holdings—with only a detached interest in local affairs, having enough money to do such a thing—or the desire.

"But, look—wouldn't that lick him?" the northerner urged.

"Why, yes; I suppose it would. I know it would, of course, if you could get all the men who owe him money to go in on it, but ——"

"Well, for crying out loud, wouldn't they all jump at the chance?"

The young rancher shook his head. "You never can tell. Ought to, of course, and probably most of 'em would; but some would be suspicious. They'd think they were only getting into a worse jam. They—well, they just couldn't figure what you'd be getting out of it."

# *Water*

*(Continued from Page 16)*

"I'll bet a cooky," said Darrow speculatively, "that June Gale could take me round and sign up every last one of 'em."

"Oh, I'll take you round to meet the men," Jim Corey said hastily. "Glad to do it, only I'm just warning you that it may not be such smooth sailing as you seem to think."

They were both right and both wrong. The ranchers, in the main, once the amazing proposition had been made clear to them, were warmly, almost incredulously grateful and appreciative. Out of nine men who owed money to Gusberger, four accepted promptly and thankfully, two refused outright, plainly suspicious of a confidence game of some sort, and three thought they must have time to think it over.

Darrow was a little dashed by the two rebuffs, Jim Corey surprised at the easy acceptances of the four, so they finished the day's work with a reversal of the moods in which they had set forth.

June Gale, the only other person taken into their confidence, was gratifyingly thrilled.

"BUT—it's the most generous, the most sporting and splendid thing I ever heard of!" she cried, her color high, her eyes shining. "Of course, it's a dreadful risk, and we shouldn't let you do it, but we will, because we're both selfish anddesperate. And some day—you'll have to wait a long time—but some day every penny will be paid back to you."

"I'm not worrying," said Darrow.

She was regarding him wonderingly, searchingly, out of her steady steel-blue eyes, and she turned her gaze to Jim Corey, asking him to share her wonder. "Why do you do this thing?"

He gave her back the same unfaltering look. "Paying a debt of my own; that's all."

"What debt?"

"My debt to you—for what you did last night."

There was a long instant of silence, and each of the three faces was swiftly, hotly flushed. The moment was suddenly inexplicably filled with confusion; the air seemed to pulse and vibrate with it.

June found her voice first. "But—that's absurd! All I did was to ——"

"—— to save my car and incidentally me," Darrow cut in, painstakingly flippant. "Neither of great value, except to myself, but—so I stayed awake until the pearly day, trying to decide between orchids and chocolates, and had an inspiration in a life rather barren of such. I'm saying it with votes, that's all. Coming, Corey?" He made his characteristic headlong dive into the car.

The days were growing inexorably warmer. Darrow didn't mind in the least. He drank gallons of excellent well water and stayed largely out-of-doors—where there was always a breeze, hot, dry, but singularly bracing, which defied the thermometer to do any damage—took three showers a day and ran up a laundry bill which filled Jed Kehoe with horror.

But Elaine Mallory, when he walked over the fields, Bait heeling him worshipfully, to ask her and her husband to register so they could vote in the school election, was of another mind. "Perhaps it doesn't hurt bodies—but what does it do to souls?"

"Well, now you've got me, that being a little out of my line, but I should guess it might give 'em a good sweat and rubdown."

He made for the door, chatting, to cover his retreat. Suddenly he dived after a cat who was disappearing into the alfalfa. He was back in an instant, a baby barn swallow cupped in his hands. "Funny thing, the way you'll shoot ducks all day, and then get all steamed up when the old puss slinks out to stock the larder."

ELAINE came part way out of her sullen preoccupation. "Is it hurt?"

"Not a nick on it. She was evidently taking it home for the children to practice on." He stepped back in the house, the woman following, and opened his hands a little. "Well, and what the deuce will I do with him now? He's too young to fly. That cat will be sleuthing him. Shall I stick him up in a tree and let him page his mother?"

Elaine Mallory took him into her thin and sallow hands. "I'll keep him," she said somberly.

Darrow looked back and saw her brooding the baby bird against her cheek.

The ancient mariner drooped, too, in the vehemence of summer heat, and begged childishly to be taken again to see his beloved Big Water at the Don Pedro Dam, and June had promised him her first free day.

Jim Corey was cool again. Well, Darrow told himself reasonably, was it any wonder? Put himself in the poor bird's place; now, if Ty ——

## *Who For?*

By LYSBETH BOYD BORIE

I HAVE a special train,
With a gate and a signal
And a wide sort of track
That doesn't even
wiggle.

It has a special engine
And dumper cars that
dump
And gates that really make
a dong
And pumps that really
pump.

Now just when I'm the
brakeman,
Daddy always comes
and shows:
"Here, that's not how the
thing works;
See, this is how she
goes!"

It was very nice of Santa
To bring that lovely
train,
But just the same I don't
believe
I'll ask for one again.

'Cause he forgot to tell us
And we never looked to
see ——
Who was that train for,
Santa Claus,
For Daddy or for me?

Ty was probably perfectly poisonous with him still for his failure to chuck the auction and dash up to dinner that night, although he had explained expansively and abjectly. But he must really run up there and square it with her. Not a thing in the world to keep him now except the election, and that would be over in a few days. Things were shaping up nicely. The two men who had refused his offer still remained obdurate, but two of the doubtful three had fallen into line, and that practically gave them the victory.

"Unless," Jim Corey said—rather inclined in those days to the darker side—"unless he brings in some of his cousins and fakes 'em for residents and gets extra votes that way."

"And that's just what he's going to do," Anthony Manning contributed glumly. "There's a woman visiting at his house, and a couple living in that little shack down by the ditch."

"Is that right?" Darrow Brant asked thoughtfully, and later in the day he carefully tucked the ancient mariner in the car and set forth for Fresno.

THE day on which the Deerfoot School District was to vote for three trustees set out to be the hottest of the season.

"Bad," Jim Corey shook his head. "There's some folks that won't stir out of the house in weather like this."

"Shame on them! Ought to be reported to the Fresno County Chamber of Commerce!" Darrow considered. "And the nitwits ought to know how much cooler it is out in the breeze. Well, free busses to the polls from sunrise to sundown, free ice water and orange juice in opposition to Gusberger's all-day suckers!"

He began to check over his list. He looked warm and happy and confident in his écru linen trousers and a blue shirt and a blue handkerchief in the pocket.

He rolled up to the schoolhouse with his first voter, Gramper Davis, a little after eight. Gusberger was there, his jolly old jelly bean, shaking with mirth at sight of him.

"'Allo, 'allo! My queek young-a man!"

Clyde Mallory came clanking up in his comedy car. "Mr. Brant, I'm awfully sorry, but Elaine says you'll have to get along without her vote today; she has one of her sick headaches and ——"

"But we can't get along without it!" Darrow protested. "I'll bring her if I have to get an ambulance. We simply have to have every —— What is it, Jed?"

His partner wore an expression of acute remorse. "Gee, but I'm sorry, Mr. Brant! It was sure careless of me, careless and dumb!" He was pulling out of his pocket a crumpled yellow envelope.

"O.K.," said Darrow absently. "Probably not important. But where's Buddie? And the rest of the boys?"

"Well, I figured they might as well not nick into the morning's work. They can vote in the noon hour, or maybe lay off half an hour early—oh, don't you fret! I'll get 'em here in plenty time!"

"You'd better!" Darrow turned aside and tore open the sulphur-colored envelope. It was dated on the morning of Monday, the day before, and came from Burlingame, and read:

DARRIE DARLING IRON DUKE AND MADAME PRESIDENT DRAGGING ME BY THE HAIR TO HONOLULU FOR PURE AND PLACID SOJOURN ON POI AND UKULELES STOP CANT YOU COME STOP SAILING MALOLO TUESDAY NOON STOP ANYHOW YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE ME OFF OR EVERYTHING ELSE WILL BE
TY

## *XXII.*

HE SAT up for more than half the night in his bunk house, looking very big and young and earnest and endearing, writing a letter to Ty de Laine while the Nile-green bugs and the pale

*(Continued on Page 141)*

© 1930, THE C. P. CO.

**Norman Rockwell has expressed the warmth and glow of Christmas in this exquisite card. (Although this reproduction but suggests the beauty of the full-color original.) It will be sent *in your name* to each of the friends whom you remember with a gift subscription to the *Ladies' Home Journal.***

At the direction of

We have entered your name upon our list for a year's subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal

We trust that the copies we shall have the pleasure of sending will prove welcome reminders of the one who sends this gift

The Curtis Publishing Company · Philadelphia

# *Try This* EASY WAY *to do Your* CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

WANT a short cut through the shopping rush? A way out of crowded stores . . . traffic tie-ups . . . endless waiting at the postoffice?

Here's the easiest, pleasantest way to do your Christmas shopping—

In the quiet of your own home, you can now relax leisurely in your comfortable chair—and order the one gift that is certain to bring keenest joy to almost every friend on your list.

Such a gift is a subscription to the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

How quickly you can check them off your list—your friends who love to entertain . . . to be first in fashion, as well as those with homekeeping hearts, with gay young ideas. For the *Journal* will delight them all—and bring a monthly reminder of you.

Your gift will be strikingly announced by the Christmasy Norman Rockwell card above, sent to arrive in the holiday mail.

When you've listed the names and addresses of the friends you wish to remember—a convenient order blank will be found in subscription copies of this issue—simply hand your order to one of our authorized representatives or mail it direct to us.

*1 year,* $1; *2 years,* $1.50; *3 years,* $2
U. S. and Canada

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

974 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## *Two Other Gifts to Shorten Shopping*

*For Country Folks*
**The Country Gentleman**
3 years for $1

*For Men*
**The Saturday Evening Post**
52 issues, $2
2 years, $3.50; 3 years, $5

*Prices to other countries upon request.*

# GIFTS for YOU or YOURS

HERE'S an unusual opportunity for you to obtain one or more sets of beautifully boxed books to keep and enjoy or to give as Christmas gifts. Every volume pictured here is handsomely printed and bound, wrapped in a gay jacket. Every set is carefully selected, and comes in a cheery holiday box.

You'll be proud to own—and glad to give—such outstanding volumes as "The Spirit of the Border," for example, and "Wild Horse Mesa," two of the finest stories of the Old West that Zane Grey has ever written.

This magnificent set, as well as the other outstanding selections described below, may easily be yours without cost. Make your choice now. Then order—promptly—to make sure the books reach you in time for Christmas.

## How to Claim Your Copies

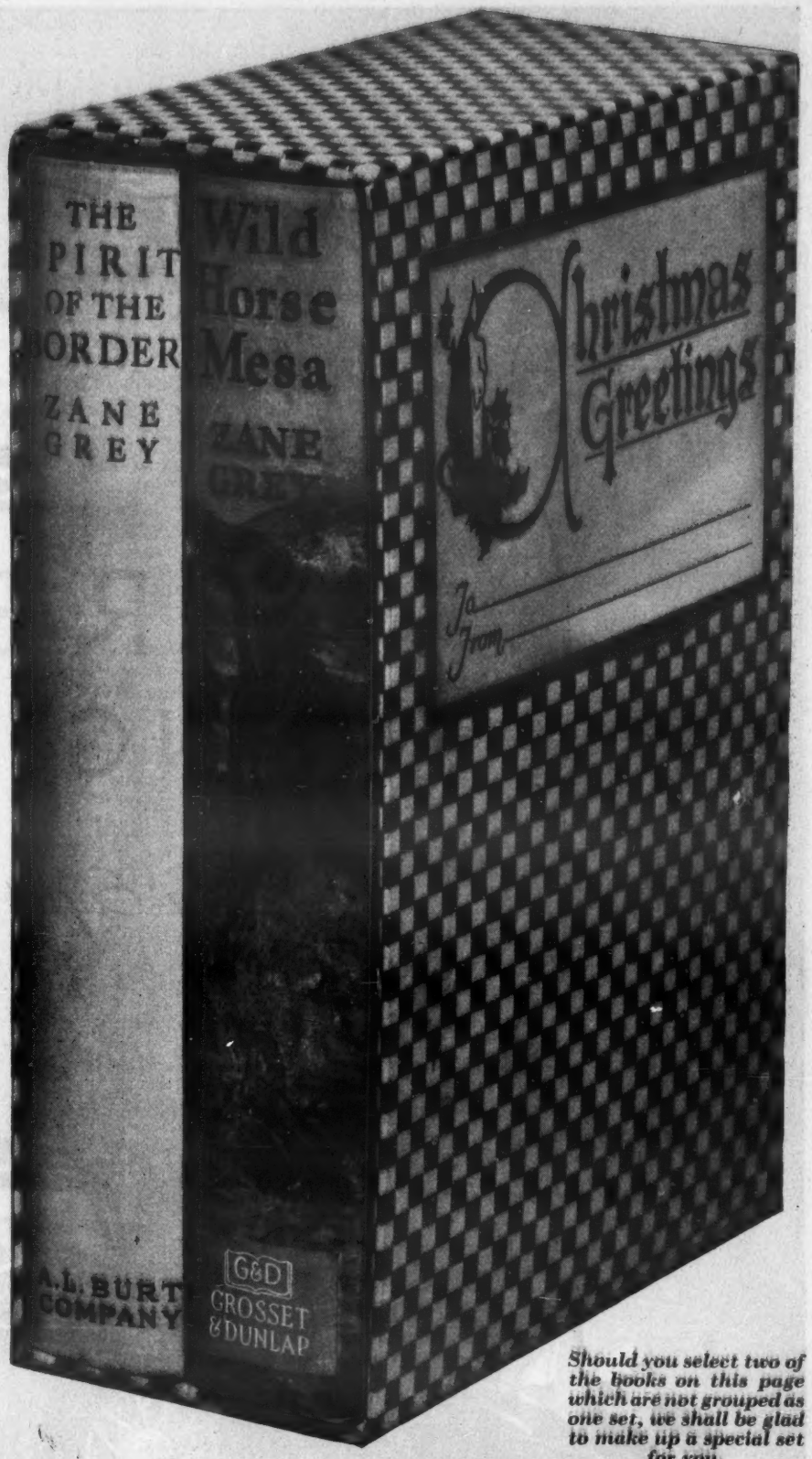
ALONG with your own *Journal* subscription send us just one subscription for the *Ladies' Home Journal* for someone outside your family who does not live at your home. We will at once send any one of these books, postage prepaid, to any address* other than that of one of your subscribers. (Single books not boxed.) Send us two such subscriptions for the *Journal* (with or without your own) and we will send any two of these books.

For any three books, send three subscriptions for people outside your family who do not live at your home; or send just five subscriptions for any six books. Only orders including two or more subscriptions will be accepted; do not send one subscription for one book.

Each individual *Journal* subscription counts the same, whether for 1, 2 or 3 years. For any address in the United States or Canada, send $1 for each 1-year subscription; $1.50 for 2 years; $2 for 3 years. (For prices in foreign countries, see the title page.)

The request for the books must be accompanied by the subscriptions required and the full amount necessary; subscriptions sent previously do not count. You need not be a subscriber to qualify, but your own subscription cannot be counted except as noted in the first paragraph at the left.

*On account of imposts, no orders can be accepted for books to be shipped to foreign countries. And for each book ordered for Canada, add 10c to cover duty.




*Should you select two of the books on this page which are not grouped as one set, we shall be glad to make up a special set for you.*

LADIES' HOME
# JOURNAL
**972 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

Quaint Cape Cod folks, ex-sea captains and mysteries as eerie as you hope to read are in these new books by Joseph C. Lincoln.

These true stories of Colonel Lindbergh and of Rear Admiral Byrd are the outstanding pioneer epics of this generation.

Percival C. Wren writes the last of his famous Foreign Legion trilogy. A. E. W. Mason offers a tale of matchless courage.

One of the best-liked detective characters in modern fiction is Charlie Chan. Meet him in these two breathless novels.

Here is the new Centennial Edition of The Covered Wagon; and The Virginian, said to be the finest Western story of all time.

No book of the war has been so much talked about as "All Quiet." And none so vividly reveals the aviator as "Wings."

Here is Grace S. Richmond's new book. And "the girl everybody loved" as only Booth Tarkington can picture her.

# REO
# FLYING CLOUDS

*An Eight and a Six*

*Flying Cloud Eight—*
*The 5-Passenger Sedan*

STYLE, speed and responsiveness explain why women of taste and individuality like to drive—and are proud to own—these brilliant new Flying Clouds by Reo.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 137)

pink bugs and the tiny bronze bugs with the emerald spots buzzed tirelessly about the electric-light bulb, and large and irate insects who by reason of their size had not been able to crash the gate made angry and venomous lament outside the screens. He wrote:

*Ty, dearest:* It's too unbelievably awful that I had to throw you down again, or rather, to seem to throw you down again, because of course you must have understood when you got my telegram. I hope the flowers and the basket of candy and fruit and what have you got there in time.

I'm simply sick over the whole affair, but as I told you by wire, I was up to my neck in this school election, and as I was sort of running the show myself I couldn't quit and throw them down. I had to stick. You can understand perfectly that anybody but a heel would.

And, except for being slain because I couldn't see you sail, I honestly got a great kick out of it. I haven't been so steamed up since the last Big Game.

I've written you a lot about the old pink kewpie Swiss who runs the whole district, keeping the school situation under his fat thumb, not even letting them fly the flag, gypping the ranchers out of their right share of water for irrigating, and keeping a pack of killers—greyhounds and wolfhounds—that slink over the landscape by night and bump off every dog for miles around. I'm all set for them to jump the pooch I got at the pound, but the old buzzard seems to have tipped them off.

But to go back to the election. I'll try to make you see. . . .

PAGE after page in his oddly clear and precise script, painting in the backdrop of the great valley, amber and cream beneath the scorching August sun; the Deerfoot school; the people; Jed Kehoe, wringing the last minute of work out of his men before rushing them to the polls; the ranchers who looked Gusberger in the eye and told him they were going to vote as they pleased, and why; the two who stood solidly by him and were edgy and truculent to Darrow and Jim Corey; Elaine Mallory doing her bitter best to swoon in the machine on the way from the Wiggins place; old Gramper Davis earnestly endeavoring to vote three times "to help Junie out 'cause she's a good girl, Junie is, and she's a-going to take me again to see Big Water," and the villain of the piece himself, round and rosy and giggling, handing out his all-day suckers to the kids, the suckers beginning to soften stickily before noon.

Well, Jim Corey was worried right along, because he figured the old cream puff had never been licked yet and he wouldn't be showing his dimples so gleefully unless he had something up his sleeve besides his undershirt, but I didn't begin to get goose flesh until along about five o'clock.

We were keeping close count and balancing votes, and Jim had to admit, King of the Glooms though he is, that when my ranch boys voted we'd be two to the good. I mean to say, two votes for our ticket—Jed Kehoe, Jim Corey and Gusberger, as opposed to the other ticket, composed of Gusberger and his two yes men. Duck soup. All we needed to win was one, and we had two. Slick!

Of course some of them hadn't wanted the Swiss on our ticket at all, but I figured it was the perfect punishment—let him be in the helpless minority while Jed and Jim put everything right over his yelps.

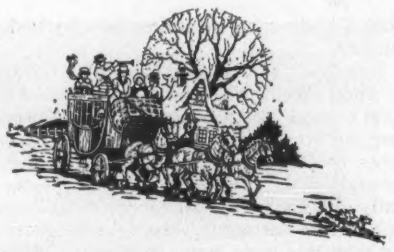
Well, Jed brought my gang from the Brant-Kehoe, cutting it as fine as he could, the little old Simon Legree not wanting to lose one unnecessary instant of toil, and they voted, and the crowd drew a long breath and thought it was all over but the serpentine, when they missed the old jelly bean!

Someone laughed and said, "He knows when he's licked!" but Jim Corey shook his head—the wonder is he doesn't shake it off completely, that merry jester!—and reminded us that Gusberger was not licked till the polls closed, and there were still eight minutes to go, and somebody emitted a groan and said "Look!" and there came the old buzzard rolling down the road with *three* people trudging after him, two women and a man, cousins from Tulare or Mendota or what haye you—same old stunt he'd pulled before, bringing them out long enough ahead to establish "residence." He herded them in and then they came out again, and Jed Kehoe said, "Well, he's beat us again!" and the old cream puff heard him and giggled and dimpled and came waddling up to me with his old paunch swaying like a captive balloon and said, "Sure! I beat-a you; I beat-a my queek young-a man!"

But the joke was that he hadn't!

The crowd was knocked for a loop, but we had one more trick in the bag.

He got up and stretched wearily and took a long drink of surprisingly cold water, and sat down again and went on with his tale, sticking modestly to the editorial "we," giving Jim Corey an undeserved half of the credit and glory. It was, he implied, quite as much the young rancher's doing as his own that a tall, thin, rather drowsy-looking young man who had



seemed to be dozing in his car at a little distance now clambered out and came forward, stepping up to the cousins of Gusberger and challenging their votes.

He's a good deal of a card himself, this lad, and he got a great kick out of their sputtering protests and inquiries as to what business of his it was, and when Gusberger asked him—very truculently—who he thought he was, this bird replied very gently that he *thought* he was the assistant district attorney! Alarums and Excursions. I wish you could have seen the cousins' faces. Petrified. Sure they were on the skids for life imprisonment if not the gallows, and old Gyp the Orange Juice himself shed about seven shades of pink. The A. D. A. put on a great skit; they inferred the patrol wagon was just round the bend of the road. And I pleaded with him for clemency.

Then the tellers burst out quite informally and announced that the new board of trustees for the Deerfoot School, Willowvale, Fresno County, was as follows: J. Kehoe, J. Corey, D. Brant.

Can you feature that, Ty? Me—a school trustee?

Of course I'll resign immediately and put Anthony Manning in my place, but I simply couldn't do it that instant; they were giving me the biggest thing in their gift and I couldn't give them a kick in the face, could I? And then—imagine my embarrassment—some of the boys from the B.-K. got me up on their shoulders and lugged me round, yelling their heads off. Well, of course I got away from them and beat it, and everybody left, and there was old Gusberger standing there alone, and honestly, I know it means a soft head as well as a soft heart, but somehow I couldn't help just being sort of sorry for the old buzzard, licked at last, after all these years of dominion, standing there, deserted, even his own henchmen streaking off, with the last rays of the setting sun beating down on him, his all day suckers melted and stuck fast in his fist.

HE PUT in another paragraph protesting his regret and remorse at not coming up, his hope to follow her to Honolulu, and closed with explosive assertions of ardent affection, addressed and sealed and stamped it and sat staring at it for a long moment.

A lot Ty'd care for that long-winded wheeze! Probably wouldn't even wade through it. Well, but he had to tell her the whole thing in detail, didn't he, so that she'd realize why he was definitely detained? Yeah; but had he told her the whole thing? How about the very last scene of all, the curtain call, when June Gale ran after his roadster and he naturally had to stop, and back, and she was all starry-eyed and rosy and breathing fast—ten times as excited as when the hoodlums chased them!—and held out both her hands and took hold of both of his and said:

"Darrow Brant, we—Willowvale—can never thank you! The only way we can prove our gratitude, the only way we can show what we think of you, is to beg you to keep on!" And before he could answer, protesting and denying, she'd added, "You've beaten him on the flag, and on the school; you've made him keep his killers at home; you've won your land battles! Now fight for us on the water!"

Well, of course he hadn't put that in; naturally! It would have given Ty an entirely wrong impression. And, if it came to that, wouldn't the whole darn letter, just as it stood, give her a wrong impression? He changed to his coolest pajamas and went to bed and to sleep.

He didn't know what wakened him. It must have been a sound, yet it was utterly still—not even the small and usual noise of Bait scratching himself on the doorstep. Moonlight was streaming into the little room like thinned quicksilver, and sleep seemed to have left him for the moment, so presently he got up and looked out of the window. He saw then what had pierced oblivion with a sixth sense of urgency. Close to the house, sharply clear in the brilliant silvery light, Gusberger's killers padded soundlessly in a loose circle in the center of which stood Bait, motionless, rigid as an animal carved from stone, looking fixedly at Darrow's shack.

The youth put out a hand, groping for his gun, not taking his gaze away. The ring was growing slowly smaller, silently, relentlessly closing in. Hellhounds! Adding a grisly prelude of inquisitional torture to massacre, letting their victim preview his death in bared fangs and slavering jaws!

Darrow's fingers closed over the smooth barrel of his .22 and drew it softly toward him.

Bait seemed to know his first move would be his last; he seemed actually to hold his breath. His eyes were focused on the tiny bunk house from which his god would appear and rescue him.

DARROW swung the rifle to his shoulder and burst open the screen with an elbow and fired, but Bait, at the first sound from the bunk house, sensing that the siege was lifted, gave one joyful yelp and sprang forward—and went down. The youth shot twice more before he ran out-of-doors and saw to his high and heady joy that two great shaggy bodies had fallen, and brought down still another before he turned back to the lamb of the sacrifice.

Jed Kehoe was stumbling out of his door in an old-fashioned comedy nightshirt, and the ranch boys were running, scantily clad, from their bunk house, two or three of them with guns in their hands.

"The killers!" Jed shouted. "And you got 'em!"

The rest of the pack was in wild and disorderly retreat, and Buddie and another of the boys ran after them for a little distance, shooting and shouting, but Darrow and Jed Kehoe had turned back to Bait.

"You got them, but they got him, looks like," Jed said regretfully. "Well, the poor little tike, he sure never stood a chance against that gang."

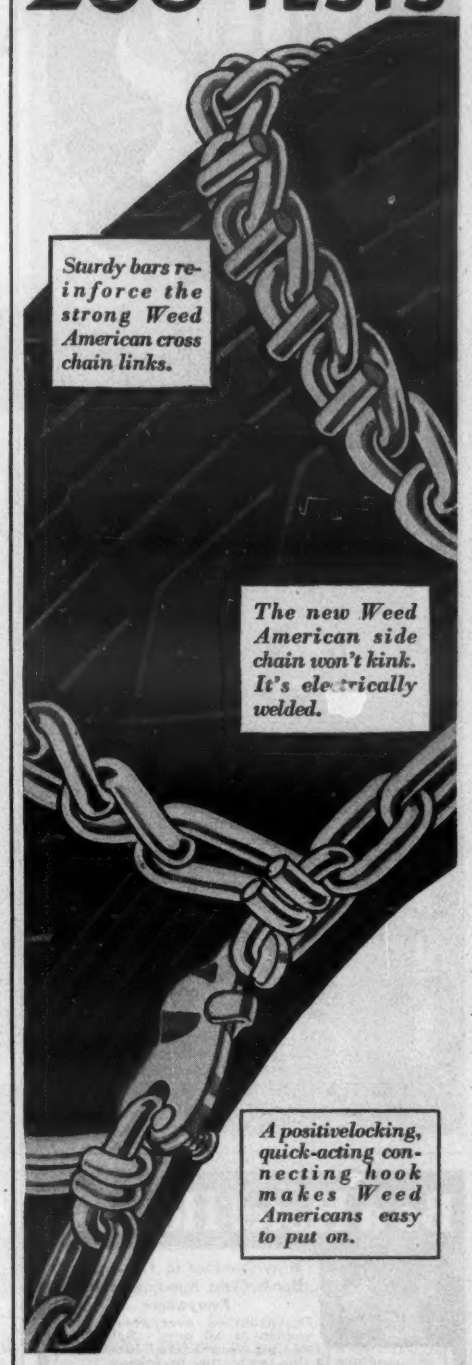
"Bait!" the youth was saying, on his knees beside the dog. "Bait! Look, Jed, he hears me! Maybe it's not so bad! The blood makes it look ——"

"He's done for, all right, the poor little feller."

Darrow stood up and considered for an instant, then picked him up and carried him into the bunk house and laid him on the bed.

Amazingly, almost miraculously, in the bleeding body where about everything else seemed to be severed, the connection between his cordial heart and his low-comedy tail was unbroken. Slowly, feebly, it lifted an inch, two inches, and beat a faint tattoo upon the sheet. The eyes grew dim before the tail ceased its faint astonishing motion. Darrow kept talking as long as the tail moved, because they were two friends conversing, assuring each


65,000 MILES and 200 TESTS

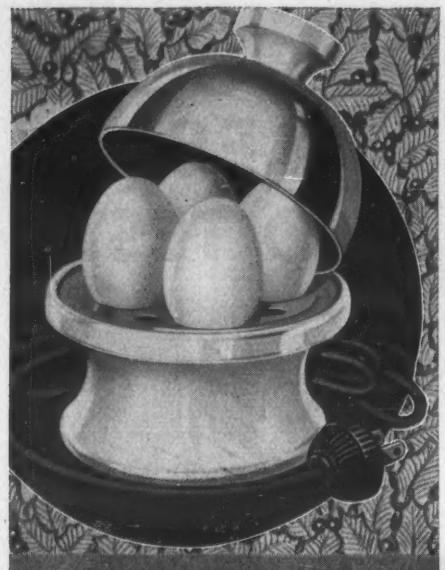

Sturdy bars reinforce the strong Weed American cross chain links.
The new Weed American side chain won't kink. It's electrically welded.
A positivelocking, quick-acting connecting hook makes Weed Americans easy to put on.

THIS new type tire chain passes the most gruelling tests with flying colors. Ask for Weed Americans, the modern chains for modern cars and roads, perfected by Weed Tire Chain engineers. They wear longer. They grip the road. They save you money. Made by the American Chain Company, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn.

The NEW WEED AMERICAN TIRE CHAIN Supreme

ACCO — A Product of the American Chain Company, Inc. — in business for Your Safety

*Weed Tire Chain Radio Program:* Tune in every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



EGGS—just right!

HANKSCRAFT
Electric Egg Cooker

Cooks eggs electrically right at the table. When the eggs are done the current shuts off automatically. Finished in green, blue and yellow. See how it works at your Electrical Dealer, Department Store or Light Company. $5.50.

EGG SERVICE
Includes the Egg Cooker, 4 egg cups and tray matched in green. $11.50.

BOTTLE WARMER
Heats baby's bottle automatically without waiting for hot water. Then shuts itself off. In blue or pink. $5.00.

FOOD COOKER
Preparing meals right at the table—a new art made easy with this new electrical appliance. $14.75.

Prices Slightly Higher West of Rockies

THE HANKSCRAFT COMPANY
108 Dickinson St. Madison, Wis.

Be a Hotel Hostess

Many Openings in Fashionable Hotels, Clubs, Apartment Hotels Everywhere

Opportunities everywhere for women of all ages. Splendid salaries, fine living, luxurious surroundings in this fascinating profession.

*Previous Experience Unnecessary*

Our Personal Coaching Plan qualifies you for a splendid position and good salary in your spare time. Nation-wide Employment Service FREE of extra cost. Lewis students everywhere winning success. One student is hostess and manager of an apartment house—salary $3,600 a year, with beautiful apartment for her girls and herself. Write today for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY."

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. CW-518 Washington, D. C.

Corns

End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package.

FREE sample. Write for it. Send your dealer's name and address.

Wizard Co. 1635 Locust. St Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

It is easy to display
Wall Decorations
*by using*
Moore Push-Pins or
Moore Push-less Hangers
To hang up things
10¢ packets everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia


other, on the eve of separation, of their high mutual esteem.

Presently he died, the pooch from the pound, as modestly and unobtrusively as he had lived.

So the killers had sallied forth in the night again, the first time in many weeks, immediately after Gusberger's defeat at the Deerfoot school! The youth stood staring into the lovely and lyrical summer night for a long time, and then, with a swift and sudden motion, he took down three pamphlets still loosely wrapped in a paper which said, From J. Gale, Y. W. C. A., San José, Calif., and selected the fattest one and blew the dust off of the title, BULLETIN NO. 21, IRRIGATION DISTRICTS IN CALIFORNIA, and turned to Fresno County and found a folded over page which opened to reveal "Location and Boundary Map of Principal Irrigation Districts on King's River."

There were large irrigation areas in pretty salmon pink and a small one marked Willowvale, and the youth studied it carefully before he turned to the correlative reading matter, settling down with jaws propped between clenched fists. He was so absorbed he did not notice when the High Sierras appeared and disappeared; he was still reading when a shaft of sunlight fell across the print.

## *XXIII.*

DARROW BRANT never knew the day, the hour, the moment in which his land took him to her heart, her hard hot heart, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. It was, of course, a slow and gradual process, but it seemed to him, in his sudden realization of what had happened to him, that one instant he was tugging at his chains, telling himself that just a few weeks now, it wouldn't be long—months, at the most—and the whole Brant-Kehoe ranch would be under production and he could sell the darn thing and go back where he belonged, and the next he was almost as much her lover and slave as Jed Kehoe himself, eager to feed and groom her, passionately concerned to carry water to slake her thirst.

He found something eminently satisfying in the silo filling; picturesque, early American; extra men, good neighbors, piles of food prepared by Addie Kehoe and her cohorts; the wagons going empty to the fields and coming in heaped high with honey sorghum; the men who forked it onto the platform, the one who fed it into the cutter, and the cutter's singing buzz, like a glorified dentist's drill, rising in a shrill crescendo; the chopped sorghum blown forty feet high and dropped into the tower.

Best of all, Darrow liked the tramping the silage down, doing it himself, round and round and round, in a pungent treadmill, or watching the others, exulting in the triumphant moment when their heads were visible above the top. There was something so—so handmade, so simple and Arcadian about the whole darn thing. It gave him a great sense of peace and well-being and he threw a lavish party for all participants at Mrs. Keith's Cottage Restaurant.

Everything was running pretty smoothly, he reflected, watching his guests at Mrs. Keith's lavish tables. It was a satisfaction to drive past the Deerfoot school nowadays, freshly painted outside and in, new screens, gay awnings, swings, seesaws, a sand box, sanitary plumbing, the flag always flying on its dazzling white pole, to stop and get out of the car and go in for a minute, and see how smart and trim it was, and how peppy the kids were, and June Gale in the cool low-toned things she wore, which never seemed to melt and get messy the way other women's clothes did, actually getting a kick out of her job.

His own herd of Jerseys was doing famously, and he had managed to get a better deal for Anthony Manning at the local creamery, and the ex-soldier had asked him where to send for literature about small and inexpensive trips abroad. And the boy Don was tearing into his school work like a young cyclone and studying every night, and the Cooney family had moved out of town and settled on a decrepit ranch halfway to Hanford. Even the Mallorys were somewhat less pathetic; at least, Clyde was; the fellow was indeed, as Jed Kehoe declared, a born rancher.

The ancient mariner was teasing for a second trip to the Don Pedro Dam, and now that silo filling was over, they must manage it, though June Gale's Saturdays and Sundays were full and running over with house and family chores. The old fellow was quavering and inclined to be peevish these days.

"Scripture says,

"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,

"but a body can't go unless he's fetched, can he?"

June was awfully good having him over to visit. Well, was there anything she wasn't good about? He wondered how long she would have to teach to pay off her debts to the ranchers who'd helped her through State Teachers' College—especially Jim Corey. Must be pretty galling to a girl of her spirit—chattel slavery to the man you were going to marry. Must wear on her; but you'd never know it. What would rouse her, tear her to pieces, burn her up? He wondered.

## *XXIV.*

ELAINE MALLORY'S baby barn swallow died. Clyde said she had overfed him, but the woman maintained it was the heat, the scorching, searing heat. She herself would die of it, too, before long.

"Well, but he was used to it, and all his forbears," the man persisted gently. He always defended the climate. He was plump now, almost unpleasantly plump, his wife thought; at least, the look of refined fragility she had so admired was swallowed up in flesh and tanned skin and rough and calloused hands. And he was happy—obviously, simple-mindedly happy, deaf and blind with contentment, so that he did not see or hear the bitterness of exile which was slowly crushing her. He often said with affectionate concern, "I wish you didn't mind the heat so much, dearie!"

It was part of her flagellant's program to suffer in silence; if he couldn't sense her agony, flesh and spirit, very well—she would bear it as long as she could, and then ——

She had fed and tended the goggle-eyed baby bird with a dramatic passion of solicitude, and when she found him lying on his back in a breathless and dusty corner, his claws rigidly clenched, she made bitter and brooding tragedy out of it. That was one symbol; her poem was another, the poem beginning:

*There's a sea bird calling in a sere brown field,*

which she had finished at last and sent to an Eastern poetry magazine. If that died, as the bird had died ——

But there was one night of beauty and terror, when she was wakened by a red glare in her room which—still in the mists of sleep—she first mistook for the blazing noonday sun.

"Oh, my soul," she moaned, "I've slept till twelve o'clock!" staggering from her bed, groping for her clothes, but when her eyes were really open she saw that it was not sunshine but the fierce red radiance of conflagration. She screamed to her husband and began to dress with a shaking body and clumsy fingers.

"It's the Brant-Kehoe chopped-hay barn!" Clyde cried, pulling on his overalls. "Been smoking a week, and Jed thought he'd taken enough out, but this hot spell —— I must help them!"

He was off without waiting for her, but she stumbled after him across the alfalfa field until she came close enough to feel

*(Continued on Page 144)*


Girls!

*It's Time to Earn Your Own Money!*

HOLIDAY TIME sets you thinking of parties and the fun that goes with them. It's time to go "snapping" with a camera . . . to strum gay tunes on a banjo uke.

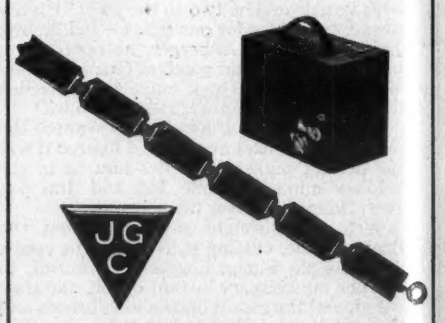
Wouldn't it be just "perfect" to win prizes like these for yourself, as well as a purseful of spending money?

These things can come true for you, just as they have for so many other schoolgirls!

Ruth Martin says: "One day I earned $3.00 after school, and one week I earned $6.00 just between classes."

Jo Mary Burwell writes: "I earned $8.20 in one day. How important I felt when I could pay out my own money for my senior ring!"

Don't go on missing things for lack of a few dollars, when you can win them easily. The coupon below will bring all the details, without expense or obligations.




The Curtis Publishing Company
987 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like to win money and prizes.

Name..... Age.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

# North Woods Lumberjacks Tell City Men how to eat their Flapjacks

IN THE WOODS or in the city . . . a North Woods Breakfast is a fine way to begin the day. Tender, golden brown flapjacks . . . crisp at the edges, and Vermont Maid Syrup . . . that's a meal to thrill any hungry man.

AS to food, they're a pampered lot—those lumberjacks! They know good cooking. Demand it. Get it. Or know the reason why.

In a North Woods cook shack you'll eat the finest food on earth. The lightest, tenderest flapjacks . . . the most delicious syrup—Vermont Maid.

Lumberjacks discovered it. Spread its fame from camp to camp . . . throughout the whole North Woods. Vermont Maid is the syrup with the richest maple flavor in all the world.

In the maple center of Vermont, old-timers make this luscious, golden brown syrup. They blend pure cane sugar with pure maple sugar. With expert skill. It has the finest maple flavor you ever tasted . . . in all your life.

Plan this delicious surprise for your husband. Delight him with a real North Woods breakfast—just the kind of meal he's been secretly longing for.

Tomorrow . . . serve tender brown pancakes—crisp at the edges . . . and the syrup that's become famous throughout the whole North Woods . . . Vermont Maid. That's a breakfast you can always count on to delight any man alive.

Vermont Maid Syrup is now available for everybody—everywhere. You'll find that your own grocer has it in convenient glass jugs. By all means try some for breakfast soon. Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

*Made in Vermont by Vermonters*

## Vermont Maid Syrup

CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR

BILL McCARTHY, lumber cook, advises city wives, "Plenty of Vermont Maid Syrup on their flapjacks."

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

PENICK AND FORD, Ltd., Inc., Dept. 112, Burlington, Vermont
I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

Name_____

Address_____

The Crowning Touch for Dainty Dishes

BRIGHT, luscious cherries add piquant flavor and an appetizing touch of color to salads, fruit cup, desserts, drinks and ices. Use them freely—they are pure, wholesome food.

Packed in glass, cherries are available the year round at your favorite store. When buying be sure you get them sealed with the AXA CROWN—your guarantee of safety and *so* easy and convenient to open and reclose.

Write for free copy of "Cherries in Attractive Ways"—a useful booklet from the AXA Library of DeLuxe Recipes. Address Dept. L-12

**CROWN CORK & SEAL CO.**
Baltimore, Maryland
*World's Largest Makers of Bottle Caps and Closures for Glass Containers*

Dacro Crown for Milk and Cream
Screw Caps for Food and Drug Products
Nepro Caps for Mason Jars

*Which* **canary** *will sing more sweetly?*

One has noted singing ancestors. His beautiful voice has been trained and will endure . . . . the quality of his song will improve. ● Genuine Henry Bartels Canaries . . . . the world's finest songsters . . . . have the Shield "B" stamped under one wing and are *legally* guaranteed to sing to your complete satisfaction. ● Write for name of nearest dealer and interesting booklet . . . . "*The True Story of Tippy.*"

**HENRY BARTELS, Inc.**
*America's Leading Canary Importers*
206-208 Fulton St. . Desk 306 . New York, N. Y.

Henry BARTELS Inc. GUARANTEED *Singing* CANARIES

**Maternity Style Book Free**

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 51 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York


*(Continued from Page 142)*

the fierce heat of the flames on her face, halting fearfully, and then going timidly forward again, lured by the sinister glory.

"The destroyer!" the woman breathed. "No, the deliverer!"

It seemed to Darrow Brant that in ten minutes every neighbor within ten miles had arrived and become a component part of a capable organization. They tumbled out of their cars and started running, greeting him briefly, "Chopped-hay barn? Tough luck!" They were kind, concerned, infinitely competent, knowing exactly what to do and doing it instantly. Their fire; their anxiety; their loss; neighbors, by gad! Neighbors!

There was no possible chance of saving the barn or its contents; they concentrated on holding the fire in check—that was all. A sudden wind had come up, keen and strong, blowing toward the cow barn, the horse barn, the dairy and the dwelling houses. The fire fighters threw dirt, dug trenches, wetted down roofs.

JIM COREY was there, working silently, to the point, and Anthony Manning and Donald Gale, and Charley, the bundle stiff, gave yeoman service.

All the nearer stations were covered and Darrow ran back to his own shack and the men's bunk houses, and Jed Kehoe's. No one was watching them, and the wind was carrying sparks half the size of his hand.

He found June Gale heading an excited procession of Kehoe children with fire shovels and toy spades and big kitchen spoons. They were stamping out sparks, and when they were too big and too hot they threw dirt on them, squealing, dramatizing every victory. The big girl wore overalls and a dark slip-on sweater and a dark béret, and the glare of the fire gave her a wild, gypsyish look. Her eyes were starry.

"Little late on your Fourth o' July!" she rallied him. "Insured?"

"To the hilt!"

"Queek young-a man!" she approved. "Hi, there, M'ree! There's a big, fat, red one!"

Elaine Mallory stayed away from the actual battle. She didn't want people. She didn't want to hear hearty speech and smell hot and sweating bodies; she wanted to keep the savage and terrible glory of it unsullied until she could put it down on paper. She ran stumbling home across the fields, fumbling for the first lines:

*Fire laid waste in a night*
*All they had built in a year* ——

Before sunrise the fire was definitely checked and conquered. "Shan't I help Mrs. Kehoe make coffee for everybody?" June came up to Darrow.

They were moving toward the Kehoe house. "Imagine Gramper Davis sleeping through the whole fiesta!" June said.

"But he isn't here! He's been gone nearly all day; said he was going to visit you."

"Oh! Well, he must have gone right into his bungalette and gone to sleep; he often does, these very hot days. I dare say it's a good thing he missed the excitement."

BUT Don Gale came over at eight o'clock to say that the ancient mariner was not in his little shack, and the bed had not been slept in or on, and June was afraid he'd started hitch-hiking for the Don Pedro Dam, and didn't Darrow think they ought to go after him?

"When did you see him last?" June wanted to know, taking her place beside Darrow in his roadster. "Can you remember the time?"

"Let's see—must have been two or three o'clock; afternoon, anyhow. That gives him a grand start. If he got a lot of lifts—and nobody would turn him down—we'll meet him coming home."

"I expect we shall," June agreed somewhat dubiously.

They made inquiries without result until they were an hour on the other side of Fresno. Then a young woman who dispensed orange juice and gasoline remembered him perfectly.

"OLD man? Aw'fly old? Linen suit? Sure I did. Gave him a drink of orange juice; looked so hot, trudging along, the poor old feller. Oh, he hadn't walked far, but it was sure hot. He got a lift right here, too—man was going all the way."

"All the way? What way?"

"Why, to the Don Pedro Dam! Old feller said that was where he had to get before dark."

They talked resolutely of other things, but their pauses became more frequent and lasted longer.

"If he got there after dark, and tried to see the 'big water,' or at least listen to it," June said suddenly, out of a silence.

"Yeah; remember what he said—he could hear it and see it, but he wanted to taste it and feel it?" He cleared his throat. "But they must have watchmen around, of course, to guard the property."

But they did not deceive themselves or each other. They were wholly prepared for it. They reached the dam with its rush and roar of shining waters, knowing exactly what they should hear, what they should see, even before they glimpsed the little knot of men before the power house, and the thing which was the center of the circle.

"Wait!" Darrow caught her hand and pulled her back in the car for an instant. "There's another thing he said that you must remember," he said huskily.

"What?" She was white and her eyes were wet.

"'Twouldn't harm me, none, Junie! Water's life to me!'"

Stocks continued to climb; Darrow's Airways spread wings and soared almost out of sight.

"If I'm not the luckiest egg in the world!" he told himself. "I always get the breaks."

HE DROPPED in at the Gale's, and found June in difficulty. They were trying for an extra crop of alfalfa, the continued warm weather making another cutting certain with proper irrigation, and Gusberger had sent word that they might have the water for ten hours only—and Anthony was sick, and Luigi was little or no good at the job, and Don, inexplicably, was away.

"Then I'm your man," said her neighbor promptly. "And in getting me, you no longer miss the original three."

Darrow and June, shovels on shoulders, Luigi trailing behind, set out for the fields.

"Ten hours!" June said wrathfully. "Gusberger owes us twenty at least! Darrow, we must get him off the water control. It's a scandal the way he gives oceans of water to his henchmen and pinches on the rest of us, even though we may own twice as many shares. He borrows water when it's plentiful and pays it back when it's scanty."

"Oh, I see! You mean—ten hours at one time doesn't mean the same as ten hours at another? I've never really got the thing through my head."

"That's it. And sometimes he cheats us by not pulling all the boards—not letting the full flow through to us."

"Snappy system. You get the time, and about half the volume you're entitled to? Have to hand it to my old jelly bean! Nothing soft about him but the overweight. But why do the rest of the board or trustees or what have you stand for it?"

"Controls them just as he does—I mean," she gave him a warm approving look, "as he did with the school. Puts them on his staff. Oh, no, not bribery, not at all, but just as soon as a new man's elected he gets a job harvesting Gusberger's crop." She laughed. "Simple!"

"Well, we'll up and at him! Gee, but this is great! Simply knocks me for a loop!" He leaned on his shovel and looked about him. "Quicksilver; abalone; mother-of-pearl!" The moon made the little streams shine; the cool unfailing wind of night rattled the dry leaves on the trees like fairy castanets and lifted the damp hair on their brows; killdeers flew by, close to the ground, uttering their anxious cries. "There's magic in it. Believe I'll always have to come down every season and irrigate. Hello, here's the hound of the Baskervilles! What's on your mind, Ophelia?"

THE ghostly greyhound was coming toward them at her warped and awkward lope, howling dolefully.

"Doesn't like the moon," June supposed.

"Yeah, but they always sit still and bay. What's up, Wreck of the Hesperus?"

The wretched beast was doing her inarticulate best to tell them. She crouched at their feet, whining distractedly, ran back in the direction from which she had come, returned to them, fawned upon them, whimpered and writhed.

"Guess she's got something treed," Darrow said. "Let's have a look, shall we? Over by those willows. Naturally I haven't a gun. I make rather a point of not carrying a gun on our little nocturnal adventures, don't I? But wait till you see what I can do with a shovel. You'll be surprised."

But it was quickly clear that no weapon was required. Deirdre, giving vent to joyful barks, went tearing back toward the trees but halting midway, racing to meet them, rushing back, and when Darrow and June caught up with her at last they found Elaine Mallory, mud smeared, blinded, choking, crawling painfully out of an irrigation ditch from which they had just withdrawn the water.

## *XXV.*

IT WAS, they soberly agreed, walking back from the old Wiggins place and going to work again, the world's most comic tragedy.

"To get all steamed up for it, to put in hours of the 'to be or not to be' stuff—days, weeks, I suppose—nerve yourself, take the fatal plunge, and land in a mud puddle! Well, didn't I tell you she looked like death when Clyde said he was buying the place?"

"She could kill us for drawing off the water. But wasn't it perfect to find the letter from the magazine accepting her Songs of the San Joaquin? That may buck her up enough to carry on."

"Yeah, but who gave her the big idea? Big-hearted me, born to blush unseen!"

They worked until midnight and went in for coffee and tamales and came out again and worked by lantern light when the moon slid down over the horizon, and put out the lanterns when day dawned.

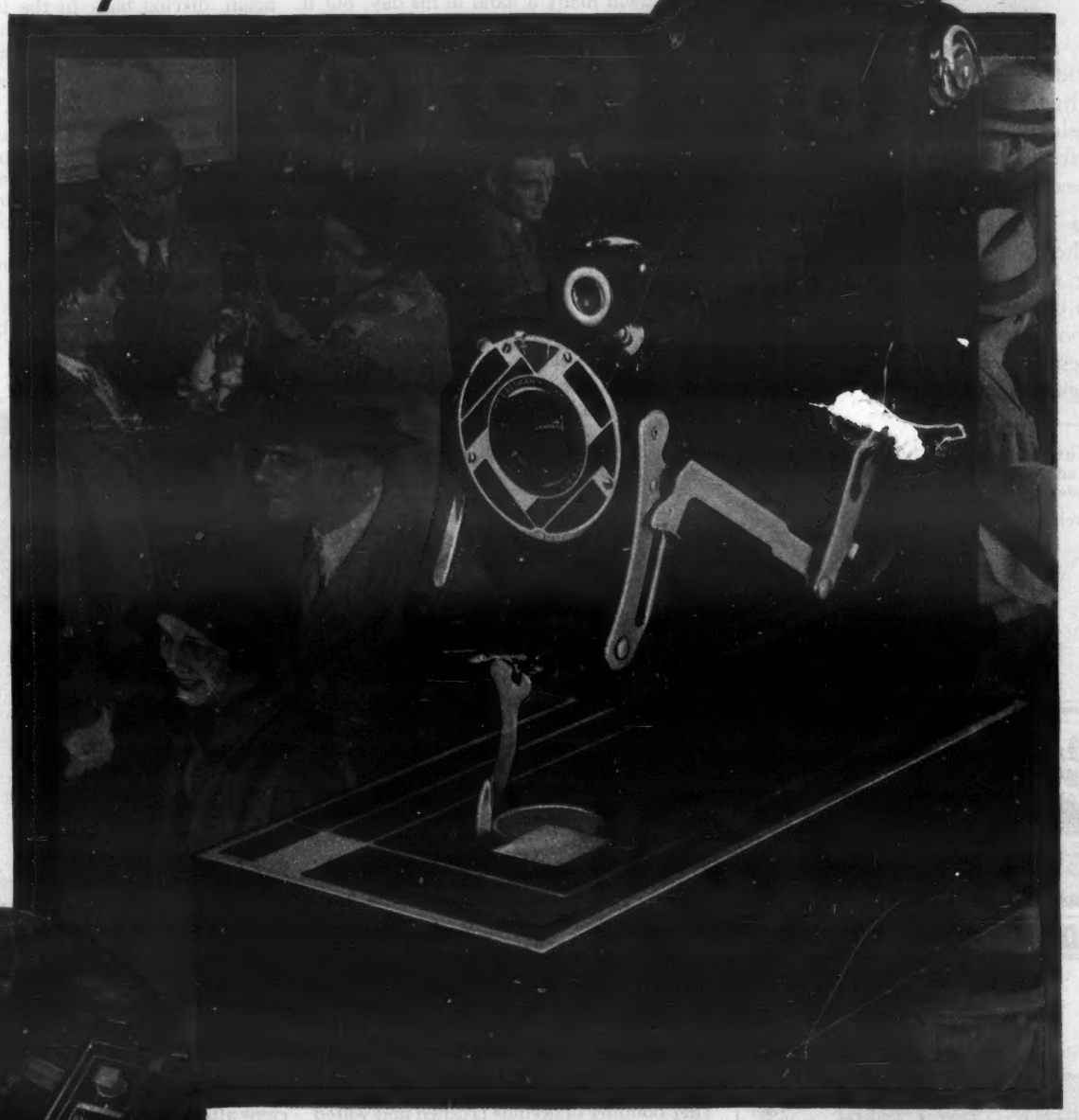
At five o'clock the rather frowzy Gale acres, dry and feverish from many days of sizzling summer heat, looked refreshed and cool, the long thirst slaked, and June Gale turned gratefully to her neighbor.

"Now we'll have breakfast, and then you'll go home and fall asleep with the knowledge that you've given the nice if impecunious Gales a much needed extra cutting of alfalfa!"

He caught up with her. One hand held the shovel over her shoulder and the other

*(Continued on Page 146)*

# *These 1931* KODAKS — *just full of Christmas Spirit*



### *Smart Modern Designs*
### *Attractive New Colors*
### now at your Kodak Dealer's

THERE'S a fresh new thrill in a Kodak gift this Christmas. Eastman stylists have been busy.

These new Eastman creations are modern! They're colorful! More suitable than ever as Christmas gifts . . . in their gay Paris designs.

Yet you give more than mere style when you give a Kodak. You give all the fun of picture-making . . . countless snapshots that keep happy memories alive. You give thoughtfulness and remembrance . . . and there's no finer gift than that.

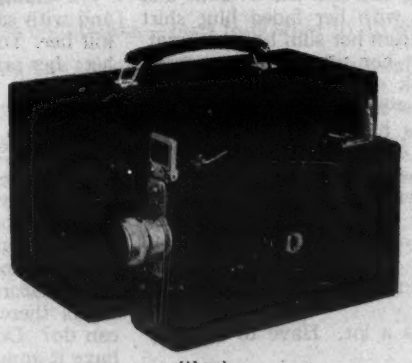
See the new Kodaks at the start of your Christmas search. Pictured here are the 1931 models, announced early for the benefit of Christmas shoppers. On display now, at your Kodak dealer's. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

(Right)
**An ebony-finished cedar box is the luxurious case in which No. 1A Gift Kodak comes. Cover of cedar box and a panel of Kodak enriched by ornamental metal and colored enamels. An exquisite gift.**

(Above)
**Unique and handsome . . . yet a crack picture-maker, No. 1A GIFT KODAK will delight any man or woman. Camera is covered with brown genuine leather, ornamented with metal inlay. Picture size, 2½ x 4¼ inches. Case for this new camera is a stunning cedar box, ebony finished, with the top patterned in colored enamels and metal. The nicest looking Kodak ever offered. And the price . . . you'll think it's for the box alone . . . is $15.**

(Below at right)
**BEAU BROWNIE, a new, small, gaily dressed camera, with Doublet lens. Blue, green, rose, black, tan. No. 2, for 2¼x3¼-inch pictures, $4. No. 2A, for 2½x4½-inch pictures, $5.**

(Above)
**KODAK PETITE, in lavender, blue, gray, green. For 1⅝x2½-inch pictures. $7.50, with pouch-type case to match.**



(Above)
**CINÉ-KODAK, the gift that thrills the family. The new Model M is only $75, with case. New Model K (shown here) is in blue, gray, black, brown. Case included, price $110 to $150. Kodascope Projectors as low as $60.**

(Above)
**KODAK COQUETTE PACKAGE is exactly the gift for Miss Modern. A Kodak (for 1⅝x2½-inch pictures), compact, lipstick, all designed to match. Color is blue, with a pattern of attractive enamels. Beautifully boxed, $12.50.**

## *Give a* KODAK

# Do You HATE TO ASK *for* Money?

HAVE you ever dreaded asking mother, father, or husband, for the money you want? If you've felt that way, you're just like many other folks in the world. But you don't need to. For hundreds of wives and young people have found the way to carefree spending through our pleasant earning plan.

So if you'd like to buy new clothes . . . accessories . . . or take a vacation trip with your own money, soon . . . fill in the coupon below *today*. Details will be sent you without expense or obligation.

The Curtis Publishing Company
986 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how to earn my own money.

Name.....Age.....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street.....

City.....

State.....

$250 EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E14"

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

LINCOLN LOGS & BRICKS

*"America's National Toys"*

The NEW LINCOLN BRICKS add to the fun of building with LINCOLN LOGS.

Brick foundations and chimneys can be added to Log Buildings, making every kind of construction possible with bricks and logs in combination.

FILLING STATION OF LINCOLN BRICKS

LINCOLN'S CABIN OF LINCOLN LOGS

Every Boy or Girl who has played with LINCOLN LOGS will want the BRICKS.

LINCOLN MORTAR—in tubes makes it easy to build—it holds the building together but dissolves in warm water—absolutely harmless.

ASK YOUR DEALER OR MAIL COUPON

LINCOLN LOGS, 1443H Merchandise Mart, Chicago
Please mail at once, postage prepaid:
☐ Large Sets of LINCOLN LOGS and BRICKS, $5
☐ LINCOLN LOG SETS at $1, $2, $3, $4 or $5
*(indicate what price sets you wish)*
☐ Sets of LINCOLN BRICKS at $2

*Name*.....

*Address*.....


*(Continued from Page 144)*

swung at her side, and he picked it up and examined it.

"Horny mitt?" she said, turning her face away because she had no free hand with which to screen a sleepy yawn.

Darrow didn't think so. There were small amber-colored callouses on the palm at the base of three fingers, and the skin was golden brown, but it was smooth and fine, and the fingers were slender, the nails oval, healthily pink, clearly white, the cuticle delicately firm. Young Mr. Brant had held many a hand in his day, but it occurred to him now that never had he grasped one at all resembling this. He could feel the bones in it, and the muscles, and yet, to the eye of the casual observer—missing the callouses—it might pass as the hand of any young gentlewoman with a leaning toward outdoor life. He found himself lifting it higher, toward his cheek—or his lips; he had not consciously decided.

BUT before it reached either destination there came the raucous blast of a motor horn, loud, imperious, demanding, and they hurried through the barnyard toward the county road. "It's Don!" the girl cried out gladly.

It was Shorty Bowen's long, low, salacious-looking yellow car, erupting men and girls in evening dress.

"Hi, hi!" they cried, and "Darrie darling!" and "Yea, bo!" and "How's this for devotion? We were dancing at Tait's-at-the-Beach at eleven, and Ty said ——" "She's a missionary, that gal ——" "Save the beachcomber, she says ——" "So we came zooming down, and how!" "Boys, she's got him! It's too late! Strung and hung over the side of the boat!" "Look—he lives here!" "Barged into your joint and they told us ——" "More in sorrow than in anger——"

As once before, in that very spot, flaming youth spreading like prairie fire.

The girls kissed him, the fellows beat him upon the back.

"Shut up, you hyenas!" Darrow besought them. "Come on—I'll throw a breakfast party." The thing he dreaded was happening. Ty de Laine had gone up to June Gale just as she did the other time, pleading timidly for the loan of her little old playmate, and everyone seemed to key down suddenly, looking at them, listening. Darrow didn't get the words that passed between them. He was looking at two girls who had been up all night, and one was erect and clean and fresh as the morning, and the other was limp and crumpled and her small face looked jaded under its make-up, and there was a shoulder bouquet of orchids crushed and wilted and unpleasant-looking, and her hands—particularly he was noticing her hands—were pasty-looking, unhealthy little claws with sharp and glittering tips. And suddenly he was sorry for Ty de Laine; June Gale, standing there in her overalls and rubber boots, with her faded blue shirt turned away from her slim brown throat, rolled high on her smooth brown arms, made her look so—so little; little and brittle, and just a trifle tawdry and shopworn, and his heart contracted swiftly with a warm onrush of compassion and loyalty for the old sake's sake, and he hurried her away from the cruelty of the contrast.

"LET'S go! Breakfast—gobs of it! Come with us to Mrs. Keith's, June?"

"No, thanks a lot. Have to feed my own gang."

"Check. Well, see you this afternoon? Who's riding with me? We roll!" Herding them into the cars, getting under way, looking back to see the big girl, as before, watching them out of sight, an arm upflung in amiable salute.

He saw them heading north again in a little more than an hour.

He ran into Jim Corey and began to tell him about the irrigation but the young rancher cut him short and walked away.

"Is that nice?" Darrow asked himself.

Then his thoughts came to a sudden and stunning stop, as if he had driven the roadster straight into a stone wall, and he stood still in the sunny street of Willowvale, staring ahead of him with wide, aghast eyes.

He didn't give a tinker's dam who played around with Ty de Laine; he didn't give two whoops whose head was on her sharp little shoulder, speeding over the highway in the sweet young day!

He was in love with June Gale.

He told it to himself over and over again, driving back to the Brant-Kehoe ranch, showering, shaving; he fell asleep repeating it, dreamed of it; woke up saying it again.

But he couldn't marry her, because she was going to marry that dour young head shaker, Jim Corey. Curiously, as if to match his mood, the weather passed under a swift amazing change; the sun, rising as confidently as usual, was overborne by a thick gray *tule* fog rising swiftly out of the earth.

"First one you've seen, isn't it?" Jed Kehoe said. "Well, you'll see plenty. Kind of like 'em, myself; sort of rests a person's eyes, I figure. Oh, by the way,

Anthony Manning telephoned. Couldn't make out very well—telephone's acting up—but he wants you should get over to their place quick's ever you can."

Anthony Manning was waiting for him in the road, a shadowy shape in the gray mist.

"It's Don," said the ex-soldier hoarsely.

"How do you mean, it's Don?"

"I mean—that's why he didn't come home. He's married the Cooney girl."

"What?"

"Married the Cooney girl."

"But, Manning—what for?"

THE veteran's white face jerked convulsively. "It seems they came after him—the father and the brothers—when he was on his way home to irrigate. They took him, you understand." His lip curled with a twisting sneer. "Military wedding."

"But—June?"

"I think," her half brother said slowly and with sad conviction, "I think it will kill her. You know what the kid was to her; her pride, her plans."

Darrow started swiftly toward the house.

"It's no use," said the other. "She won't see you; she won't see any of us. Went in her room and locked the door. She isn't crying; I listened. She isn't even walking around; you can't hear a thing. Mr. Gale and my mother have gone to pieces completely, and that's not so bad; that's natural. But June ——"

"Is there anything under heaven we can do? Don's way under age. We can have it annulled!"

"Not if—I mean ——" He swallowed hard and started again. "June wouldn't stand for that. Don wouldn't himself. Oh, damn it!" he cried out shrilly, his voice cracking and breaking. "All her plans and her hopes ——" He got hold of himself presently. "I'll go in and listen again. You might wait, if you don't mind."

"I'll wait," said Darrow. He got back into his car and sat, staring into the soft gray fog.

He didn't know how long he'd been sitting there when finally he realized Anthony Manning was calling urgently from the porch and he jumped out and ran to him.

"She's just gone out the back door. She said she wanted to walk, and she looks—she looks queer, Brant." His voice was shaking. "She hadn't ought to go alone, but she wouldn't let me go with her."

"She'll let me," said Darrow clearly and confidently. He passed rapidly through the house and the yard and overtook the vague figure in the gray mist.

She recognized him without surprise. "I thought I would take a walk," she said levelly.

"Fine! I'll go with you."

"I'd rather be alone, if you don't mind."

"I won't bother you." He fell into step beside her, not taking her arm, not touching her. "And I won't talk."

SHE walked very fast and did not look where she was going, and sometimes she stumbled, and when this happened the youth put out a hand and caught and steadied her, and always she said "Thank you" very courteously. They walked for hours and miles in the warm gray *tule* fog. She was not taking any account of direction, Darrow saw, so he managed to turn her, and they made a wide circle and headed back toward the Gale place. "I will never see him again," she said in a curiously thin tone.

"We're going to get in my car and go and find him," Darrow told her.

"No."

"Yes."

When they came near the house he took her arm in a hard grip and steered her past, and called to Anthony Manning to bring her coat. "Get in," he said.

"I will never see him again."

"Get in!" He turned back to the veteran. "Tell your mother we're going to find Don."

They drove more than ten miles in silence. He had to ask his way three times, but at last they stopped before a frowzy house in an unkempt yard, sere fields stretching beyond. "I guess this is it," he said. "We'll get out now."

"I will never see him again," she said just as she had said before.

"We'll get out now," he repeated, taking her arm. He knocked on the door and opened it without waiting for an answer, and drew her inside with him.

There was no furniture in the room except three cot beds and three chairs and some overturned boxes. Dell Cooney, her soft little pansy face blurred with tears, her tawny-gold hair tumbling about her shoulders, lay huddled on one of the canvas cots, a small wet rag of a handkerchief wadded in her hand. Her father and brothers were grouped together at the far end of the room, smoking, and one of the young men was cleaning a gun. Donald Gale sat by himself, his arms folded, his chin on his chest, and at the sound of the opening door he looked up, and a swift tide of painful crimson flooded his face. He sprang to his feet and looked desperately from one door to the other, but the Cooney men guarded the back one, and his sister stood still in the one by which she had entered. The boy's eyes were bloodshot and his young face was haggard and bleak. He said "Sis!" in a choking gulp.

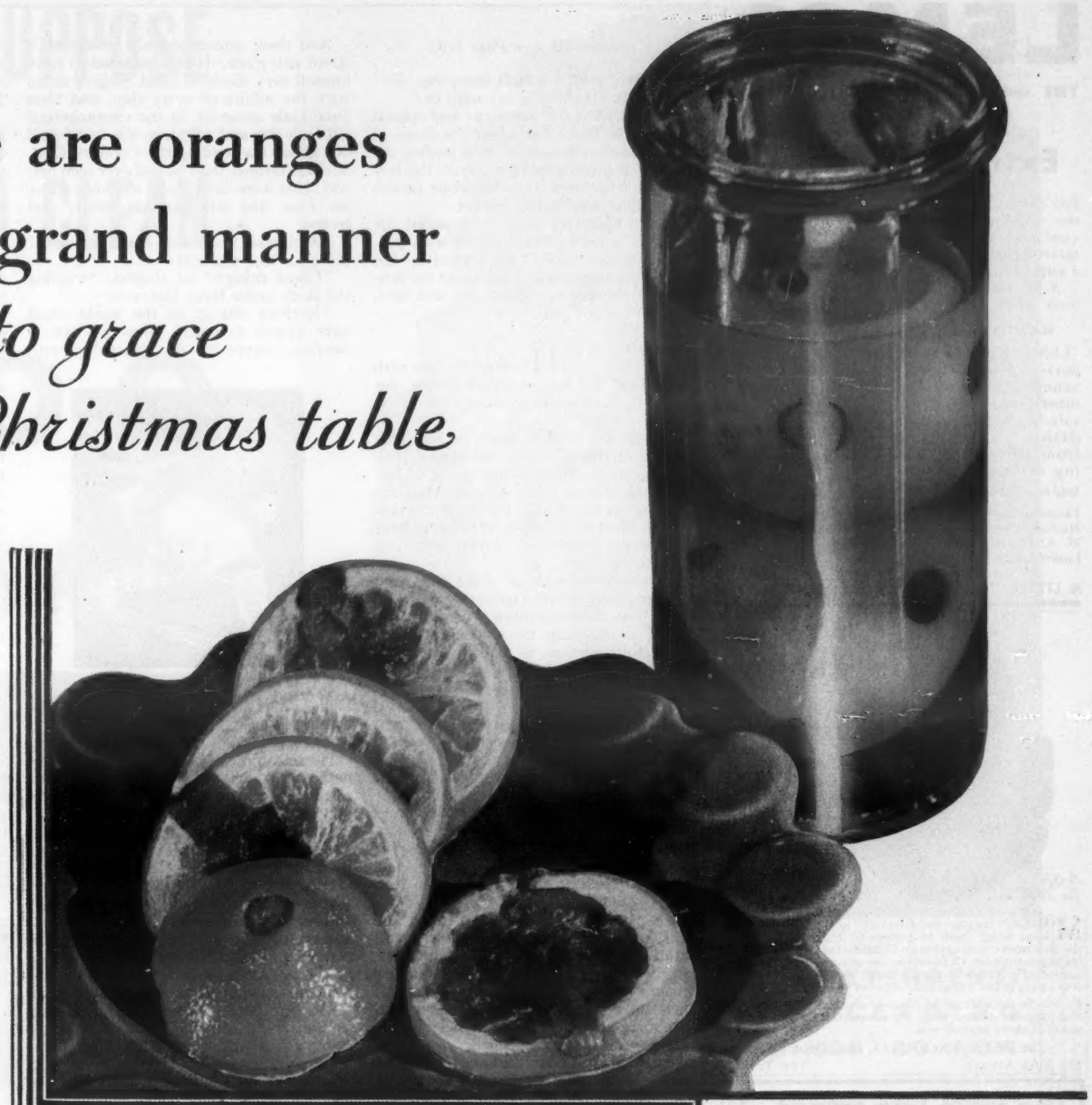
June Gale cried, "Don!"

THEN they were in each other's arms sobbing, clinging together, murmuring broken words, and Darrow Brant leaned in the doorway, his eyes stinging, facing down the surly and truculent looks of the Cooney men, his hand thrust significantly into a pocket which contained one handkerchief, a penknife, a bunch of keys, something under five dollars in silver and two sticks of chewing gum.

After a while he heard June Gale say, "You must come home, Don."

*(Continued on Page 148)*

# Here are oranges in the grand manner *to grace your Christmas table*



NOTE: *Send coupon for* "Forty Miracles for Your Table," *packed with recipes for holidays and every day in the year.*

SUMPTUOUS symbols of the holiday spirit—these golden oranges stuffed with citron, pineapple, kumquats and cherries—preserved in a nectar that is sheer molten sunshine. Also had in ruby grenadine—or cool green creme de menthe to make a symphony of your table. You eat them with little helpless gestures of surprise.

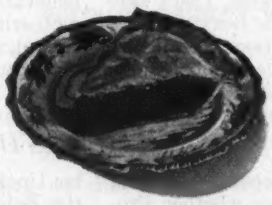
Served sliced for a salad course or as garnish for the turkey platter—they will make your Christmas memorable. Reckless folks serve them on ordinary days, too.

*An amazing variety* . . . They are but one example of the epicurean quality of each of the foods that come to you under the labels of Richelieu and Ferndell and Batavia. More than 500 of them—each so fine that you instantly *taste* their superiority.

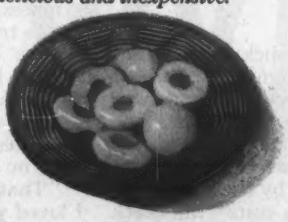
Look for the grocer-agent in your community who sells these finer foods. If you do not know where to find him we will gladly send his name and address with a copy of our new recipe book (use coupon below).

*Let us send you our new book* . . . We've just printed a new and different recipe book—"Forty Miracles for Your Table." Nothing like ordinary cookbooks—ours tells what to do when company comes—what to serve—*how* to serve it—with a wealth of distinguished menus and easy recipes for every conceivable occasion. Send the coupon with a dime for your copy.

*Our Mince Meat, compounded from fresh Northern Spy apples, citron, choice fresh suet, and other good things known only to us, is aged one year in great oak casks with enough spirits to mellow it.*



*Cranberry Sauce. No need to bother cooking Cranberry Sauce. Ours comes out of the can in a beautiful red mold—tender, delicious and inexpensive.*



*Our Raggedy Ann Peaches are so rare and fine that we can't produce enough—but there's consolation in our Yellow Clings which are the despair of other peach packers.*

## RICHELIEU
*or*
## FERNDELL
*or*
## BATAVIA

**Three complete lines of 500 Epicurean foods of identical quality, including the finest Fruits—Vegetables—Coffees—Preserves—Spices Condiments — Hors d'oeuvres — and other good things to eat.**

### *A Little Visit to our Cheese Department*

Little round boxes of Gruyere from the land of the pale Edelweiss—rows of pumpkin colored cheeses from quiet Wisconsin villages where Holsteins graze in daffodil-sprinkled meadows—"Natural" cheese such as we ate when we were children—as different from ordinary cheeses as—well, you'll have to taste the delicately bitey flavor of these Natural cheeses, to have any idea.

Betty Thomas

SPRAGUE, WARNER & COMPANY, LHJ—12-30
P. O. Box L, Chicago
I enclose a dime for my copy of "Forty Miracles for Your Table."

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

*Grocer's Name*.....

Please check ☐ if you wish address of a nearby grocer-agent.

# LEMCO

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE

LIEBIG'S

**Extract of Beef**

For delicious Beef Bouillon, tempting the appetite of invalid or convalescent and ready in a moment, stir a quarter teaspoonful of "LEMCO" in a cup of hot water.

A jar of "LEMCO" saves the situation when unexpected guests arrive.

HANDY AND ECONOMICAL

"LEMCO" adds sustenance and imparts richness of flavor to soups, stews, sauces, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables, and salads. New and tasty dishes can be made from leftovers by adding a little "LEMCO".

*Sold by all Druggists or Grocers*

Lamont, Corliss & Co., 131 Hudson Street, New York, U. S. Distributors for Oxo Limited, London, England.

A LITTLE "LEMCO" GOES A LONG WAY

DAISY LIGHT WEIGHT LUGGAGE

*A type for any trip*

*A GIFT that assures greater travel comfort*

MODERN luggage must be light in weight! Daisy bags weigh from 16 ounces to 2¾ pounds, yet the patented construction and quality materials assure lasting sturdiness. Of finest leather-grained materials in approved colors, with cozy pockets and attractive linings. A zip of the Talon slide fastener to open and close. Popularly priced from $3.50 up at all good department and luggage stores. Send for illustrated catalog and name of store nearest you.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc., Dept. J.
320 Fifth Avenue New York



The most important thing to look for when you buy tea...

... is this Map of India on the packet!

Packages of tea displaying this mark contain genuine India Tea. India produces the finest tea in the world . . . a tea used as the "prime ingredient" of fine tea blends.

★ Insist on India Tea if you want the last word in tea enjoyment! The Map of India trade mark is your guide.



*Beautiful* ALL-WOOL BLANKET for YOUR OLD RAGS

CHOICE of 7 PASTEL COLORS

Send us 5 lbs. of woolen rags—old blankets, clothing, etc., and we will return to you a new soft and fluffy all-wool blanket, full size, 66 in. x 80 in., in your choice of orchid, baby blue, light green, rose, purple, tan or gold. A very acceptable and practical Christmas gift. The cost is only $4.50, with order or pay postman. Every blanket guaranteed or money refunded.

HUNTER WOOLEN MILLS
Dept. 13 NEWPORT, NEW HAMPSHIRE


*(Continued from Page 146)*

The boy said, "I can't leave her, sis."

"I know. We'll take her with us."

Darrow went out to the car and opened the rumble seat, and when the three of them came out presently, June leading the way, Dell sagging in Don's arm, the boy carrying a battered straw telescope, he was very casual and matter-of-fact.

"Like to drive, June?" he asked the big girl. "Check. Don in front with you, Dell and I in back." He picked up the tiny, cringing thing and bestowed her gently and climbed in beside her and said, "All set? Let's go!"

## *XXVI.*

HE WAS in love with June Gale. He was in love with the nice big girl; he wanted to marry the milkmaid.

He wanted it more than he had ever wanted anything in his life—more than winning football games and going to Europe and making a success with Malglum & Company; he hadn't known it was possible to want anything so terribly, to have it always with you, no matter what you were doing.

The orderly procession of the days went forward; he conferred earnestly with Jed Kehoe about the ranch and the dairy; he signed checks and made decisions; he wrote dutiful letters to his Uncle Jerry in care of Thos. Cook & Son, Madrid; he drove himself into Fresno and dined lavishly at the Californian Hotel and listened with bright young interest when Mr. Pond gave him sidelights on the history of irrigation in the great valley, and managed to be nonchalant when Mrs. Pond rallied him merrily as to why he hadn't brought the beautiful big brown girl in to dinner again. He wanted to, and he would, soon, he promised; it happened that she was especially busy at this time.

Busy! Teaching school five days a week and coddling her grieving mother and her fretful, chagrined father, and doing the work of three women, and slowly and painfully and patiently pasting together again the shattered fragments of her dream. Don was back in high school; Don was going on with his career; Don was going to be a reclamation engineer. June would take care of Dell.

Darrow didn't go to the Gale house very often. So he was pretty lonesome and spent a good deal of time in his bunk house, reading and writing long letters to his uncle, telling him about it.

He had great satisfaction in doing one thing for the Gale family which meant doing it for June. He secretly staked the Cooney father and sons to one-way tickets to the Ozarks. Dell wept for a day and then was clearly relieved, and he could see and sense the lessening of tension in them all.

HE DROPPED in on the Mallorys occasionally. Summer was definitely done and Elaine had lost a little of her desperate and hunted look, and the same poetry magazine had taken her verse about the burning of the chopped-hay barn.

"Doesn't Elaine look fine?" the husband wanted to know complacently.

"In the pink, yeah," Darrow agreed. "But still and all, I figure she ought to have about half the year in Carmel. No fooling. To pep her up for the poetry, I mean."

The woman's sallow face flushed darkly and she threw him a look of devout gratitude. "And Clyde's perfectly well, now ——"

The plump blond man considered it. "Well, dearie, we might go up for a month—or two or three, this winter, when things are so I could leave here."

Not so much of a break for her, Darrow considered, walking home—simmer all summer for a few weeks of solace. But it would help, at that. He must keep at Clyde, the poor dim bulb. He felt very gentle and good, sallying forth on his daily deeds of kindness.

And then, quite suddenly, he couldn't stand any more. He had seemed to have himself very nicely in hand, jogging along with the affairs of every day, and then June Gale came by in the cantankerous old Gale car and told him she had found out about his sending the Cooneys East. She was thinner than he had ever seen her, and there were faint violet shadows under her eyes, and still she was steady and serene.

"And now you have done this great thing for us," she said.

"Great thing?" he scoffed. "Putting the skids under those buzzards ——"

"Nothing else in all the world could have helped so much. Now we have a fighting chance to do something with

Dell." She studied his face for a long moment in silence. "What makes you so good to us?"

He told himself, after the old machine had rattled away, "And that was the narrowest squeak you ever had, young fella, for you darn near up and told her!"

It was then that he decided to go to the mountains. He was away only a little less than a month. The High Sierras were stimulating and satisfying; they were sanctuary, cooling and cleansing him of sweat and heat and rancor. He hiked and climbed and grew leaner and browner; there was a new sharp line to his jaw. For two weeks he did not see a newspaper.

Then, working his way back to the outer world again, he stopped the night at a summit hotel, and heard a man say something about Wall Street and the crash. "When was that?" he asked genially, attaching himself to the group about the fire. "The big panic, you mean, years ago?"

THE man stared at him. "Where've you been, son? Back on the trails? How long since you saw a newspaper? No; I'm talking about the crash of two weeks ago—the crash that's still crashing."

A stout youngish man with a sunburned nose and unpleasant yellow golf hose had a newspaper only two days old and passed it over to him. "Want to read the obituaries?"

Darrow took it with heavy fingers and a curious dryness in his mouth. There were screaming headlines in the heaviest type, and doleful prognostications of further disaster, and a jolly little anecdote in a box about a broker's suicide. He turned the pages for the column he was seeking, hesitated, and looked round the circle of ruefully amused faces.

"Are any of you interested—I mean, did you happen to notice whether Progressive Airways is still going up?"

"Yeah," said a thin man lugubriously, "in smoke. I hate to hang the crape, son, but if you were in that very deep you've lost your shirt."

"Everything's going slick," Jed Kehoe reported, thankful to see him. "Charley's scraping on the south forty. We're getting eighteen, nineteen cans of milk a day, and it's running 4.3 and better. That's what a Jersey herd'll do for you! Got our alfalfa in before the frost, just by the skin of our teeth, and there's twin colts—the black mare—cutest little tricks you ever saw, and both husky."

Darrow ran his car into the shed and walked across the fields in the crisp autumn air to the Gale place. He found June alone in the barn, milking.

"Swinging the job by yourself, I see," he commented heavily. "Well, that's very commendable, I'm sure. Nice to see you overcoming your slothful ways."

"I'm nearly through," she said. "Don had to take Dell to the doctor, and Anthony's pretty low today, but Luigi'll be here in a minute." She was looking at him happily and approvingly. "In the pink, aren't you? Look as if you could toss the Sierras right over the Coast Range!"

Darrow pulled off his coat and sat down on a stool and began to milk.

"Please don't bother," she urged. "Only two more. Come on and talk to me. Tell me things."

BUT the youth kept his head down and went steadily on with the accomplishment Clyde Mallory had taught him. He was thinking, "Not a darn bit better. Going away is no good, not if I come back. Guess I'll have to go and stay!" And, "This is where I saw her first, right here in this barn, when I came in with my poor ancient mariner, and she was milking." The same sweet pervasive smell of silage, heavy, brooding, pungent; a smell of fermentation; the odor of a distillery, once removed.

"Were the mountains glorious?"

"Great."

She gave him one intent look and ceased to make conversation. They finished the cows between them and Luigi came in and took charge of the milk.

"Come!" said June Gale imperiously, and Darrow followed her out of the barn and behind it. She went close to him and put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his face—only a little way up because their eyes were very nearly on a level. "Now, tell me," she commanded. "What is it?"

"Oh—nothing much;" he groped for a gallant gesture. "Me'n Mercutio—just like that," he jeered at himself. "It's only—you don't follow the stock market, but you must know there's been a crash."

"Yes, of course," she said.

"Well, I had every bean of my own in Progressive Airways and it's—it's gone."

"Gone? But I don't understand ——"

"Neither do I, really—that is, I can't take it in," he answered huskily. "It's sort of knocked me for a loop. All the things I'd hoped and planned to do for—for people, if ever I got the chance." The usually chatty young man was halting and stumbling in his speech. "Everything's gone flooey. I—I haven't anything."

It was, perhaps, the sharp air which made a sort of mist in his eyes, because the big girl's face seemed to waver and dissolve, and her voice was unsteady too.

She said, "But you've still got the ranch!" Then she came nearer still, so sweetly, perilously close that the youth was hard pressed to keep his arms rigid at his sides. He heard her saying an unbelievable thing in a tone made up of mothering tenderness, and maidenly withdrawal, and pride, and humbleness, and young audacity: "And you've—you've got me, too, you know—if you want me."

## *XXVII.*

HE KNEW now what his Uncle Jerry had meant, that night in the Bohemian Club, by that line about more abundant life. And he knew, too, after all his conjectures, what it was like to kiss a mouth which wore no lipstick.

He said at length, marshaling much firmness, "Now, then, first of all, we've got to tell Jim Corey."

June laughed a little, her dark head against his shoulder. "Oh, Jim knows!"

He stared. "But—how can he? I mean, when it's just—happened?"

"I told him; weeks ago—no, months."

"You told him what?"

"That I could never marry him because I loved you. I knew you were wild about

*(Continued on Page 151)*

# SUPPOSE YOU HAD TO CLEAN 1,000 BATHROOMS A DAY

**YOU WOULD USE WYANDOTTE DETERGENT, OF COURSE . . . JUST AS LEADING HOTELS AND OTHER BUILDINGS DO NOW**

IMAGINE yourself for a moment the manager of a great hotel. You would face cleaning problems similar to those of your own home, but multiplied many times. Instead of a single bathroom, with its neat tile floor and glistening porcelain fixtures, you would have hundreds.

You would have huge refrigerators in which your own would be almost lost . . . vast expanses of expensive marble . . . countless windows and window-shades. You would have literally thousands of faucets, door-knobs and other metal fixtures . . . acres of painted walls and woodwork . . . miles of hallways.

Quite naturally, you would insist upon a cleaning material which should be not only quick and efficient but *completely safe*—for a harsh cleanser would cause untold damage by scarring or discoloring fine finishes. And very likely, after thorough investigation and trial, you would choose Wyandotte Detergent, just as four out of five leading hotels, hospitals, banks and office-buildings have done, because it better satisfies every cleaning requirement.

Wyandotte Detergent is one of the superior-quality specialized products of The J. B. Ford Company . . . which for a third of a century has been meeting the cleaning-problems of every industry in the world with the best cleaning-materials which can possibly be produced, through a combination of scientific research—practical experience—unlimited resources—and unexcelled manufacturing facilities.

---

*For a third of a century, The J. B. Ford Company has been serving you, by serving various industries. It is the world's largest manufacturer of specialized cleaning-materials. Its products clean the buildings and stores that you visit . . . they keep food factories spotless . . . they are used in the better laundries and cleaning-and-dyeing establishments, so that your clothes will come back to you, fresh and clean, with the fabric absolutely unharmed . . . they even clean the metal which forms the ornaments and fixtures of your home. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Mich.*

Trade Mark

# WYANDOTTE CLEANS THE WORLD

# here is one Gift you never gave before

"A bathroom could not but be gay In such a jocund company"

Such complete bath sets as these have never before been packaged even by Martex. Cunningly folded side by side in each Martex box set you will find a complete ensemble of Martex bath towels, bath mat and wash cloths in matching colors and patterns. The new colors for your choice are orchid, jonquil yellow, azure blue, apple blossom pink, peach, Nile green and coral. Many of the sets also include a Martex shower curtain in matching color and design . . . Martex Bath Sets will keep their lovely colors and soft texture through years of daily use and laundering because every one is woven with the famous Martex Underweave — an exclusive feature of Martex.

# Martex BATH SETS

WELLINGTON, SEARS & COMPANY, 65 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 143)

that little Ty girl, but it didn't matter. I mean, even if you married her, I'd have kept on caring. I had to tell him."

Of course she did, being June. No silly shame or petty pride would keep her silent at such a time when she owed his wound the deep sharp mercy of a surgeon's knife.

"Then—everything's all right!" said Darrow joyfully, and kissed her again. "And we'll be married next week—tomorrow."

"No," said the big girl seriously, "we must wait. I must teach long enough to clean up everything. You know that. And there's Don—and Dell now."

"I'VE got to do some tall figuring," the youth frowned. "See what's left, exactly, of my development fund, and how much it will take to put the rest of the ranch under cultivation. I may have to hold up on some of it, and I can let two or three of the boys go and I might even make a hand myself!" he finished, not without pride. "But I still can't take it in at all. There I was, sitting on the top of the world with my stock, snooting my ranch—and now it's all I've got."

"Paper profits; this is real estate. *Real!*"

"Oh, but the coin of the realm I've buried in the dirt ——"

"But it's resurrection seven times a year! And when the water problem's solved ——"

"Gusberger again? Dirty pool?"

"I meant the whole question—the whole valley's problem."

"And we can settle it? Just like that?"

"We can help," she insisted. "Did I tell you the home department is banqueting the farm bureau tomorrow night? There'll be wonderful speeches about the water situation—the state engineer's coming!"

"I believe," Darrow said, "that water runs in your veins instead of blood."

"It's going to be a marvelous meeting."

"And you're going?"

"Am I going? My good man, I practically am the banquet! And you'll come for supper and to hear the engineer ——"

"And we'll go out and sit in my car ——"

"We'll sit in the hall and listen to the speeches."

THE home department dined the farm bureau in a hall two sizes too small, running over with tables and chairs and people and high-held trays, and smelling of food and strong coffee and tobacco and silage which clung to dairymen's clothes. Darrow watched June Gale, swift-stepping, carrying heavy trays lightly, no spilling or slopping, poised, competent, beautiful, friendly, beloved of all—and his! That dark and shining head, above the rest, the slim brown hands, the warm and eager mouth.

Hey, hey, but life was a comedian! You said you didn't like large women, and then you fell in love with one—and how! You said you hated the valley, and it rolled you flat in submission and fealty; you called these people hicks, and then you saw through to the courage and vision of them; you thought water was something to put in tubs and finger bowls and to drink on occasions of great thirst, and then you knew it for the river of life.

Darrow went up with June, when the speeches were over. "That was hot stuff you gave us," he said to the engineer. "I've got a ranch here. Anything I can do?"

"Plenty!" he pounced on him. "You can—wait a minute! Brant? Darrow Brant? I've seen you play football! I'll say you can help! When can I see you? Tomorrow? Right. Ten o'clock in the lobby of the Californian. We've got to organize"—he turned away to speak to someone else, turned back for a final word. "Tomorrow, then? And I'm pleased pink to find you here. Team work." he grinned. "Maybe you won't have a chance to make touchdowns, but ——"

"But I can be water carrier," said Darrow Brant.

EDWIN GALE and his wife were still in the sitting room when he took June home, late as it was, waiting to see them, saying little, beaming, slipping away to leave the lovers alone together.

"They adore you," said June. "You restore the years that the locusts have eaten. And they're not so bitter now about Don. He's working so faithfully, and being so gentle and good to Dell."

"Good egg, young Don," said his brother-in-law-to-be, "and as for his sister ——"

But before he could kiss her, Anthony Manning appeared in the door leading to his room. He looked flushed and oddly excited. "Look here," he began, "when are you going to get married?"

"About two years," June said. "It will take that long to pay off my debts, because helping Don slows me up. Yes; it will take two years."

"No, it won't," said the ex-soldier loudly and suddenly; "no, it won't!" And when they looked wonderingly at him his face grew redder still, and his hands, pulling some papers out of his pockets, fumbled and shook. "Because you don't owe any debts any more—not to Jed Kehoe, or Jim Corey, anybody—because I've paid them up, I went round today and paid up every single one, and here's the receipts to prove it."

"But—but we can't let you do this, Manning," Darrow protested. "It's too much for ——"

June was moving swiftly toward him and she cried out as she went. "Anthony! Your trip abroad!"

He had reached the door of his room, and he turned in the threshold and faced them, gaunt and tall and haggard in his shabby old bathrobe. "I could never have stood it," he muttered. "You know how I crock up all the time. And mother would have worried herself sick about me. I'd have been a washout as a traveler . . . as I am at everything. . . ." He stepped into his bedroom and closed the door.

"Darling," said Darrow, hurrying to her and holding her close, "don't cry! We'll give it back to him—every penny and more. Not now and not next month—he must have the thrill of his sacrifice—but we'll make it up to him, full measure! But isn't he a peach? And now—and now we can, can't we?" He bent his head. "When, June, when?"

"Perhaps just after Christmas?"

"But, gosh, woman, this is only November!"

"And it's likewise long past midnight, and you're going home."

BUT he wasn't going home, it appeared. He was going to sleuth his jelly bean, old Gyp the Water, for Jed Kehoe had been notified that he might have fourteen hours, and was complaining of the scanty flow, and June said she would go with him.

"Cheers! But you must bundle up; it's cold as the deuce!"

So June pulled on an old football sweater of Don's and her béret, and they set out at a brisk pace along the levee.

They separated and crept up very stealthily, and there was Gusberger with his lantern, and by its flickering rays he looked round and rosy and innocent.

He was startled at sight of them, but not at all dismayed. "'Allo, 'allo!" he said. "School-teacher girl and my queek-a young man!"

"How about pulling the rest of those boards?" the youth wanted to know very sternly.

"All-a right. I pull. Right-a now I pull!"

"We've been hearing the state engineer tonight; the big water fight is on. We're going to clear up the situation, all along the line. And this sort of thing—the stuff you've been pulling for years—is out!" In spite of himself his voice shook a little with the fervor of his feeling.

HIS adversary giggled. "All-a right," he said. "All-a right. I queet now." He emitted a long and gusty sigh of defeat.

"Well, you'd better, because we're going to ——"

He held up a fat hand; his dimples played. "Too beeg horry, young-a man. I queet now; go home. Thirty year. Thirty year—nobody; bime-by—somebody; pret' soon, I guess—nobody again. I go home—I go Sweetz'." He regarded Darrow without rancor or venom. "You young; I old; also—fat! Goood-a-by! Goood-a lucky to you, my queek-a young man!" He stooped and gathered up his tools and lifted his lantern and went away at his rolling gait, giggling at them, at his own wit, at himself, at the world, and his carol came back through the sharp night air—"Goood-a-by! Goood-a-by!"

"Gee, but I'll miss him," Darrow said. "You know, I like that old balloon—my jolly old jelly bean! The world is wadded full of virtuous people, but villains are so few and far between!" He observed her closely. "June—you're shivering. What is it?"

"It's—Gusberger, beaten. Ever since I can remember, he's been the black blight on our world, and everybody talked and talked, and nobody did anything. And then you came zooming down in your silly sports car and your silly sports clothes—and—and laughed at him! David and Goliath—no, Jack the Giant Killer! Putting the flag up for Anthony, and winning the school for me, and comforting a poor, forlorn half-crazed old man, and conquering the killers, and slaying the giant ——"

"BUT I wanted to give you everything," he said huskily. "Travel and ease and—and Beauty Shoppes; I wanted to give you the world!"

"But I'm glad you lost your silly paper money—glad! I want you to have to stay here, close to the ground—with me!"

He said unsteadily—"Dearest," and could say no more, young Mr. Brant, of Stanford and Malglum's, San Francisco, the Peninsula and way stations, once so fluent and ready of tongue, but he bent his head and found her warm mouth in the cold November dawn..

Then June, turning her eyes, cried "Look!" and he followed her gaze across the valley.

The High Sierras were sharply defined against the eastern sky, mighty, majestic, stern, but their summits, their shoulders were dazzling white.

"There's your break!" the big girl said. "Oh, it doesn't mean that we mustn't work and keep on working—but it's signs and wonders. It's the everlasting mercy."

"Snow?" he wondered.

"Water!"

(THE END)

THE comfort and enjoyment of the daily tub are unmistakably heightened by adding to the water a half-handful of No. 4711 Bath Salts in your favorite odor (there are eleven in all!) . . . No. 4711 Bath Salts are gently stimulating to fagged nerves and body and make the bath one of life's most delightful diversions.

No. 4711 Bath Salts

*Made in U. S. A. by*
Mulhens & Kropff, Inc., 25 West 45th St., New York

Culver New!

★ *Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute*

MANICURE COMPACT

For a Quick, Effective and Complete Manicure

—only five simple steps—5 minutes daily—with the marvelous all-in-one Culver Nail Liquid and Nail Bath will keep your nails in beautiful condition.

Culver Nail Liquid is the only all-in-one Manicure Preparation—it cleanses, softens the cuticle, bleaches beneath the nails, aids in removing cigarette and other stains, corrects brittleness, prevents hang nails and provides a soft, natural sheen.

Culver Nail Liquid is not an experiment but has been used by discriminating women for 14 years.

The Culver Nail Bath is unique, convenient, efficient. Permits preparation of one finger while another is being dressed. Can be carried in handbag or dressing case and used anywhere.

Mailed postpaid on receipt of $1.00 if your dealer does not have it.

Culver Manicure Compact $1.00

Comprising Nail Liquid and Nail Bath

Address Department E

Culver Laboratories Inc
3527 Lancaster Ave., Phila., Pa.

Rin-tin-tin's FOOD

To perform well, Rin-Tin-Tin, most valuable movie dog, must always be in perfect physical condition. Rin-Tin-Tin is fed Ken-L-Ration exclusively. Like all other dogs, Rin-Tin-Tin requires a *balanced* food...and Ken-L-Ration is correctly *blended* and *balanced*, containing fresh, pure meat, cereals, cod liver oil and charcoal in the right proportions. Perfectly cooked and canned, ready to feed, without muss or bother.

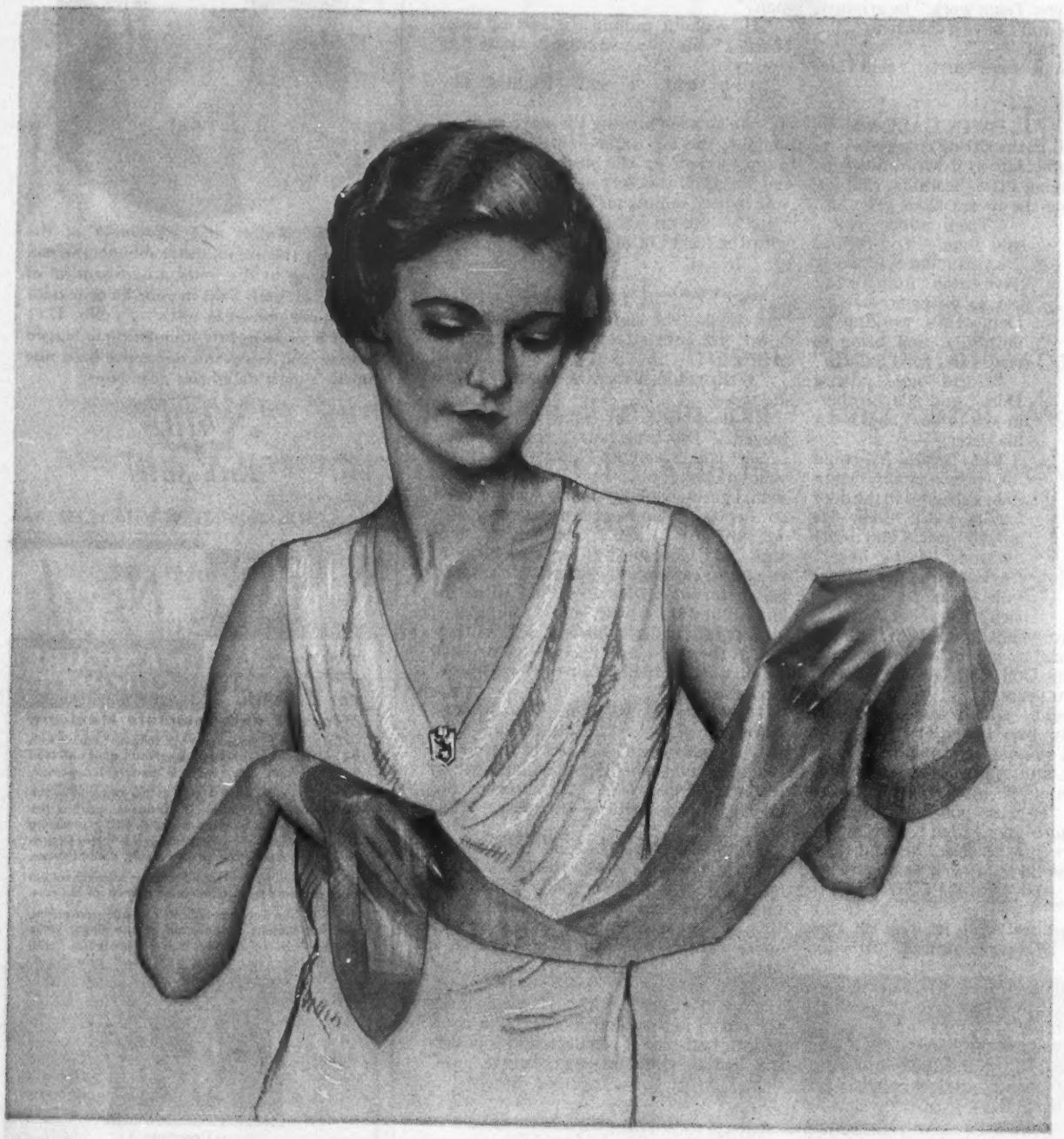
Do not accept substitutes. Ken-L-Ration is for sale in more than 100,000 stores. Ask for it by name. Write for free sample can.

CHAPPEL BROS., Inc.
82 Peoples Avenue
Rockford, Ill.

Send for FREE Sample

KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

# IT TOOK A WOMAN TO TELL US WHAT *Inlaid* REALLY IS



"This Christmas stocking of mine is like your Inlaid silverware. It is protected with extra silk at the wear points — heel, toe — just as your Inlaid silverware is protected by blocks of sterling, inlaid at the wear points."

Logical isn't it? In Holmes & Edwards Inlaid, blocks of sterling silver are imperceptibly embedded at each wear point of the most used pieces. When considering silverplate remember that you can have INLAID, something more than plate, and at no higher price.

## HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID

*Something more than Plate*

A PRODUCT OF INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

In silverplate — also manufacturers of Stratford, doubly plated at the wear point, and moderately priced at $1.75 for six teaspoons.

Notice the Viande Knife (Patent applied for) and Viande Fork, illustrated in Charm pattern whose long flowing lines add new beauty and new practicability. In any of the seven Inlaid patterns, teaspoons are $3.75 for six. The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., International Silver Co., Successor, 54 Seaview Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. In Canada, International Silver Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

© I.S.CO. 1930

DECORATIVE PAPERS, COURTESY PINCO PAPERS, INC.

CEDAR CHEST, COURTESY PEQUOT MILLS

# The Hostess

*Conducted by* NANCY OAKLEY

*Photographs by Charles Garner*

DECEMBER is always a gay month, with all sorts of interesting, spur-of-the-moment parties developing delightfully at unexpected times, in addition to the planned affairs.

What with a host of lively boys and girls home from schools and colleges all over the country, bubbling over with energy and bright ideas for entertaining, the hostess is apt to have a rather hectic life.

And, of course, in addition to her planning of parties, she must somehow contrive to work in her Christmas shopping, which is usually a man-sized job in itself.

So this month, on our page, I thought it might be helpful to consider not only party ideas for her but also gift suggestions that have a direct relation to the home.

For the hostess the guest room is always an important consideration, and in the photographed star at the top of this page is a suggestion for a gift to please a hostess of any age—a fascinating little cedar chest filled with sheets and pillow cases with colored borders. The chest itself makes a convenient and attractive receptacle afterward for gloves, handkerchiefs, ribbons and knicknacks in a top bureau drawer. Grouped about the box are suggestions for attractive, new decorative wrapping papers for Christmas gifts.

Of course at this holiday season the children of the house rank first in importance as regards gifts. And one can usually please a young mother more by a gift for her baby or for the nursery than by something for herself. In the lower left-hand illustration is an altogether enchanting group for the youngest member of the family. A peach-colored play rug to fit a kiddie koop, or to spread on the nursery floor—or next summer on the lawn—with a design of amusing Scotty dogs on leashes. Matching this play rug are bath towels, wash cloths, and the little bib which the toy dog in the picture is wearing so jauntily.

On the opposite side of the page is a group of towels, shower curtain, mat and glass bottles for the hostess' own bathroom or for the guest bathroom. The exotic undersea design of the shower curtain matches the towels, wash cloth and mat, making a very smart and modern ensemble. The glass bottles and matching tumblers, soap dish and powder jar are of black-and-white glass with a star design. Any woman would delight in receiving them for a Christmas gift.

The dear and funny collection of toys needs no comment—they speak for themselves. But wouldn't any youngster adore them—particularly the floppy-eared dog with the sad expression, sitting beside the Christmas tree, and the long-necked giraffe?

Having discussed various types of presents, let us now turn our attention back to that matter of impromptu parties. In this type of entertaining, bridge always plays a major rôle, and here are some highly amusing suggestions for

## A Different Bridge Party

HERE is a suggestion, which has stood the test of merry experience, and has at least the air of being "something different." Believe it or not, it has worked out quite successfully without spoiling the good time of the inevitable one or two who take their bridge almost too seriously. It has as its feature the injection of chance into the scoring of each round, each player having his own individual opportunity to see whether Dame Chance is smiling or frowning upon him.

Suppose you have planned a bridge for four tables that is to last six rounds. Prepare six sets of four envelopes, each labeled "Chance Bridge," and type each set successively, "How to Score Round 1," "How to Score Round 2," up to the sixth round. The novelty comes from your ingenuity in arriving at six different sets of instructions for scoring, each of which is based on some act of chance, like drawing a card, or tossing a coin. At the conclusion of each round actual scores are summed up and you as hostess distribute to each of the tables the envelope containing directions for scoring that round.

Here are some typical instructions that can be used. You can probably find some that you like a great deal better, but these will give you a clew to the sort of thing that will make the entr'actes interesting:

ROUND 1. Each player tosses a coin:
Heads—Double your actual score.
Tails—Take one-half of your actual score.

ROUND 2. Disregard actual score. Each player draws a card for his score, for which we give suggestions:

| CARD | SPADE-HEART | DIAMOND-CLUB |
|---|---|---|
| K | 650 | 325 |
| Q | 600* | 300 |
| J | 550 | 275 |
| 10 | 500 | 250 |
| 9 | 450 | 225 |
| 8 | 400 | 200 |
| 7 | 350 | 175 |
| 6 | 300 | 150 |
| 5 | 250 | 125 |
| 4 | 200 | 100 |
| 3 | 150 | 75 |
| 2 | 100 | 50 |
| Ace | 50 | 25 |

*Queen of Spades = *Zero*

ROUND 3. Place inside the envelope a smaller envelope with the inscription:
"This envelope contains 4 separate sets of directions, one for each player. Draw a slip and follow directions. Ladies first! No peeking!"
The four slips containing directions may read something like this:
(*a*) Double your score if you got up before seven this morning. Take your actual score if you got up after seven.
(*b*) Your score is equal to your actual score plus the distance of the town of your birth from here (to the nearest 100 miles). Maximum score—1200
(*c*) Multiply your actual score by one-half the size of your left shoe.
(*d*) Add to your score 100 times the number of slices of bread you had for dinner today.

ROUND 4. Score for each individual equals the average of actual score and the last three digits on license plate of partner's car (or of telephone number).

ROUND 5. Four players draw for high card. If a lady draws the highest card, both ladies take the higher of the two scores, gentlemen take the lower. If a gentleman draws the highest card, both gentlemen take the higher of the two scores, ladies take the lower.

ROUND 6. Reverse the digits in your actual score. Examples: 349—943—42—24.
(Announce this one before the round is played. This leads to some very interesting bidding and playing, for an actual score in three digits ending in a 9 will give a score of over 900).

ADDITIONAL SUGGESTIONS: Partners add 300 to actual score if the total number of letters in their last names is an even number, and add only 50 if the number of letters is an odd number. Add to each score one-half the higher of the two actual scores. Examples: If the two actual scores are 180 and 420, add 210 (one-half of 420) to each score, giving 390 and 630.

## Handmade Christmas Cards

YEAR by year the fad for making our own Christmas cards grows apace, so this month we have gotten together a most interesting little booklet of several designs and three different processes—all quite simple—by which you can make distinctive and interesting Christmas cards yourself. Send a two-cent stamp to the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for our Christmas Card booklet.

While we are on the subject of remembering our friends at Christmas, I want to suggest that you turn to pages 28 and 31, where we have photographed some extremely interesting groups of suggested gifts. Also on page 17 you will be interested in an unusual article, Buy Buy Christmas.

CHILD'S SCOTTY DOG PLAY RUG AND MATCHING BIB AND BATH ENSEMBLE, COURTESY CANNON MILLS, INC.

DICKIE DUCK, CENTER, WITH BABY'S FORK AND SPOON IN SILHOUETTE PATTERN, COURTESY 1847 ROGERS BROS. SILVER PLATE

BATH ENSEMBLE, CATALINA DESIGN, COURTESY MARTEX
BLACK AND WHITE GLASS, COURTESY OVINGTON'S

ALL TOYS ON PAGE, COURTESY STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

GIVE YEARS OF BEAUTY, YEARS OF MELLOW CHIME AND UNCANNY ACCURACY—

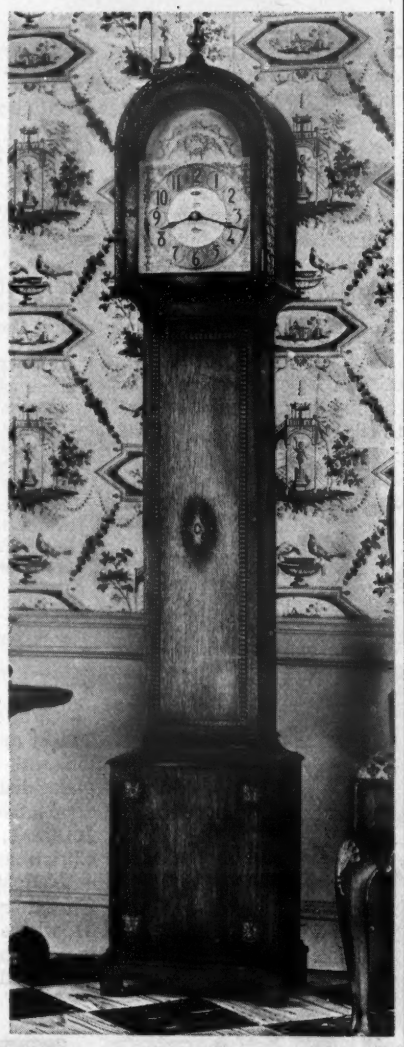
# IN A REVERE CLOCK, WITH TELECHRON MOTOR

SOME gifts are forgotten by the end of Christmas Day. Some are treasured for a week or month or more. But a Revere Clock, by the beauty of its cabinetwork, the music of its chimes, and the precision of the time it tells, becomes almost a member of the family. And through long years of faithful service, recalls grateful memories of the giver.

Revere cases are carefully, cunningly wrought of fine woods in authentic period designs. Revere chimes are deep-toned, rich and resonant—sounding the Westminster, Canterbury or Whittington melody every quarter, and striking the hour as well.

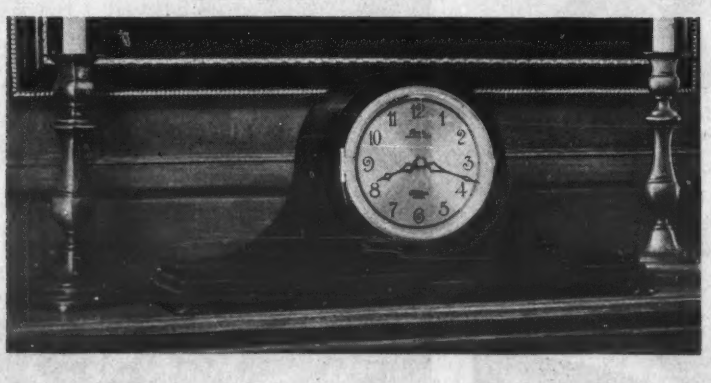
Every Revere Clock contains a tiny, self-starting Telechron motor, which takes alternating current from the electric outlet and translates it into accurate time of day. Plugged in, Revere Clocks run quietly, correctly, continuously, without any winding or regulating.

Plan now to put Revere Clocks in the homes of your friends on Christmas morning. Best of all, choose one for your own household. Representative models are illustrated on this page. There are many more, ranging in price from $40 to $1200.* Good dealers everywhere display them. They are illustrated also in our free booklet, "Observatory Time." Write for it. The Revere Clock Company, 428 McMillan Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



**Top, right:** R-130. *Gothic.* $88. **Right:** *Plymouth. Louis* XVI. $125. **Below:** R-638. *Colonial.* $42. *All three clocks have mahogany cases and Westminster chimes.*

**The Warren Telechron Company of Ashland, Mass., manufactures a full line of non-striking clocks at prices up to $55.*



★ Revere Clocks

WITH *Telechron* ELECTRIC MOTORS


# Index of Advertisers

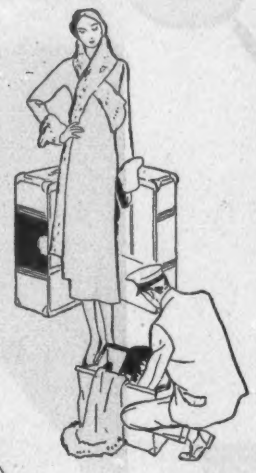
## *December, 1930*


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Allen-A Company, The | 87 |
| Alvin Corporation, The | 104 |
| American Chain Company, Inc. | 141 |
| American Kitchen Products Co. | 66 |
| Angelus-Campfire Company | 128 |
| Arden, Elizabeth | 111 |
| Armstrong Cork Company | 30, 67 |
| Associated Silver Co. | 132 |
| Ayer, Incorporated, Harriet Hubbard | 123 |
| Baker's Cocoa | 43 |
| Bartels, Henry | 144 |
| Bauer & Black | 95 |
| Bell Co., Wm. G. | 132 |
| Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. | 124 |
| Blaetz, J. H. | 80 |
| Borden Sales Company, Inc., The | 70 |
| Bristol-Myers Co. | 158 |
| Bryant, Lane | 144 |
| Buick Motor Company | 47 |
| California Packing Corporation | 71, 74 |
| California Walnut Growers Association | 94 |
| Camay Soap | 2 |
| Campbell Soup Company | 27 |
| Canners League—Asparagus Section | 55 |
| Cannon Mills, Inc. | 157 |
| Carnation Company | 86 |
| Chappel Bros., Inc. | 151 |
| Chipso (Flakes and Granules) | 64, 65 |
| Chrysler Sales Corporation | 96 |
| Clark, Frank C. | 78 |
| Clark Grave Vault Co., The | 98 |
| Coca-Cola Company, The | 99 |
| Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. | 33, 61 |
| Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream | 61 |
| Congoleum-Nairn Inc. | II Cover |
| Corning Glass Works | 115 |
| Cream of Wheat Corporation, The | 79 |
| Crisco | 56, 57 |
| Crosley Radio Corp., The | 120 |
| Crown Cork & Seal Co. | 144 |
| Culver Laboratories, Inc. | 151 |
| Daisy Products, Inc., The | 148 |
| Eastman Kodak Company | 145 |
| Edison General Electric Appliance Company, Inc. | 62 |
| Fels & Company | 35 |
| Firestone Footwear Co. | 122 |
| Fisher Body Corp. | 39 |
| Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., The | 132 |
| Fleischmann's Yeast | 49 |
| Florsheim Shoe Co., The | 135 |
| Ford Company, The J. B. | 149 |
| Ford Motor Company | 42 |
| Franco-American Food Company, The | 1 |
| Fruit Dispatch Co. | 83 |
| General Electric Co. | 54 |
| General Foods Corporation: | |
| Baker & Co., Inc., Walter | 43 |
| General Motors Radio Corporation | 59 |
| Gold Dust Corporation | 109 |
| Goodrich Footwear Corporation, The B. F. | 134 |
| Green Company, The Daniel | 133 |
| Hankscraft Co. | 142 |
| Heinz Co., H. J. | 81 |
| Hinze Ambrosia, Inc. | 156 |
| Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., The | 152 |
| Hookless Fastener Company | 116 |
| Horsman Co., Inc., E. I. | 135 |
| Hunter Woolen Mills | 148 |
| India Tea Bureau | 148 |
| Ivory (Soap and Flakes) | 44, 45 |
| Jergens Co., The Andrew | 100 |
| Knox Gelatine Co., Charles B. | 77 |
| Kotex Company | 41 |
| Lambert Pharmacal Company | 50 |
| Laskin & Sons, Inc., J. | 127 |
| Lea & Perrins, Inc. | 78 |
| Lehn & Fink, Inc. | 84 |
| Lemco | 148 |
| Lewis Hotel Training Schools | 142 |
| Libby, McNeill & Libby | III Cover |
| Lincoln Logs | 146 |
| Lovell Mfg. Co. | 131 |
| Lucky Tiger Mfg. Co. | 127 |
| Mentholatum Co. | 90 |
| Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. | 118 |
| Minnesota Valley Canning Company | 76 |
| Moore Push-Pin Co. | 142 |
| Mueller Co., C. F. | 121 |
| Mulhens & Kropff, Inc. | 151 |
| Munsingwear Corp., The | 136 |
| Naphtha Soap | 37 |
| North Ridge Pines | 132 |
| Palmolive Soap | 33 |
| Paris Pattern Company, Inc., The | 38 |
| Parke Co., L. H. | 129 |
| Parker Brothers, Inc. | 117 |
| Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc. | 85, 143 |
| Pequot Mills | 125 |
| Piggly Wiggly Stores | 119 |
| Pond's Extract Company | 29 |
| Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, The | 112 |
| Procter & Gamble Co., The: | |
| Camay Soap | 2 |
| Chipso (Flakes and Granules) | 64, 65 |
| Crisco | 56, 57 |
| Ivory (Soap and Flakes) | 44, 45 |
| Naphtha Soap | 37 |
| RCA Victor Company, Inc. | IV Cover |
| Remington Arms Co., Inc. | 129 |
| Reo Motor Car Company | 140 |
| Revere Clock Co., The | 154 |
| Roseville Pottery Company, The | 130 |
| Russell-Miller Milling Co. | 113 |
| Safety Thumb-Guard Co., The | 92 |
| Scranton Drapery Fabrics | 107 |
| Selby Shoe Company, The | 103 |
| Seymour Woolen Mills | 92 |
| Simoniz Company, The | 78 |
| Skinner Mfg. Co. | 78 |
| Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc, L C. | 88 |
| Snuggle Rug Company | 92 |
| Sprague, Warner & Company | 147 |
| Squibb & Sons, E. R. | 52, 93, 97 |
| Stanco Incorporated (Daggett & Ramsdell) | 92 |
| Standard Brands Incorporated: | |
| Fleischmann's Yeast | 49 |
| Stokely Bros. & Co., Inc. | 114 |
| Sun Maid Raisin Growers of California | 110 |
| Swift & Company | 69 |
| Texas Company, The | 91 |
| Travel Guild, Inc., The | 146 |
| Vacuum Oil Company | 102 |
| Veldown Company, Inc. | 155 |
| Wander Company, The | 48 |
| Wellington, Sears & Co. | 150 |
| Western Co., The | 126 |
| Wheatena Corporation, The | 106 |
| White Sewing Machine Company | 58 |
| Wiss & Sons Co., J. | 124 |
| Wizard Co. | 142 |
| Woodbury, Inc., John H. | 73 |
| Yardley & Co., Ltd. | 108 |


**While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.**

# Now! A Revolutionary Discovery in Women's Hygiene

*Soft as fluffed silk, pure Rayon cellulose filled, this new-type sanitary protection banishes all chafing, all discomfort from women's hygiene—and lasts 3 times longer.*



*Women by the thousands are discarding old methods and adopting this new, far gentler hygienic aid.*

THERE is now an *utterly new* and *totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an innovation of world-wide importance.

An entirely new kind of a sanitary napkin made possible by a new mechanical invention. It is NEW in design. New in material. New and remarkable in the results that it gives.

Women by the thousands are discarding other type sanitary methods and adopting it. For it has two outstanding advantages every woman is quick to understand and appreciate.

*Ends All Chafing—All Irritation!*

Patented under U. S. Patents (U. S. Pat. No. 1702530) it is different from any other pad. It is unique in its results. When you buy your first box of Veldown just open one of the pads and examine it. You will note that it is filled with pure Rayon Cellulose, the same pure, silky base from which softest rayon is made. Soft as fluffed silk; *not crepe paper* as used in some old-type methods.

## A New Creation that Banishes All Chafing, All Discomfort — Remains Effective 3 Times Longer. Gives You the Supreme Gentleness of Pure Rayon. . . . The Most Talked About Hygienic Aid for Women of the Day

You will see from its construction why *it cannot chafe or irritate*. Hence, no more discomfort, no more irritation! Consider what this means.

Its softness is the gentle softness of Fluffed Silk. Its "feel" gives you a contrast that will turn you forever from the irritating old ways. Try it. What you find will amaze you.

*Remains Effective Hours Longer*

This new invention also makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods now known or ever known to women.

Thus it can be worn in complete *safety* and protection *hours longer* than other sanitary methods. Consider, too, what this means.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

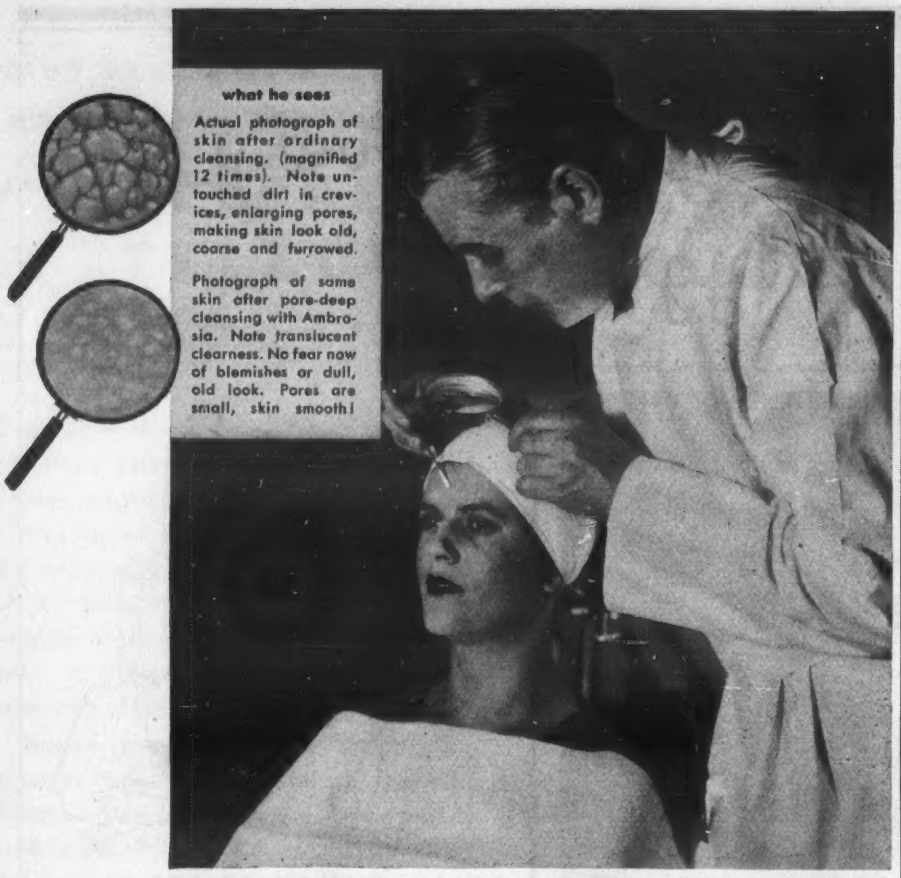
*Accept Trial*

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don't feel that it is a Vast and Great Improvement on any other pad you have ever worn, return the box—and receive your full purchase price back. *164A*

VELDOWN COMPANY, INC.
220 E. 42nd Street, New York City
*One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Power Company*

# Vel'down

*For Every Woman*


what he sees
Actual photograph of skin after ordinary cleansing. (magnified 12 times). Note untouched dirt in crevices, enlarging pores, making skin look old, coarse and furrowed.
Photograph of same skin after pore-deep cleansing with Ambrosia. Note translucent clearness. No fear now of blemishes or dull, old look. Pores are small, skin smooth!

DOCTORS PREFER LIQUIDS FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING

**Skin Specialist Reveals** NEW FACTS ABOUT DIRTY PORES

"WHY does old-fashioned cleansing fail today? Because the air is full of a new kind of dirt . . . greasy, machine-age dirt. It pours from smoke stacks, auto exhausts, chimneys. Sticks to skin much more than light, dusty dirt of years gone by. Hence cleansing methods that only remove surface dirt fail to get greasy dirt out of the pores. And women who *think* their faces clean are puzzled by grey-looking complexions, dirty pores, even blackheads and coarse skin."

**How liquid cleansing aids skin**

Liquid Ambrosia penetrates instantly, dissolves deep-lying dirt. Thus prevents clogged pores and grey, dull look. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing the skin as nothing has done before. Pores cleansed to their depths every day with liquid Ambrosia soon become fine; skin regains radiant freshness of youth.

**What skin specialist said**

A great skin specialist recently said of Ambrosia: "The formula is perfectly compounded to cleanse, and at the same time keep the skin soft." No wax in Ambrosia to clog and coarsen pores; no alkali to dry skin out like paper. Instead the sweet oils in Ambrosia are very softening for a dry skin, and its quick penetration gives oily skin the pore-deep cleansing and stimulation it needs.

**To women who received sample**

Consistent use is necessary if skin is to show real benefits of Ambrosia. Discard other methods of cleansing for two weeks. Follow directions given here and in booklet for use of Ambrosia on your type of skin. Doctors say Ambrosia alone, if used according to directions, is quick, thorough, safe, and keeps face lovely as nothing has done before.

**Note.** If you have not tried Ambrosia write at once for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 12-H, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Dept. 12-H, 69 York Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.

**4 ounces $1.00 8 ounces $1.75 16 ounces $3.00**

Copyright 1930, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

IMPORTANT: READ DIRECTIONS—

**normal skin:**

Saturate absorbent cotton with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck, repeating until fresh cotton does not show soil. Then pour a little Ambrosia in the hand and pat over the face. Continue patting till dry to help skin absorb softening oils.

**dry skin:**

Cleanse as for normal skin. At night give dry skin added lubrication it needs by stroking on a softening cream. Soon skin becomes less dry. Then cleansing as for normal skin will keep it soft.

**oily skin:**

Cleanse oily skin frequently during the day with Ambrosia so clean pores can function normally. Rinse with cool water after each cleansing to stimulate circulation and remove surplus oil.

NOTABLE WOMEN WHO USE AMBROSIA

MISS RUTH H. KRESGE
HELEN MORGAN
FAITH BALDWIN
MARILYN MILLER
MISS MARJORIE DE L. OELRICHS
MRS. WILSON WOODROW
ANITA LOOS ADELE ASTAIRE

AMBROSIA

**the pore-deep cleanser**


# Table of Contents

COVER DESIGN BY E. M. JACKSON

## FICTION


| | Page |
|---|---|
| An End to Mirth (In four parts): Part I—*Ben Ames Williams* *Illustrated by Marshall Frantz* | 3 |
| One Emerald—*Alice Duer Miller* . . . . . *Illustrated by Pruett Carter* | 10 |
| Water: Part IV (Conclusion)—*Ruth Comfort Mitchell* *Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops* | 16 |
| It's So Hard to Make Them Happy—*Hugh MacNair Kahler* *Illustrated by Meade Schaeffer* | 18 |
| Canyon Walls: Part III (Conclusion)—*Zane Grey* *Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover* | 19 |
| The Spirit of Christmas—*Clarence Budington Kelland* . *Illustrated by R. F. James* | 20 |
| White Magic—*Dagvar* . . . . . *Illustrated by LeRoy Baldridge* | 22 |


## SPECIAL FEATURES


| | |
|---|---|
| A Sermon on the Stork—*Josephine Daskam Bacon* . *Decoration by Wolfe Káská* | 6 |
| The Christmas Coach—*A painting by Norman Rockwell* . . . . . | 7 |
| Two Strong Men—*Albert Payson Terhune* . . . . . | 8 |
| Magic on the Ivory Coast—*William B. Seabrook* . . . . . | 12 |
| The First Christmas—*A Christmas Play by Marjorie Marquis* *Illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay* | 14 |
| Buy Buy Christmas—*Grace Higgins* . . . . . | 17 |
| What Really Happened—*A page of whimsicalities in verse and prose by A. A. Milne* . . . . . *Illustrated by E. H. Shepard* | 25 |
| Games to the Rescue!—*Elizabeth Clark Boyden* . . . . . | 32 |


## CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

(*Selected from all Departments*)


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Buy Buy Christmas . . . . . | 17 |
| All in a Day's Shopping . . . . | 28 |
| For Your Sisters and Your Cousins and Your Aunts . . . . | 31 |
| Games to the Rescue! . . . . . | 32 |
| Lingerie—the Gift From Paris . . | 34 |
| Intimate Gifts are Welcome . . . | 40 |
| Who Loves a Circus? . . . . . | 43 |
| The Patch Box . . . . . | 46 |
| Suggestions for Home Decorators | 55 |
| Made-in-the-Kitchen Gifts . . . | 68 |
| From Our Own Kitchen . . . . | 70 |
| Buying Dolls . . . . . | 78 |
| What's New? . . . . . | 82 |
| Christmas Breads and Cakes From Far Lands . . . . . | 85 |
| The Sub-Deb . . . . . | 101 |
| Building Little Sister's Doll House . . . . . | 105 |
| Bulbs for Winter Bloom . . . . | 130 |
| The Hostess . . . . . | 153 |


## FASHIONS


| | |
|---|---|
| All in a Day's Shopping . . . . | 28 |
| For Your Sisters and Your Cousins and Your Aunts . . . . | 31 |
| Lingerie—the Gift From Paris . . | 34 |
| Ensembles for Travel, Country and Town . . . . . | 36 |
| Dressing for the Bridge Club . . | 38 |
| Intimate Gifts are Welcome . . . | 40 |
| The Patch Box—*Barbara Stanwood* . . . . . | 46 |


## HANDIWORK


| | |
|---|---|
| Who Loves a Circus?—*Designed by Elizabeth Marriott King* . . . | 43 |


## INTERIOR DECORATION


| | |
|---|---|
| Suggestions for Home Decorators | 55 |
| Southwestern American Colonial Interiors and Fabrics . . . . | 58 |
| A New Home From an Old House—*Paul J. Richardt* . . . . . | 60 |


## THE MODERN HOMEMAKER


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Made-in-the-Kitchen Gifts—*Caroline B. King* . . . . . | 68 |
| From Our Own Kitchen—*Viola M. Bell* . . . . . | 70 |
| Household Management . . . . | 72 |
| Mental Hygiene in the Home—*Karl Menninger, M.D.* . . . | 75 |
| Suggested Menus for Christmas Day—*Viola M. Bell* . . . . | 77 |
| Buying Dolls—*M. Attie Souder* . | 78 |
| Getting the Right Start—*S. Josephine Baker, M.D.* . . | 80 |
| What's New? . . . . . | 82 |
| Christmas Breads and Cakes From Far Lands—*Clara Gebhard Snyder* . . . . | 85 |


## GARDENS


| | |
|---|---|
| Winter Mulches for Any Garden—*Louise Bush-Brown* . . . . | 127 |
| Small Bulbs for Rock Gardens—*Anderson McCully* . . . . . | 129 |
| Bulbs for Winter Bloom—*F. F. Rockwell* . . . . . | 130 |


## HOME BUILDING


| | |
|---|---|
| Journal Garden Homes at Christmas . . . . . | 26 |
| Building Little Sister's Doll House—*Bernice Carter Davis* . | 105 |


## ENTERTAINING


| | |
|---|---|
| The Sub-Deb: A Page for Girls—*Directed by Marguerite Aspinwall* . . . . | 101 |
| The Hostess—*Conducted by Nancy Oakley* . . . . . | 153 |


## POEMS


| | |
|---|---|
| Christmas Night Piece—*Charles Dalmon* . . . . . | 53 |
| The Cloister—*Edna A. Collamore* | 63 |
| For a Poet's Bride—*Daniel Whitehead Hicky* . . . | 89 |
| Who For?—*Lysbeth Boyd Borie* . | 137 |


## MISCELLANEOUS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials . . . . . | 24 |
| Ladies' Home Journal Reference Library . . . . . | 87 |
| The Girls' Club . . . . . | 103, 109 |


### *A Special Word to Subscribers*

WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label.

A request for change of address must *reach us* at least 5 weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect—6 weeks before if you live on the Pacific Coast. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Should your subscription expire with this issue of the HOME JOURNAL your renewal should be sent promptly to insure receipt of the January issue before it is "sold out." We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Subscribers should always use Postal or Express money orders or Bank drafts in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

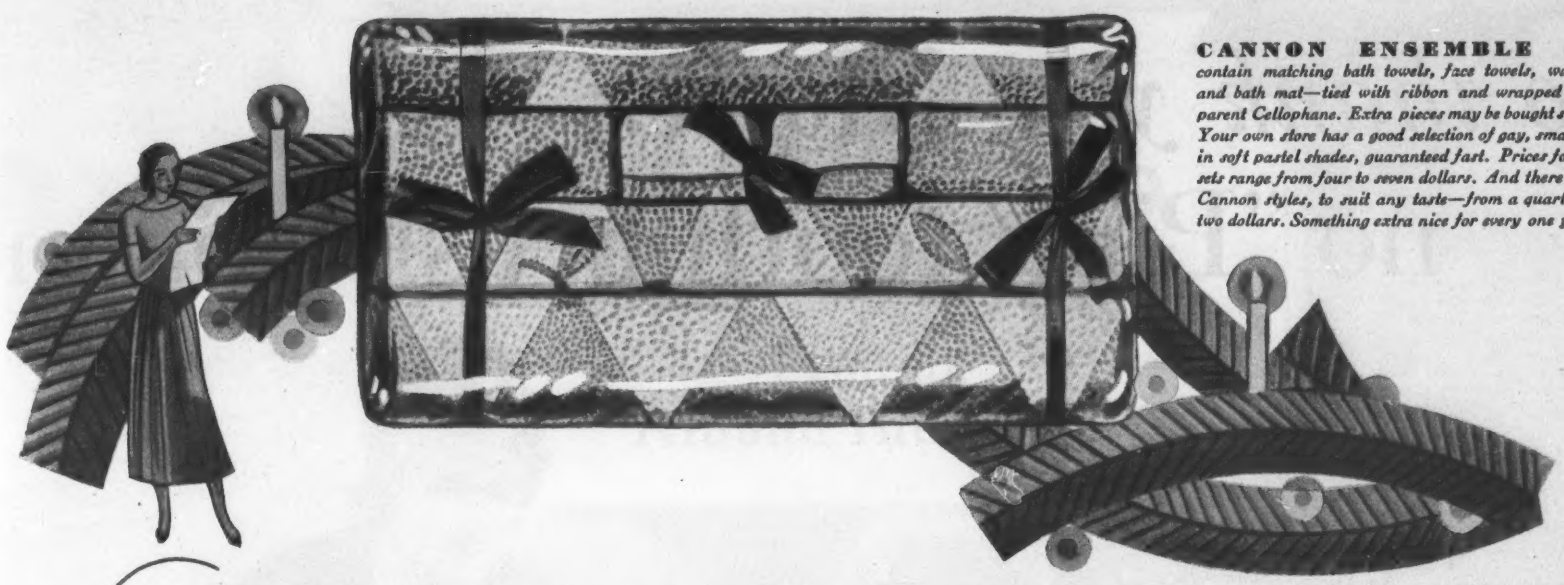

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Publishers also of *The Saturday Evening Post*, in the U. S. 5c the copy, $2.00 the year (52 weekly issues), 2 years for $3.50, 3 years for $5.00; in Canada 10c the copy, $3.00 the year, 2 years for $5.50, 3 years for $8.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.


### *Our Advertising Branch Offices*

[For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.]

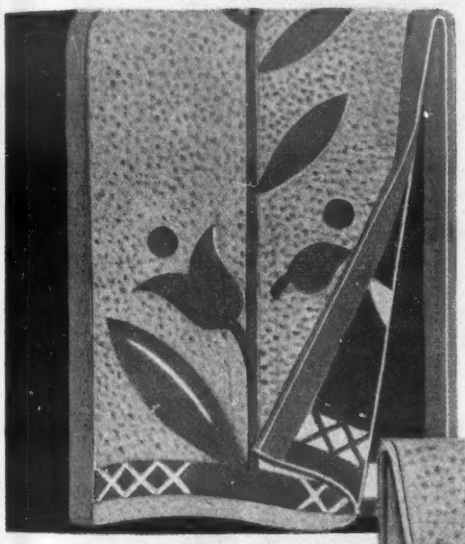
PHILADELPHIA: Independence Square
NEW YORK: 60 E. 42nd Street
CHICAGO: 333 N. Michigan Avenue
DETROIT: 3044 W. Grand Boulevard
CLEVELAND: 925 Euclid Avenue
BOSTON: 30 State Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 1 Montgomery Street



**CANNON ENSEMBLE SETS** *contain matching bath towels, face towels, wash cloths and bath mat—tied with ribbon and wrapped in transparent Cellophane. Extra pieces may be bought separately. Your own store has a good selection of gay, smart designs in soft pastel shades, guaranteed fast. Prices for Cannon sets range from four to seven dollars. And there are other Cannon styles, to suit any taste—from a quarter each to two dollars. Something extra nice for every one you know!*

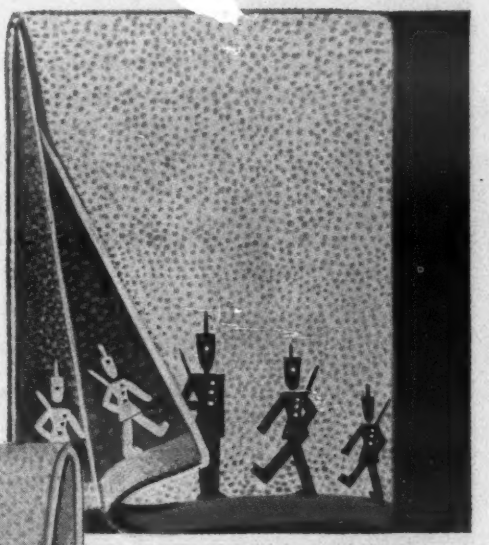
## Be kind to them all this Christmas!

# Give CANNON TOWELS in sets



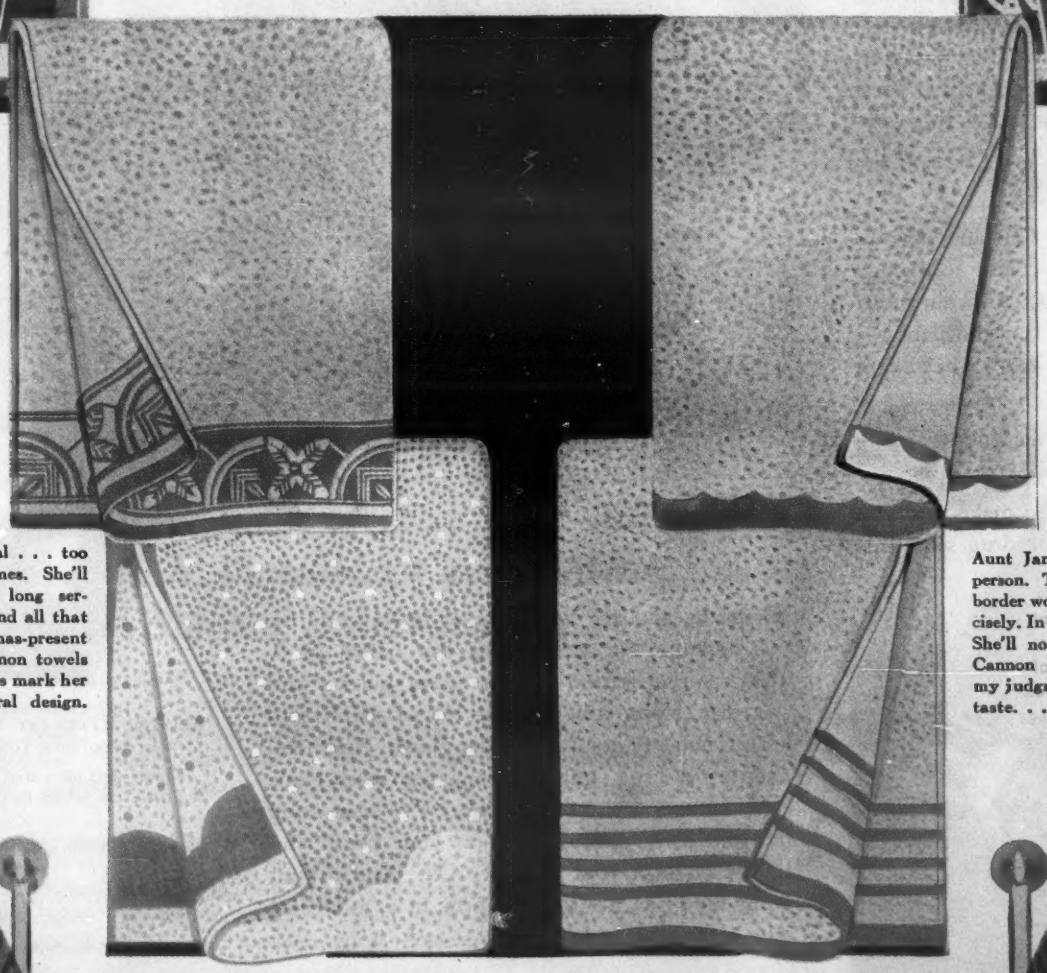
How about this fascinating three-tone set for Irene? She's the smartest girl in the world! Always looks like a Paris fashion sheet—correct, from toe to top-knot. This brand-new idea is just her style, and these are exactly the colors she likes.

WHAT makes your gift a success? Just that it perfectly suits the person, and the purpose—with a dash of chic for good measure. . . . In the new Cannon ensemble sets are packed *all* the virtues *all* your friends look for in towels and wash cloths and bath mats. . . . You get credit for *all kinds of cleverness*. And you get the most for your money—anything that wears the Cannon label is the world's best value in its class, always. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

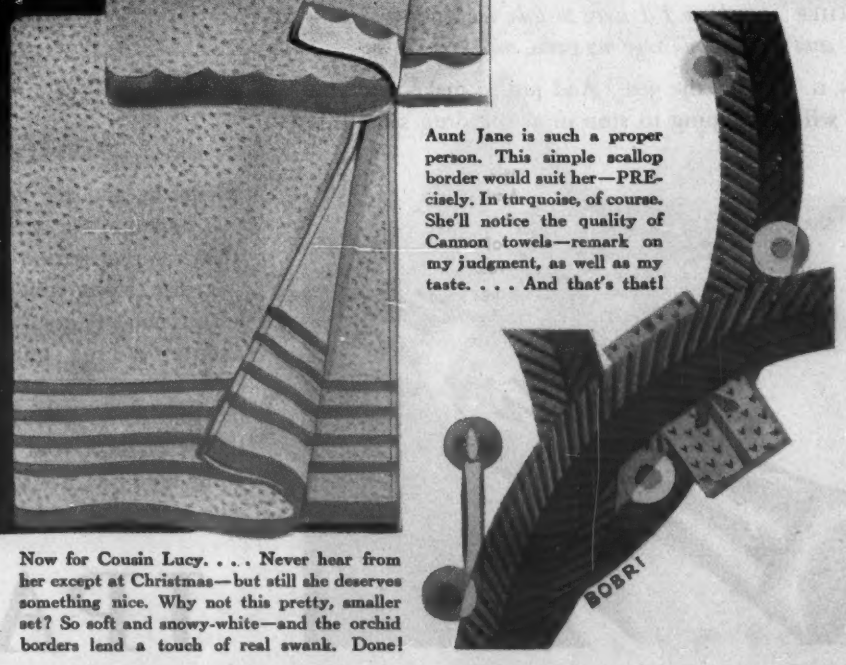


Let's see . . . Helen has only one interest nowadays—that precious boy-baby of hers. So here's what *she* gets. A set of towels and wash cloths and so on, in the wooden-soldier pattern—and in jade to match the new nursery bathroom.

Dot is so practical . . . too practical, sometimes. She'll expect efficiency, long service, fast colors and all that—even in Christmas-present towels. Well, Cannon towels wear for ages. Let's mark her for this neat floral design.



Frances is easy. She's a color fan. Any of these clever reversible styles would give her a thrill. Maybe the cloud and dot design is the boldest and brightest. I want some like it myself. . . . Oh, *perfect*, in that soft, lovely shade of rose!



Now for Cousin Lucy. . . . Never hear from her except at Christmas—but still she deserves something nice. Why not this pretty, smaller set? So soft and snowy-white—and the orchid borders lend a touch of real swank. Done!



Aunt Jane is such a proper person. This simple scallop border would suit her—PRE-cisely. In turquoise, of course. She'll notice the quality of Cannon towels—remark on my judgment, as well as my taste. . . . And that's that!

# *No thank you, Mother,* no "Pink tooth brush" for me!

THIS NEW GENERATION:—Mother, you've been buying your kind of tooth paste for me again!

MOTHER: *But you've always used that kind. Ever since you were a child.*

T. N. G.: Not lately. Not since I went to the dentist last fall and found out about *gums.*

MOTHER: *But tooth paste isn't for your gums. It's for your* teeth.

T. N. G.: Now that's just where you admit you're a wee bit old-fashioned, mother dear. The best really *modern* tooth paste can be used as a gum massage, too—to prevent "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *"Pink tooth brush!" I never heard of it!*

T. N. G.: Isn't your tooth brush ever pink when you clean your teeth?

MOTHER: *Come to think of it, I believe it is. My gums are tender, I suppose. And bleed rather easily.*

T. N. G.: That's why I massage my gums—with Ipana Tooth Paste on my brush. So *mine* won't become tender and begin to bleed. I don't want to get gingivitis or pyorrhea or gum trouble like *that.* And I don't want to discover sometime that a few of my precious teeth aren't as sound as they *look!*

MOTHER: *You mean that "pink tooth brush" can become as serious as that?*

T. N. G.: Unless you *stop* it, it can. For our gums do need massage. We don't eat coarse foods any more. We eat mostly *soft* foods. And our gums get no stimulation. They grow lazy and flabby—and tender. And, first thing we know, they begin to bleed.

MOTHER: *I suppose I'll have to take lessons from you—and begin to massage my gums, too.*

T. N. G.: That's the girl. And just to make sure you will, I'm going to stop in at the drug store this afternoon, and get two tubes of Ipana—one for me, and one for you. Ipana has ziratol in it. That's a preparation dentists have known and used for a long time because it's so effective in toning and invigorating tender gums. And hereafter, every time you clean your teeth with Ipana (aren't mine nice and white since I've been using it?) put some more Ipana on your brush and lightly massage your gums with it. And if your gums aren't as healthy and firm in a month as *mine* are—Well, they will be.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-120
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

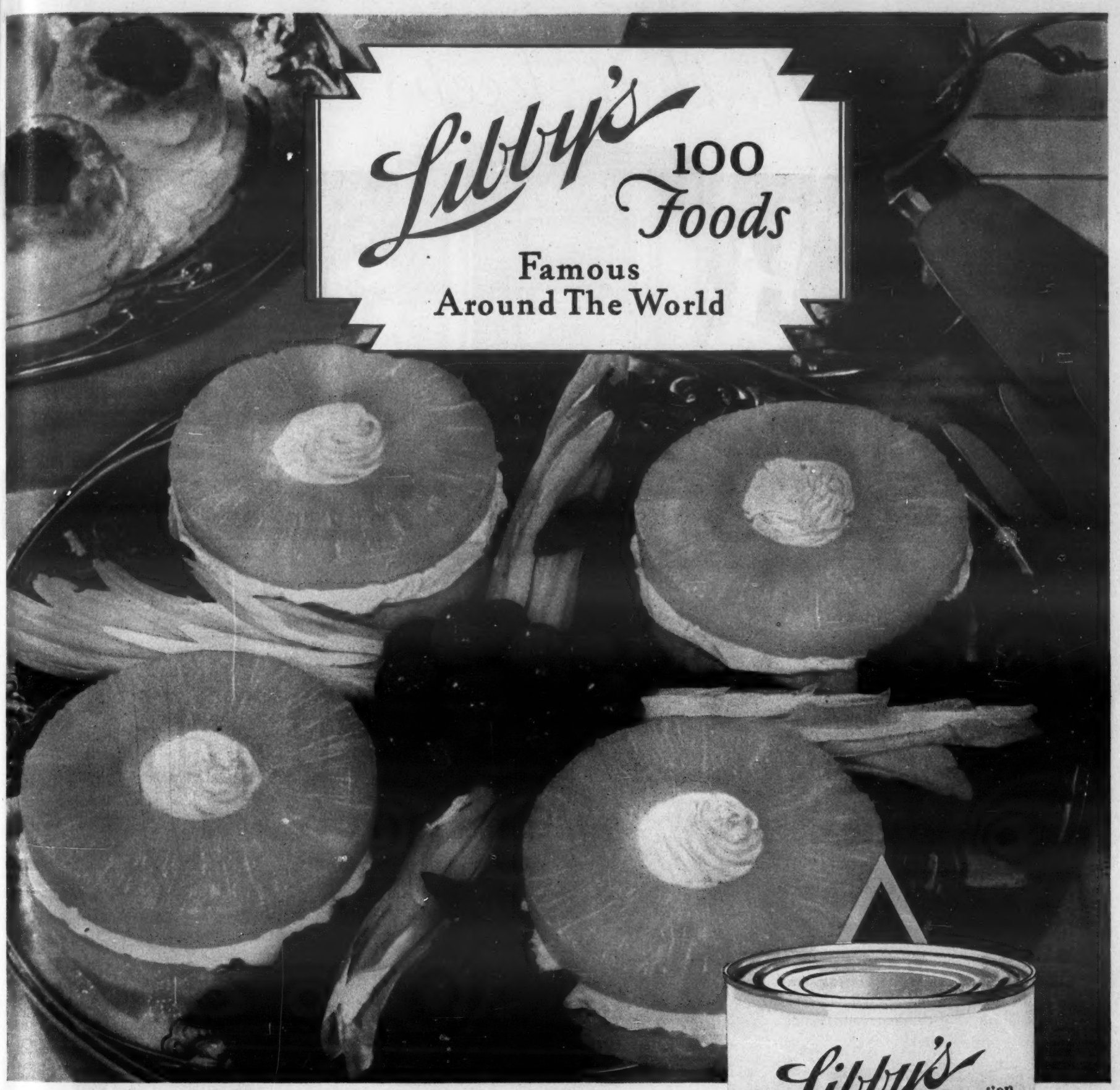
*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

# IPANA *Tooth Paste*

# Libby's 100 Foods
## Famous Around The World



*An unusually delightful salad is this one, made with endive, maraschino cherries, mint, and Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple slices with a filling of cream cheese. To accompany it—little caviar biscuits*

***To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk***

PARTIAL LIST OF FRUITS

SLICED PINEAPPLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE
PEACHES PEARS APRICOTS ROYAL ANNE CHERRIES
DRIED APRICOTS MARASCHINO CHERRIES FRUITS FOR SALAD PLUMS APPLES DRIED PRUNES
DRIED PEACHES APPLE BUTTER BERRIES JELLIES JAMS PRUNES DRIED RAISINS

***Tune in Tuesday and Wednesday mornings!***

Laugh with Radio's greatest humorist—Carl McCullough, the Libby Grocer. Music, impersonations, stories. Broadcast every Tuesday morning over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations at 8:45 Eastern Time, and 8:45 Central Time, too. And Wednesday mornings over a coast-to-coast chain of N. B. C. stations, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 10:45 Eastern Time; 9:45 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY MCNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

# The Gift that keeps on Giving

VICTOR RADIO ELECTROLA RE-57
Combines Victor Micro-Synchronous, Screen-Grid, Five-Circuit Radio, the New Victor Electrola, and Victor Home Recording in one cabinet. Makes and plays records electrically in your own home—of your own voice or selections from radio. List price $285, less Radiotron.

# The NEW Victor Radio

For those you love...a joyous, generous gift...more lasting happiness than ever possible before...the NEW VICTOR RADIO reveals an added measure of radio enjoyment...of *new* musical beauty.

The great NEW VICTOR RADIO ELECTROLA not only gives you *all* that radio can give, but also brings you unrivalled joy from the New VICTOR RECORDS...VICTOR TONE, and the music you want *when* you want it . . . And that is not all! This instrument creates the new sport of easily making your own records . . . living, speaking "vocal snapshots" of yourself, your children, your friends!

The compelling beauty of the new Victor cabinets is such that they have been called *"a totally new conception of radio designing."*

Why wait another day. *You* can easily afford the exquisite Victor model of your choice TODAY! Never before have such sensationally low prices been possible with supreme Victor quality and craftsmanship.

Only Victor's 30 years of musical leadership could bring you so much . . . at *any* price. The Victor name is your guarantee of dependability. By all means see and hear the NEW VICTOR RADIO

*The* New Victor Radio
HOME RECORDING *Electrola*

1 *First five-circuit, micro-synchronous, screen-grid radio.*
2 *Home Recording*—Victor's latest development!
3 *Victor Acoustic Tone Control*—created by Victor.
4 *Victor Tone*—More beautiful than ever!
5 *New Beauty of Appearance*—most striking cabinets Victor ever designed.
6 *The New Improved Electrola*—plays Victor Records with startling new beauty.
7 *Micro-Synchronous Tuning*... is precision tuning. Slide the indicator to the station number, there's your station.
8 *New Sensitivity*—Bringing you the station you want—*when* you want it.
9 *New Selectivity*—sharply separates the station you want from all others!

NEW VICTOR RADIO R-39
Identical in equipment and performance with R-35... In distinctive de luxe classical Italian cabinet of alluring beauty, 43⅜" high, 27" wide and 16¾" deep. List price $185, less Radiotrons.

NEW VICTOR RADIO R-35
The great new micro-synchronous, screen-grid, 5-circuit radio . . . New sensitivity, selectivity and power . . . Matchless Victor Tone. Walnut finished cabinet. Victor quality throughout. List price $152.50, less Radiotrons.